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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Gen. Boulanger: His Policy and His Aims.

THE history of France for the past century is a history of political turmoil and factional rancor. During that brief period, the nation has had three different forms of government twice over, eight revolutions, and more than a hundred ministries. France, since 1792, has been undergoing a process of political evolution, and striving, often with little success, to substitute liberty and manhood suffrage for despotism and arbitrary force. One of the most interesting chapters in that struggle is the recent development of Boulangism, which has given rise to the so-called "Revisionist National Party." George Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger was born at Rennes, France, April 29, 1837. He entered the military school of Saint Cyr, Jan. 15, 1855, and was made sub-lieutenant in 1856, and lieutenant in 1860. He was promoted to a captaincy in 1862, and was made chef-de-batallion in 1870. He participated in several campaigns, and won credit, if not distinction. Among these may be mentioned the Kalalyie campaign in Algeria, the Austro-Italian war of 1859, and the Cochin-China expedition. In the Franco-German war of 1870 he was at Metz with Bazaine, but contrived to make his escape. He was wounded at the battle of Champigny, and during the siege of Paris he commanded the Fourteenth Regiment as Lieutenant-Colonel. He was with the Versailles Army when it entered

Paris, and he treated the Communists with merciless rigor. Curiously enough, although the general still boasts of his harsh treatment of the Commune, it does not seem to affect his standing with the *canaille* of Belville, and the Reds of Paris. This fact, however, may be explained on the principle that their hatred of the government impels them to support anybody or anything that is inimical to that government. In 1874, Boulanger was made Colonel of the 133d Regiment of the Line; in 1878, he was promoted Brigadier-General, and, in 1884, General of Division. In 1881, he was one of the delegates of the French government to the United States, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of Yorktown. During his sojourn here, he made many friends, and travelled through most of the states. After having fulfilled the functions of Director of Infantry in the War Department, he was sent to Tunis as Commander-in-chief of the French armies when the Regency was established in the Bey's dominions. In the latter part of 1885, he was appointed Minister of War by M. Freycinet. His administration of the office won the praise of all classes, and aroused considerable alarm in Germany. He was looked on as the apostle of revenge. He rooted out many abuses connected with the system of conscription, and greatly strengthened himself with the poorer population by abolishing the practice of exemption from military service by the payment of money, that prevailed to a large extent among the wealthy and influential classes. Under the Tirard Ministry, Gen. Boulanger was placed on the retired list, for insubordination, in having come to Paris, on several occasions, without the regular authorization of his military-superiors. Elected a Deputy for the Department of the Nord, he defended in the Chamber a programme of dissolution and revision of the constitution; but meeting with a vigorous opposition on the part of the majority, he resigned his seat. Owing to a violent altercation in the Chamber of Deputies with M. Floquet, President of the Council, he fought a duel with the minister and was severely wounded. As soon as he recovered he presented himself for election in the Ardèche and failed, but succeeded in le Nord, la Somme, and la Charente-Inférieure. He chose to represent the Nord in the Chamber. On the 27th of January last he presented himself for election in the Department of the Seine, and was returned by the overwhelming vote of 244,070, as against 162,520 for Jacques, 16,760 for Boulé, and 10,358 for outside candidates.

The sudden rise of Boulangism is one of the most extraordinary episodes in modern French politics. Nobody seems clearly to understand how the movement originated, and, least of all, Gen. Boulanger himself. It was a species of political spontaneous generation. Monsieur G. Masseras, of Paris, assures us that it was on account of his black horse that the public at first began to notice Boulanger, and that the starting-point of his popularity was a stupid song rendered fashionable by a café concert singer. For a time Boulanger was looked on as a military hero by the Parisians, though nobody could point to any military achievement on the part of the "brave general" to justify, or even explain, the popular admiration. He seemed to enjoy the notoriety of which he had so suddenly become the subject, but did not dream of

entering the political arena. He became a politician by accident, and without initiative on his own part. In the month of May, 1887, an election took place in Paris. A few thousand electors wrote his name on their ballots, probably as a sort of protest against all the regular candidates. Gen. Boulanger was not in nomination at the time, and, indeed, could not be, as he was then in the army, and the law forbids "the junction of military functions with the mandate of a deputy." In the various departments, on the occasion of an election, from that time forward, Gen. Boulanger's name was presented, — irregularly, of course, — until finally, the Department of the Aisne, on the 25th of March, 1888, gave him forty-five thousand votes. Then it was that the general realized the fact that he had become a political personage, and from that day forth, he had a political following. It was composed of different classes of persons: First, those who are always ready to throw in their fortunes with a rising personage; second, all those Republicans who were disappointed and dissatisfied with the existing regime, and lastly, the monarchists of all shades and parties, who saw in Boulanger a tool to compass their own purposes. He became the centre of all kinds of political adventurers. He had no programme and no policy. It became necessary to create one, and then was evolved the motto: "Dissolution of the Chamber, and Revision of the Constitution."

The progress of Boulangism thus far had created no serious alarm in the ranks of the Republicans. They believed, or affected to believe, that the general's success in the provinces was the result of his support by the reactionaries, and as these were in a minority in France, Boulangism would ultimately die of inanition. Meantime, a trivial incident occurred that dissipated this consoling idea. A vacancy occurred in the Department of the Seine, and an election was to take place. As Paris was sure to return a candidate of the Extreme Left, the election was regarded as a mere formality. Suddenly Gen. Boulanger presented himself to the electors. His opponents played directly into his hands by their vehement and intemperate opposition to his candidacy. They even placed themselves by their ill-judged action in a ridiculous light. When confronted with Boulanger's repeated triumphs in the country, his enemies invariably replied by challenging him to try Paris, as a fair test. Now that he had accepted the challenge they were panic-stricken, and they denounced him as a would-be dictator, and the enemy of the Republic. They represented to the electors that the defeat or election of Boulanger meant either the life or death of Republican institutions. The result of that election we have already mentioned. To command two hundred and forty-five thousand votes in the city of Paris, Boulanger must have received large support outside of the ranks of the monarchists and mal-contents. Even his enemies admit, that, at the very most, in combining their forces, royalists, Bonapartists, and clericals could only furnish a total of one hundred and twenty thousand in a Paris election, and that, consequently, in the election of the 27th of January, one hundred and twenty-five thousand votes at least must have come from the Republicans. Of the twenty voting precincts into which the city of Paris is divided, nineteen gave the general a majority. He gained the support of the very rich and the very poor, of the most conservative and the most radical of the population. There is no denying that his triumph was a stunning blow to the

prestige of the Republic. It proves conclusively that a large portion of the people of Paris, embracing all classes, from communards to clericals, from socialists to royalists, would not weep for the overthrow of the present French Republic. The platform on which Boulanger contested the Department of the Seine had one plank only — immediate dissolution of parliament on the ground that the Chamber of Deputies no longer represented the views and wishes of the nation. On this plain issue he obtained an overwhelming triumph over all his competitors combined. And, according to the simple test of universal suffrage, which is the primary article of the democratic creed, so far as Paris, at least, is concerned, its deputies have no more moral right to sit in the Chamber of Deputies, than had MacMahon to remain after the country had pronounced against him. To adequately realize the strength of the Boulangist movement, it should be remembered that the total number of votes cast for Boulanger since the 22d of May, 1887, is 974,566, or close on a million. And this total has been cast in nineteen different departments, representing nearly one quarter of France, and the most different of localities. These departments are the only ones that had occasion to elect deputies during that period, and the adherents of the general claim, and apparently not without reason, that all, or nearly all, of the other departments are as strongly Boulangist, as the nineteen referred to. It is plain, too, that Boulanger's enemies are of the same way of thinking, as they now, in view of the approaching general elections, fall back once more on the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, instead of the *scrutin de liste*. Gambetta wanted the *scrutin de liste*, and fell from power in his effort to obtain it. His followers subsequently grown strong carried that measure. Now, in presence of the Boulangist tide, they have recourse again to the *scrutin d' arrondissement*, or vote by districts. The object of this is plain. A party may be in the minority in a Department, and yet carry several districts of that department.

Gen. Boulanger is not only strong in the number of his adherents, and the perfection of his political "machine," but he has also nearly one half the press of France at his back. Fourteen daily journals of Paris support the Boulangist movement, and of these eleven had existed long before Boulangism was heard of. Of these, five are Bonapartist, three Royalist, and three Republican. Seven other journals practise a strict neutrality, contenting themselves with refuting both sides, without any comments. Of these latter, four issue every morning over two million copies, and are read throughout all France. Against these twenty-one Paris journals favorable to Gen. Boulanger, there are only twenty-four hostile to him, and these are the least influential of the Metropolitan press. M. Masseras, a pronounced anti-Boulangist, estimates that the same calculation applied to the departmental press gives about the same result. Of the many curious phases of the Boulangist movement, there is none that has puzzled the inquisitive so much as the mysterious sources of the enormous sums of money that the general receives. There is no limit to the receipts, and no limit to the expenditure. It is probable that these resources come from various quarters. It is certain that an immense amount of cash comes in daily by voluntary subscription; but it is more than likely that the bulk of the

Boulangist budget comes from the Monarchists, the wealthy aristocracy of France, who are willing to subscribe handsomely to any project that promises to overthrow the present regime. One of the most important, and, outside of France, least known chapters in the Boulangist movement, is the part played in it by M. Thiebaud, which M. Masseras considers the key to the entire situation. M. Thiebaud and his connection with Boulanger is thus described by that writer: "The name of M. Georges Thiebaud, scarcely pronounced casually in connection with the first election of M. Boulanger, only represented in the public mind an obscure provincial journalist attached to the fortune of the general like an ordinary agent, a species of monarchical emissary, serving as a go-between for Boulangism and royalty. M. Thiebaud is a very different kind of person. He is an independent, with a long-cherished personal idea. This idea is composed of two parts. The fundamental point is that the Republic must not be overthrown, but transformed, taken from the hands of politicians and placed under the sole direction of a chief who will put an end to the claims of rival factions, and impose upon all parties the exclusive preoccupation of the national interests. In other words, M. Thiebaud dreams of the establishment of a Republican concentration of power. This dream came to him, it appears, from the conviction that France is by temperament incapable of supporting, for any length of time, a multiple and impersonal government like those of Switzerland and the United States. She wants at her head a man who can resume and concentrate the exercise of power without any periodical election. It is not necessary for this man to be a king or the representative of a democratic principle. It is enough for him to receive once for all his office from universal suffrage by a direct vote of the nation. A president for life, elected by a plebiscite, and clothed with dictatorial power; such would seem to be the ideal of M. Thiebaud. Penetrated with this notion, he has, like a new Diogenes, carried his lamp among all prominent personages seeking the man capable of personifying his conception. It seems that he had not yet found him, when the popularity of M. Boulanger burst forth. The spontaneous infatuation which suddenly gave to this man, unknown up to then, a dominant place in the country, seemed to M. Thiebaud to present the opportunity he was awaiting. He hastened to embrace it. He went to see the general, explained his programme to him, and had little difficulty in convincing him that the movement started in his favor might, if properly managed, give him something more than the simple gratification of vanity. From that moment must be dated Boulangism political, of which M. Thiebaud is now the soul, after having been its founder. He gave, moreover, the proof of his ability, and of his efficient aid, by securing votes for Boulanger without even the necessity of his running as a candidate. This debut revealed the consummate electoral tactician, and the sequel has shown that M. Thiebaud possesses those qualities in a marked degree. He excels especially in preparing noiselessly secret batteries which are unmasked only at the last moment, to snatch from his adversaries the victory that they felt sure of winning. In each one of the five

elections in which the name of the general has come out victorious, the Republicans were able to flatter themselves up to nearly the end that victory for them was a sure thing; and this has been especially the case in the election of the 27th of January, when Boulangism, only the day before believed to be destined to inevitable defeat, received eighty thousand majority. Of all the methods of conducting an electoral campaign, this is the most redoubtable, and the most difficult to parry. It sets the enemy to sleep in a false security, and then explodes a mine under his feet. The proceeding requires a thorough knowledge of the means of working universal suffrage; and M. Thiebaud joins to this the art of combining the most astounding political improbabilities, perhaps because the idea of a general reconciliation of parties is with him a real conviction, and convictions have a communicative force. The singular alliance which fills the ballot boxes with the votes of men of all shades of politics is entirely his work. Without his aid, perhaps, Boulangism would never have become the thing that it is today; it might have remained what it was at the beginning, a popular caprice. M. Thiebaud gave it an aim, a motto, and a programme. He made out of it the National Revisionist party."

This programme simply means a Republic with a president invested with dictatorial powers. And that this truly represents the Boulangist policy is clear from the general's own definition of his political doctrine, at the banquet given to him at Tours on the 17th of March; and on various other occasions he has promulgated the same policy, namely, the deliverance of the republic from parliamentairism, through the abolition of the Senate, and the concentration of authority in the hands of the President. "The restoration of authority, coupled with the guarantee of liberty," is, according to Gen. Boulanger, France's great need, and he plainly enough implies that there is only one man who can supply the want, and he is Gen. Boulanger. Meantime, he is emphatic in his declaration that the people must be the arbiter as between his policy and that of his enemies. He holds that the Chamber of Deputies, as at present constituted, does not represent the will of the people, and that in justice to popular sentiment they should dissolve. The Senate, he holds, should not only dissolve, but go out of existence. He denounces it as "a museum of fossils and the happy hunting ground of senility."

In view of the growing power of the Boulangist party, the government finally determined to grapple with it and crush it out. This seemed all the more necessary, inasmuch as Boulanger's managers were redoubling their efforts to profit by the general elections next autumn. In order to accomplish their purpose, the government had recourse to illegal and unjust methods. Gen. Boulanger and his followers had committed no overt act against the republic, and had conducted their agitation in a perfectly legal manner. Unable to carry out their design by the instrumentality of the ordinary law, they had recourse to parliament to pass a special measure, in accordance with the articles of which they could accomplish their object. The Crown-Prosecutor who examined the indictment framed against

Boulanger, pronounced it an illegal and unjustifiable document, and was immediately dismissed for his blunt but sincere judgment in the matter. It had been decided in official circles beforehand, that the general should be arrested, tried, and convicted on a trumped up charge of high treason, before a tribunal of the Senate. As the general has only one solitary friend in that body, M. Naquet, his conviction was a foregone conclusion. It was a case of political extinction on either side, for, as has been remarked already, the leading article in Boulanger's programme, in case of success, is the abolition of the Senate. A trial before the Senate would have been as odious a farce as the trial of an Irish Nationalist before Balfour's Removables. Hence it was that Boulanger, on the advice of his friends, took refuge on Belgian soil, and subsequently in England. In refusing to be arraigned before a packed tribunal of his enemies, Gen. Boulanger acted with discretion. Nobody doubts his personal courage, but it would not be courage, but foolhardiness, on his part, to walk into the trap laid for him by his would-be executioners. He would certainly be condemned to a long term of imprisonment, or banished to New Caledonia or Cayenne, or perhaps shot, as many of his adherents believe. In his Mons manifesto he clearly explains his view of the situation. In that document he points out that "those who hold power, without regard for the public conscience, have attempted to force a public prosecutor to draw up an indictment against him, which could only be heard before an exceptional tribunal, constituted by exceptional laws." He furthermore asserts, and justly, that he would never submit to the jurisdiction of a Senate composed, as it is, of men blinded by foolish rancor, and conscious of their own unpopularity. The duties imposed on him, he declares, by his countrymen's suffrages, prohibit him lending himself to any arbitrary act tending to suppress their liberties. He has no idea of showing contempt for his country's laws, or of degrading the national will. Any day that he may be called on to appear before the magistrates of France, to be tried by the ordinary process of law, he will appear before them and reply to the accusations against him. He would, he adds, consider himself in honor bound to obey the summons of these magistrates who would know how to decide fairly between the country on the one hand, and, on the other hand, those who, for too long a time, have been engaged in corrupting it, imposing on it, and ruining it.

It is a noteworthy fact, that, in the long and detailed indictment read in the Chamber of Deputies on April 6, the only allegation against Boulanger, susceptible of proof, is the fact that when stationed at Clairmont-Ferrand, he was guilty of military insubordination, for which he was punished by being placed on the retired list. The rest of the accusations are simply what M. Paul de Cassagnac described them in the Tribune, "a tissue of lies, absurdities, inanities, and stupidities."

This document gives a detailed account of Gen. Boulanger's life, punctuated with his alleged offences against the Republic. He is accused, for instance, on the occasion of his visit to the United States,

of having entered into financial projects which he was afterward to use in forwarding his political designs in France. He is furthermore accused of forming a political party; of disseminating his portrait and biography broadcast; of consorting with monarchists like Count Dillon, and demagogues like Henri Rochefort, and, finally, of belonging to a secret society, *la Ligue des Patriotes*. These are among the most serious accusations that his enemies have brought against him. It sounds curious, to say the least, to hear the Republican wing of the Chamber of Deputies pronounce consorting with demagogues a crime. There has not appeared in the present century a more unalloyed, unmitigated Jack of demagogues than the men who sat gravely listening to the president of the Chamber reading this twaddle. And what could be more supremely ridiculous than the condemnation of Boulanger for belonging to a secret society by a coterie of infidels and Free Masons, not one of whom, perhaps, would have ever sat in the Chamber but for his affiliations with secret societies of the most anti-social and anti-Christian character?

The suppression of the Patriotic League, moreover, shows the gross inconsistency and dishonesty of Boulanger's accusers. The League is not a secret society at all. It is a society not legally authorized; but it has always existed openly, and so far from being a secret society, it has, on the contrary, always made noise enough to make itself and its purposes known to everybody. It was originally founded to propagate and uphold the doctrine of revenge on Germany, and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. Latterly, it has been used for electoral purposes; but in this it does not differ from various other organizations. More than that, it has been used for political purposes, and patted on the back, so to speak, by many past ministries, none of which ever considered it either secret or illegal. Again, the Boulangists argue that the proceedings instituted against the league are not sufficiently justified by existing laws. Article 291 of the Code, and the others relating to illegal associations, have long been a dead letter. There are, at present, innumerable associations in France that have not been authorized. It is, therefore, manifestly unjust, they hold, to proceed against an association that has the right to expect equal tolerance with others. The Republicans, on the other hand, contend that as the articles of the Code, under which the prosecution is instituted, have never been repealed, they are justified in applying them, under existing circumstances, for the purpose of defending Republican institutions. But this contention is untenable, in view of the fact that Boulanger has all along kept himself within the bounds of strict legality, and in the carrying out of his programme appeals only to universal suffrage, on which the French republic is founded. If it had been shown, or if there were any proof forthcoming, that Gen. Boulanger was in league with any organization, or any party, with a view of overturning the republic, then, indeed, the existing government would be justified in self-defence in arraigning him for treason; but this his accusers have failed to show. On the contrary, they are confronted with the awkward fact, that, up to the present, popular suf-

frage has given him its loyal and triumphant support. If Boulangism is as dangerous as its enemies represent it, why not expose it, and combat it by constitutional methods? To place one's political opponents behind prison bars, because they receive popular support, is hardly worthy of a government calling itself a republic. Furthermore, if the Patriotic League is to be suppressed, because it is used for electoral purposes, why not suppress likewise the *Societe des Droits de l'Homme*, which attends to electioneering posters and the ballot-boxes on behalf of the Radicals; and the Centenary Association, which looks after the polling booths of the Opportunists, and the Liberal Union, that watches over the interests of the Moderate Republicans. All of these organizations have no more legal right to exist than the *Ligue des Patriotes*, and all are used for electioneering purposes by the Tirard Cabinet.

The Republicans, likewise, evinced their inconsistency and dishonesty in subjecting Gen. Boulanger to be tried by an exceptional tribunal, while his colleagues, MM. Laguerre, Laisant, Turquet, and Naquet, were tried by the ordinary courts. The offence alleged was the same,—belonging to the Patriotic League. The leaders named escaped with a mere nominal punishment, and it is evident that had Boulanger been tried with them he would not now be sojourning in England.

One salutary result of the Boulangist movement is, that it has given the pseudo Republicans something else to think of than devising new pretexts for persecuting the Catholic Church. Ten years ago all the Republicans were arrayed in hostility to the church, while all the Monarchists, of whatever faction, were opposed to the persecution inaugurated by Jules Ferry and his followers. The present government is composed chiefly of Ferryists, and would, no doubt, if they dared, deal as harshly with the church as did their leader some years ago. It is not that they have since learned to fear God, but they have learned to fear Boulanger. They content themselves now with suppressing clubs and associations that do not support their own peculiar policy, and with hampering the liberty of the press, but they find it prudent policy to give the church a respite. There is no more talk of "disestablishment," that, for many years past, they openly proclaimed was to be their final blow at the church. Even the Radicals now talk in respectful terms of the church and her ministers, and profess to see what they should have seen before, that every quarrel with the Catholic Church at home diminishes the prestige of France, and involves a loss to French interests abroad. Probably with a kindred object in view, namely, the conciliation of the Conservative party and the consequent weakening of Boulanger's influence, the Tirard Cabinet has repealed the decree that expelled the Duc d'Aumale from France three years ago. But the revocation of that unjust and disgraceful decree has come too late to be of much benefit to its authors. The persecution of which Gen. Boulanger is the object, will, in all probability, only add to his popularity. He can now pose as a victim as well as a patriot, and exile will only endear him all the more to his followers. He will be at a disadvantage, however, in England, for it will be more difficult for him to keep in touch with his supporters, so to speak, than if he were in Brussels, within a few hours' run of Paris. His programme for the future is clearly defined.

Before leaving the Belgium capital, he said to a friend: "I must await the turn of events. I shall remain here until the elections next October, for I do not recognize the jurisdiction of the Senate. It would be like walking into a lion's jaws. This is my retreat now, but it will be the asylum of my persecutors after the October elections."

The general, it is further said, intends to present candidates of his own choosing in localities where his own candidacy will not be advisable, and meantime get himself elected wherever he can. Thus he will increase the number of popular votes in his favor, and also send to the Chamber as many Boulangist deputies as possible. Should he secure a majority, he will seek to carry out the revision of the Constitution. But here he will encounter a difficulty. To complete the vote for a revision or alteration of the Constitution the ratification of the Senate is necessary. It is morally certain that the Senate will not favor a policy that would entail its own abolition. But should it do so, the Boulangists would still be in a minority, as the revision could be effected only by both houses of Parliament sitting together. It is even doubtful if the Boulangists, composed of so many heterogeneous elements could agree on so vital a question as a revision of the constitution. Each faction, when it came to that point, would probably reveal the *arrière pensée*, which it so carefully conceals now.

It is probable that Boulanger's success would have an important effect on the European situation. The German and Austrian press affect to regard such an event as a menace to the peace of Europe. Should the reactionists who support Boulanger find their figure head in power, they would, perhaps, be forced to have recourse to the French sentiment of military glory to keep themselves in control of the government. Though Boulanger declares that his intentions are pacific, he would possibly be impelled by the law of his situation to enter on the path of national glory and aggrandizement. Louis Napoleon made a similar declaration, and perhaps he was sincere; but he plunged France into three great wars, in order to uphold his throne. Again the only body of advanced Republicans, who support Boulanger is the Patriotic League, and its only *raison d'etre* is the recovery of the lost provinces. Should France refrain from aggression, however, Germany would be in no position to attack her, as the treaty of the triple alliance does not bind Austria and Italy to assist Germany in an offensive war, while they are bound to assist her in a defensive war only in the event of her being assailed by more than one power. The Russian press, on the contrary, looks with considerable favor on the Boulangist movement. Since the tripartite alliance Russia is politically isolated in Europe, and although there seems to be a moral alliance between Russia and France, the instability of French ministries is a bar to a political alliance between the two powers. The Czar would doubtless hail with satisfaction any change of regime, whether a monarchy, an empire, or a dictatorship, that would be more independent of parliamentary majorities.

What the result of Boulanger's success would be, as regards the internal affairs of France, nobody can foresee. The only thing certain is that he could not be worse than its present rulers. It is equally certain that owing to the composition of the bulk of his adherents he dare not, if he would, continue the insane and suicidal persecution of the church that has disgraced the present Republic. France may be sub-

jected to a temporary dictatorship, or the monarchy or empire may be temporarily restored, but her future destiny is to be Republican. Since 1792, she has grown more Republican every decade. Americans especially would hail with delight a stable Republic in France. But France, though rent by factions, and bedeviled by secret societies, is essentially a Christian, a Catholic nation, and only a Christian Republic, founded on justice and right, can endure within her borders. Persecution and Liberty cannot co-exist. In 1789, the French proclaimed the rights of man; in 1889, if they are wise, they will proclaim the Rights of God.

J. C. CURTIN.

Quis Sum Ego?

THERE'S a man I have known nearly fifty long years;
His childhood and boyhood; his youth and his prime;
His joys and his sorrows; his hopes and his fears;
And all his life's history during that time.
And, altho' he's so long and so well known by me,
One question remains still without a reply;
The man I thus know is myself,—I am he,—
The question, unanswered yet, is—"*Who am I?*"

That I'm one of a multitude, like me, I see;
Nor does my self-knowledge much differ from others;
For, the what? how? and why? of this life's mystery
Are hidden alike from my numerous brothers.
Each wakes into life,—all a craving *to know*,—
Both children and sages for more knowledge cry,
Demanding of heaven and of earth below,
"What are ye? Why are ye? Know ye—who am I?"

And yet, there's no lack of "philosophers" found;
Of "science" and "systems," indeed, there's no dearth;
They soar thro' the planets, and delve in the ground,
And trace all things back to beginning and birth.
Vain, vain babbling crowd! for, if "atoms" and "apes" could
"Evolve" all the beings of earth, air, and sky,
Their "Gospel of dirt," "protoplasm," and "cells," would
Not solve the soul's question yet—"*What, then, am I?*"

Poor builders of Babel! Blind leaders of blind!
How far they have strayed from the "Truth and the Way!"
Who, worshipping Reason,— make Matter of Mind,
And assign to blind chaos that Reason's pure ray;
But, when death will unfasten the soul's prison bar,
And the spirit shall mount to "Our Father" on high,
In His light, "face to face," from "this darkness" afar
"We shall know as we're known," and not ask "Who am I.".

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

THE polyglot printing house attached to the Propaganda is worthy of the great cause which originated it. More than fifty-eight languages are daily passing under its presses in their own characters. It possesses above one hundred and eighty distinct sets of types in the dialects of Europe and Africa, America and Oceanica. During the French Revolution enormous damage was sustained, which has not as yet been thoroughly repaired. During the Vatican Council, when all nations were represented, the "Our Father," was published in two hundred and fifty different languages and dialects.

Educational Grievances of Catholics.

THE excitement growing out of the recent school troubles in Boston, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere, once more directs attention to the educational problem. The question naturally suggests itself: Are we nearing a solution of the educational difficulty? There are strong indications that point to an affirmative answer. Not the least of these is the recognized fact that the subject is, to-day, fairly open for discussion. A writer or speaker no longer runs any serious risk of being arraigned for lack of patriotism or set down as an enemy of republican institutions, should he venture to express an adverse opinion of our public-school system of education. Nay, even should he go so far as to criticise and point out the defects of that system, he will find attentive consideration. It can no longer be said that it is Catholics only who complain and formulate grievances. For there are many persons, far removed in thought and sympathy from our religion, who boldly avow their belief that the Catholic position on the school question is unassailably right. Among the thoughtful and more conservative class of our people who make a profession of Christianity, the evil of an irreligious system of education is held to be almost a self-evident truth, whilst those who have to wait for the practical workings of a system before arriving at a judgment, as to its merits, are being rapidly convinced that our public-school system of education is radically defective. The popular errors, heretofore existing in reference to education are, I believe, fast disappearing. Sensible people are beginning to see that an education which aims only at developing the intellect to the neglect of moral and religious training is, at best, but an imperfect and mutilated system. They recognize that the intellectual and moral growth of our children must go hand in hand; otherwise their education is narrow and fragmentary, and often proves a curse instead of a blessing both to the individual and society.

There is not to-day a single Nation, making any external profession of Christianity, that so totally disregards the moral and religious element in the training of youth as does the United States. That this glaring defect bodes mischief to our country, and endangers the stability of our institutions, is beyond questioning. "To make popular education truly good and socially useful," writes Guizot, the eminent Protestant writer, "it must be fundamentally religious. . . . It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious expressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and our life." The American people have yet to learn the great lesson contained in those earnest words of the Protestant Frenchman.

But it is not my present purpose to deal with the general subject of education, nor to expose fully the defeats and dangerous tendencies of our public-school system. I merely wish, in this article, to call attention to the great wrong and injustice done to Catholics in this matter of education, and which they suffer with such singular patience. Apart from other considerations, I have an abiding hope that a sense of fair play and honest dealing, so characteristic of the American people, will, in due time, assert itself, and that a measure of full justice will be meted out to Catholic citizens and taxpayers. In the meantime, we must cry out and make known our grievances. Weighty, indeed, are the burdens imposed upon us. Those who so cheerfully support our Catholic schools are, as a body, least able to pay a double tax for the education of their children. Willingly and gladly, however, do they make sacrifices in order that their children may receive an education in the true sense of that term. They want their children to become not alone intellectually bright, but conscientiously Christian; not only learned, but religious; not merely fitted for the faithful discharge of duty in this world, but instructed how to walk securely in the way that leads to a higher and better world to come.

Why should intelligent persons, who know the nature of the educational grievances of which Catholics so justly complain, hesitate to speak their mind, even at this late day, on the subject? Why have we not among the Protestant clergy men who will speak their honest convictions openly and fearlessly, as did the late Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton College? The last great service Dr. Hodge rendered, not alone to the Presbyterian body but to the country at large, was to call attention, through the pages of the Princeton Review, to the false ideas and principles that underlie our public-school system of education. He, moreover, took occasion to add his testimony, which had great weight with those who knew him, in favor of the Catholic idea of education, which he held was the only correct one for a Christian people to accept and act on. When, it may well be asked, will an American statesman arise who, having the courage to discard the devices and schemes of our horde of politicians, is prepared to present, for the acceptance of the American people, a solution of the educational question that will be just and satisfactory to all? This is a matter surely of as much importance to a large and interested portion of the sixty millions of our population as any other question that occupies public attention. There is no end to the debates and discussions that go on about lightening the burdens of taxation; about reducing the tariff; removing the internal revenue tax; getting rid of the national surplus; plans are proposed to improve our voting system and safeguard the ballot box; new states are admitted to the Union; American interests in Samao and the Isthmus of Panama are carefully looked after; the grievances of any of our citizens abroad are duly examined into and redress forthcoming where injury has been done; local needs and wants are proper subject for legislation; in fact, there is nothing however great or small it may be in reality, provided

a plea is made in the name of a large body of the people, that does not command the attention of our legislatures, both state and national.

How, then, does it happen that the educational grievances of the twelve million of Catholics are passed by in silence? Surely it can not be said that these grievances do not exist; that Catholics have no just grounds for complaint, or if their complaints are well founded, there is no means of remedying them. Let us see how this is?

No fair-minded person should object to the following propositions: Those parents who maintain and support parochial schools, where their children are duly fitted for good citizenship, ought to be exempted from the school tax; or, else, the parochial schools should receive their proportionate share of the public school fund. If the first proposition — Catholic exemption from the education tax — does not commend itself to public approval, it is, indeed, difficult to understand on what grounds the latter demand — Catholic or parochial schools are justly entitled to a share of the education tax — can be resisted.

Cardinal Manning has recently given fifty reasons why the voluntary schools in England should share in the public funds. The present writer has adapted the following out of that number as applicable to the claims made in behalf of the parochial schools here in the United States. These reasons must, doubtless, furnish food for reflection to all interested in this burning subject.

Parochial schools should share in the education fund:

1. Because all who pay taxes ought to share in the benefits of taxation.

2. Because to compel payment of taxes and to exclude from participation is political injustice.

3. Because to offer education either without Christianity, or with indefinite Christianity, to the people of the United States — of whom the great majority are definitely and conscientiously Christian — is a condition that ought to be of impossible acceptance.

4. Because to confer the exclusive control and enjoyment of the school funds on the public school boards alone is to create a grievance of conscience which is especially foreign, if not absolutely contrary, to our constitutional system. Since Catholic citizens, who conscientiously refuse to accept education without Christianity and schools of no or indefinite Christianity, are compelled to pay taxes for the support of such schools.

5. Because the parochial schools save annually the public revenues at least ten million dollars!

6. Because if the parochial schools were abolished, it would cost the people of the United States a vast sum of money to buy sites and build schools to replace them, and an enormous increase in the annual school tax to maintain them.

7. Because the parochial schools are the only safeguard of the rights and conscience both of parents and children.

8. Because they embody the true freedom of the people to educate themselves in opposition to the pagan and revolutionary claim that the educator of the people is the state.

9. Because state education is the worst form of education, fatal to the independence of national conscience, energy, and character.

10. Because the effects of a purely secular or state education have proved disastrous wherever that system has been tested.

11. Because no good reason is apparent for excluding parochial schools from a share of the school tax but that they are Christian, that is, Catholic.

12. Because the efficiency of the parochial school system is fully equal, in secular training, to that of the public schools.

13. Because parochial schools furnish to the state good and efficient secular education for which it receives not a dollar of compensation.

These arguments will be more fully developed in a subsequent article. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Why Sixty Seconds Make a Minute.

WHY is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many diversions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four parasangs, or seven hundred and twenty stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasong. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or seven hundred and twenty stadia, or three hundred and sixty degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and data, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids, and to thank them for what they have done for us.

Max Muller, in the Fortnightly Review.

An Irish Cassagnac.

One of the most remarkable men alive, says the London Morning Advertiser, has been added to the roll of members of Parliament by the election of Col. O'Gorman Mahon for the county Clare. It is doubtful whether, outside the record of Munchausen, or his many rivals, there is to be traced a more extraordinary career than that of the gallant patriarch who has resumed his seat in the Imperial Legislature after a twenty years' interval of absence from it. But it is a longer time than that since the Colonel entered Parliament. He was elected in 1830 by the constituency which adopted him again, after nearly forty years of retirement. In the interim the Colonel has amused himself with other than political pursuits. He has fought eighteen duels, in six of which he was wounded by the enemy's fire, in seven of which he pinked his man, in five of which honor was satisfied without hurt to either principal. His affairs of honor were but trivial episodes in the strangely varied and adventurous career of the member for Clare. He began life in 1828 — over half a century ago — as one of that "Fighting Brigade" whose duty and delight it was to support at fifteen paces or so whatever Mr. Daniel O'Connell said of a political or personal antagonist. Then he went into Parliament.

The turn of time found him a journalist in Paris, where, had he been contemporary with the fire-eating Paul de Cassagnac, Greek would assuredly have met Greek. Then he plunged into finance and politics, and disported in the troubled waters of both. Having skimmed the cream of Old World excitements, he set out, like a knight-errant, in quest of fresh exploits. His search met with more success than falls to the lot of the crowd. Joining the Peruvian army, he rose to the rank of commander-in-chief. There was a question of appointing him President of the Republic; but he evaded the perilous eminence by throwing up his exalted post in a fit of *ennui*, and passing into the naval service of Chili, the neighboring state. The ex-Generalissimo of the Peruvian land forces actually became Lord High Admiral of the Chilian fleet — such as it was. Col. O'Gorman is a cousin of Major O'Gorman — a fact which will not render him less welcome to all who appreciate rollicking humor and a natural geniality which is altogether above the petty spitefulness of Irish "national" politics. The Colonel is a Home Ruler, of course; but we doubt if he will identify himself with the obstructive section of that party. He is full of fire and vigor in spite of his age; but if he has the energy of a partisan, he has the instincts and habits of a gentleman. His adventures would make a singularly interesting memoir; and if he would only leave politics to his colleagues and oblige the world, we should welcome from his own hand the story of his life from year to year.

So act that your deeds may be as so many counsels and parables, if you wish your inferiors to draw from your words rules of conduct for themselves, and to carry out the orders you give them. — *St. Francis.*

My Wife.

I HELD her, laughing, in my arms,
A blue-eyed child, with curls of gold;
She stroked my boyish cheek and said:
"I'll marry you when I am old."

We met again. Those pretty locks
Were combed and bound about her head,
A little school-girl, staid and shy:
She must not romp with me, she said.

A few more years, and then I found
A blooming maiden, sweet seventeen;
Few were her words and coy her looks;
And yet she loved me well, I ween.

Long did I woo 'mid hope and fear;
My lady was not lightly won;
She hid her love and thought it shame;
At last my welcome task was done.

I held her, blushing, in my arms;
And then my bashful prize I told
How she had promised long ago
She'd marry me when she was old.

The blissful days sped quickly on,
And I had pledged her with a ring;
But ah! so much too large it proved!
My love was such a tiny thing.

But yet she would not have it changed,
Though from her hand it oft would slip;
An evil omen, I would say;
While she but laughed with joyous lip.

I left my darling for a space
As nearer drew the wedding day;
"One little week, I said, "and then
I never more need go away."

I left her healthy, blooming, bright,
The rosy color in her cheek —
I came to find her wan and white;
Alas! that fatal "little week."

Oh, fell Disease, now stay thy hand,
And leave me all I love in life.
In vain I cried; the touch of Death
Was on her, oh! my promised wife!

I held her, dying, in my arms;
The ring fell from her finger cold;
Weeping, I took it; and she breathed:
"I'll marry you when I am old."

She knew not what she said, poor child;
Gone from her was bright Reason's ray;
But still I keep that ring, and wait
For an eternal wedding day.

Ex-President Macmahon.

MARIE E. PATRICE MAURICE DE MACMAHON, Marquis of Macmahon and Duke of Magenta, was born in 1808, of a family that had emigrated from Ireland in 1686, after sacrificing all their property to the cause of the Stuarts. Settled in Bergundy, the Macmahons rebuilt their fortunes, intermarried with the French nobility, and became rich and influential. The Marshal's great-grandfather was created count by Louis XV., and his father was raised to the French House of Peers, in 1817, by the title of Marquis. He abhorred the Liberals, Protestants, and Jews, talked contemptuously of the Revolution, and in every way advanced his royalist and Catholic views. The present Marshal was educated in these views, having a Jesuit tutor, who, fortunately, however, was a thorough Christian and gentleman. When seventeen, he entered the military school at St. Cyr, and, at nineteen, — then a straight, tall boy, with wide blue eyes, light flaxen hair, and a thoughtful demeanor, — joined the army. He eschewed dissipation, but was a noted and skilful duellist, being singularly expert in pinking his adversary in the fleshy part of the right arm, just above the elbow, thus obliging him to drop his foil like a hot coal. This thrust got to be known as *la botte Macmahon*. In 1829, he was made lieutenant, and distinguished himself, soon after, in Algiers. When Charles X. was dethroned, his father, the Marquis, forfeited his peerage by refusing allegiance to Louis Philippe, and the young lieutenant naturally disliked the new *régime*. At the siege of Antwerp, in 1832, he gained his captaincy; was decorated the Legion of Honor in 1837, and rapidly rose thenceforth, till, in 1845, he became a colonel, and took the oath of fealty to the king. In 1845, by his father's death, the present Marshal assumed the title of Marquis, and, an avowed Legitimist, he was sincerely pleased when Louis Philippe fell, in 1848. By this time his efficiency and patriotism had gained him a national reputation, and the new Republic at once promoted him to a major-general's rank. However, he could not disguise his dislike for republicanism, and secretly longed that Henry V. would re-enter France. The advent of Napoleon to the throne, however, served the same purpose, and his support of monarchy was rewarded with a lieutenant-generalship. He was now forty-two, rich, and had made a splendid marriage with the daughter of the Royalist Duc de Castries, and created such a favorable impression, that Napoleon remarked, "He has the eyes of an honest man, and will never betray a trust."

The History of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

By Charles Warren Currier, C. SS. R.

PART II.

On the 8th of September, the first Mass was celebrated on the new marble altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help by Rev. Father Dold, who had furnished the design thereof. On the 24th of November the same Father preached for the first time from the new marble pulpit he had himself designed, and the different parts of which he had collected from twenty-four different workers in marble of the city of Boston. It was said to be the first marble pulpit ever made in this country.

On July 16, 1879, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a terrible tornado swept over the city. Several windows of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help were broken, all the confessionals on the Gospel side were flooded, while penitents called for absolution as if they were on the point of death. The lightning struck in several places in the neighborhood, a great many vessels were wrecked in the harbor, and many corpses were washed ashore next morning.

On October 13th, the relics of St. Nazarius were privately transferred from the basement to the altar of St. Alphonsus in the church, and in March of the following year marble steps were added to the pulpit. They were a present of Father Dold's sister.

In the summer of 1880, Rev. Father Loewekamp was succeeded as rector of the community by Rev. Joseph Henning. On June 17th, Rev. Father Frawley, C. SS. R., of Brookline, sang his first Solemn High Mass, in the church, in presence of his many relatives and friends.

Thus far the ruthless hand of death had spared the members of the Boston community; but finally the grim monarch crossed the threshold of this abode of quiet, and claimed as his victim the Rev. Leopold Petsch. Father Petsch was born in Moravia on Aug. 23d, 1821, and entered into the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, at Eggenburg, in Austria, in 1842. He was professed in the year following. In 1848 he was sent to America. He labored zealously for the salvation of souls at Baltimore, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Annapolis, and Pittsburgh. Several times he filled the office of superior; and as such succeeded Bishop Gross in 1873. The blessing of God was with his labors in this community, where he displayed his principal activity in the confessional. He labored zealously up to June 16th, 1882. For some time he complained of a dizziness, and as the evil increased, the best physicians were consulted, who pronounced his condition serious. The immediate cause of his death was a fatty degeneration of the heart. With the greatest resignation and inward joy, he looked forward to his dissolution. On the 19th the last sacraments were administered to him by Rev. Father Henning. He spoke very rarely; and to several questions as to what he wished, he replied: "I want God." On the evening of the same day the community was summoned to his room, and the Litany for the Dying

was recited. Finally, on the next day, June 20th, at ten minutes past one o'clock, the soul of Father Petsch winged its flight to the world beyond the grave. The community was present, as also Dr. McNulty, and Messrs. O'Grady and McCarthy. The following day the body was removed to the church, where Mass was celebrated for the deceased. The obsequies took place on June 22d. The Archbishop, five Jesuit Fathers, and thirteen secular priests assisted. His Grace gave the absolution. Among those present was Rev. Augustine Freitag, whose name has several times been mentioned in this history. He was himself an invalid, and obliged to lean on his cane. Only a few days separated him from the grave, for he died on July 26th of the same year, in the city of New York. The sermon at the funeral of Father Petsch was preached by Rev. Father O'Connor, S.J. The body was laid to rest in the garden; and a simple slab marked the spot where his ashes reposed. Father Petsch, says a contemporary article in a Catholic paper, the *Volks-Zeitung*, belonged to those souls, who, as much as possible, hide themselves from men in order to live and labor only in God and for God. The predecessor of Father Petsch, as superior of the house of Boston, Right Rev. W. Gross, arrived in July on a visit. He was gladly received and honored by his old friends of the Mission Church, as the church of our Lady of Perpetual Help was called.

In April, 1883, the Mission Church obtained parochial rights, and became a parish church. In the same year His Holiness Leo. XIII. granted to those persons who would pray twelve times, at the seven altars of the Mission Church during the month of May, the same indulgences they would gain by visiting the altars of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome.

In May, 1884, a meeting was convoked at the Boston Music Hall, in which an audience, composed of all creeds and classes, assembled to protest against the spoliation of the property of the Propaganda by the Italian government. Fathers Henning, Schmidt, and McGivern were present.

Our Blessed Lady of Perpetual Succor had, from the beginning of the foundation, continued to pour down her favors on her devout clients. Up to the year 1884 no less than three hundred and thirty-one well authenticated miraculous cures had been wrought in favor of persons from Boston, and of others from very remote localities, even as distant as West Virginia and Texas. One of the most remarkable cures was that of Grace Mary Hanley, effected on Aug. 18, 1883. We will give the history of this miracle in the lady's own words:

"When a little over four years of age, I went to spend the summer with my aunt in the country. I was very strong and healthy, until one day we were allowed to play driving in an unused carriage, which stood in a carriage-shed, adjoining the house. By the side of the carriage-house stood a large, rough rock to prevent the wheel from rubbing off the paint. Wishing to get out, and climbing down backward, as children do, when they began to jolt the carriage, my hands lost their hold, and I fell, striking the lower part of my back on the rock, between which and the wheel I was tightly wedged. Grandma, who had come to spend the day, hearing my cries, ran to my assistance, and had some difficulty in releasing me from my painful position. They examined my back, but found not even a scratch upon it, though I could neither sit nor

lie down, — standing being the least painful position. After violent crying, I fell asleep in grandma's arms, but during the night awoke, screaming with fearful pain. The next morning mamma took me to the doctor, who, after examining my back, pronounced my suffering growing pains. Every week this pain grew worse, and seemed to be in the side rather than in the back, which puzzled the physicians. For one year I suffered intense agony, as the physicians could do nothing to relieve me. At the close of the year papa called in Dr. Cheever, chief surgeon in the city hospital. After a thorough examination, he said one of the small bones in the spinal column was cracked, that being the cause of the intense pain. He ordered a pair of steel and leather corsets to be put on, which I wore for one month. My grandmother came to see me one day, and advised mamma to bring me to Dr. Buckminster Brown, a noted specialist in all bone diseases, who then resided on Bowdoin street. He ordered me to be put to bed, without a pillow under my head, with weights of sand hanging from the head and foot of the bed, and pillows of the same on each side, so that I could not move my body at all. I never lifted my head, even to take my meals.

At this time mamma began to make novenas, assisted by papa, the children, grandma, grandpa, uncles, and aunts. When one was finished we commenced another. At the end of a year the doctor permitted me to get up, although he said I was the first of his patients who was able to get up under a year and a half, in the condition I was when he first took charge of me, and mamma attributed this improvement to the novenas we made, assisted by the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The doctor told mamma to expect the formation of an abscess, as it generally followed the decay of an old bone. In about a year after this a dreadful abscess formed, causing intense suffering. In the meantime mamma taught me reading and writing, and dear Father Cooper instructed me for my first Holy Communion, which I received on the 8th of December, at the age of nine years. I remained under the care of Dr. Brown until the age of twelve, wearing the heavy corsets continually. One morning in November I went with papa and mamma to Mass, at which we received Holy Communion. On our way home from church I was scarcely able to walk, and gradually lost the use of my lower limbs ; and at Christmas I could not even stand. The pain of my back returned with renewed force. Dr. Brown was very much discouraged, and ordered leeches to be applied, and, when they failed, blisters, and powerful liniments; but all to no avail. He then advised mamma to begin again the old treatment of putting me to bed, as a last resort. I remained lying on my back for over six months. About the first of September we heard of Dr. Bradford, a specialist in all bone diseases, like Dr. Brown, but using a different treatment. He took my case in hand, with Dr. Brown's consent, and began by placing me in a 'plaster of Paris' jacket, which, when hardened, caused so much pain that he, with an assistant, was obliged to saw it off. He then ordered a wheel-chair. In March he advised me to go to St. Margaret's Hospital, under the care of the 'Episcopal Sisters.' I remained there three months. While I was at the hospital they applied electricity, ice-bags, etc., to my back, but every application made it worse. About this time I had been troubled with fearful headaches, which grew worse every day, and for which the doctors could do nothing. Dr. Bradford managed to get me up on crutches, and had a very heavy pair of corsets made, which I wore day and night, and a steel frame, into which I was strapped every night, was also made to prevent me from turning on my side. Rev. Father O'Brien brought me Holy Communion several times while I was at the hospital. When I was able to use the crutches fairly well, the doctor advised me to go home. I never found any relief from my pain, either in the head or spine. During this period we continued our novenas, and when one was finished without any result, I always thought the next one would cure me. In July, Dr. Bradford paid me a visit, and felt discouraged when he saw how helpless I was without the crutches. He said the headache came from my spine, and he could do nothing to relieve me. He left, advising me to sit on the piazza, and get all the fresh air I could. One day in August, Rev. Father Ratke called, and advised me to make a novena in the church, before Our Blessed Lady's altar. The next morning papa carried me in his arms down stairs, and into the buggy. This

caused me great pain. In the church, before the altar, assisted by papa, grandma, Aunt Ella, my brothers and sisters, I began another novena. Rev. Father Delargy also knelt with us, and said the rosary. From the moment I began this novena I felt sure I was going to be cured. Rev. Father Henning gave me great encouragement before I went home. The third day of the novena I woke up without a headache, which did not happen for the last three years. This, in itself, mamma said, was a miracle. My back seemed to grow worse, though the violent pains in my head were entirely gone. The wide space which had opened on the top of my head was closed. The ninth day I felt my back much worse. When we arrived in church Rev. Father Delargy gave me Holy Communion. While making my thanksgiving, after receiving, a very strange feeling came over me, everything seemed to grow dark; I thought, perhaps, I was going to faint; this had not passed off when another feeling, — I never can describe it, passed through me from head to foot, like a thrill (and something like electricity). My Aunt Ella, seeing me looking pale, came with my crutches, and I looked up, and said: 'Oh, I do not want them; I can walk.' She said: 'If you can walk, Grace, walk over to the altar.' I got up, passed my aunt who still held the crutches, and walked to the altar, where I knelt to thank our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. Papa and grandma were spellbound, as they did not hear me speak, but only saw me get up and walk. I walked down the aisle, out into the street, by my papa's side, and I did not stop until I reached my mother's room, up one flight of stairs. The corsets, without which I could not before sit up, were taken off, the pain was gone from my back, and my head was as well as that of any one. I did not even feel tired, thanks to our Blessed Lord and our Dear Lady of Perpetual Help."

This miracle was soon noised abroad; it was published in several papers throughout the country, and attracted a great deal of attention. Crowds, attracted by curiosity, followed the young lady day after day, on her way to church. Great numbers of people, belonging to all conditions and all creeds, visited her house to behold, with their own eyes, the subject of the miracle, and assure themselves of the reality of the prodigy. Miss Hanley has continued to enjoy good health to the present day, and is ever filled with gratitude towards her Heavenly Deliverer. She has since entered the Convent of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary at Sillery, near Quebec.

On Sept. 23, of the same year that this miracle occurred, Rev. Father Daly, C. SS. R., sang his first Mass in the church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and administered Holy Communion to his father.

In December, 1884, the Redemptorist community at Boston was startled by the intelligence that three of its members, Fathers O'Brien, McGivern, and Delargy, had been attacked by Orangemen while giving missions in the island of Newfoundland. These Fathers were finally obliged to invoke the protection of the United States government, and, consequently, through the interference of the American Consul in Newfoundland, a British gun-boat, the Tenedos, was despatched from St. Johns to Bay Roberts, to their assistance. This had the desired effect, and further trouble was averted, so that the Fathers could continue their missionary labors.

On Feb. 1, 1885, Rt. Rev. C. Seghers, Bishop of Vancouver's Island, preached in the church for the benefit of his missions. On March 15, of the same year, Father Cunningham, C. SS. R., of Roxbury, celebrated his first Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and Father McNamara, of Brookline, said his on the 17th of

the same month. Things passed on quietly from this date, without any important event, until Nov. 8, when the sad news of the death of an absent member of the community reached Boston. Father John O'Brien, who was engaged in giving a mission in the city of Philadelphia, had been suddenly cut off in the flower of his age. He was in his thirty-sixth year at the time of his death. He was born in Ireland, but came to this country when quite young. Having, in course of time, entered the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, he was ordained in 1880, and was stationed in Boston almost from the time of his ordination. Having concluded a mission in Philadelphia, he obtained leave from his superiors to pay a visit to Ilchester, his "alma mater." Inflammatory rheumatism, that struck to his heart, snatched him suddenly out of life, a short time after his arrival, to the great grief of his friends and brethren in religion. His remains were conveyed to Boston, and his obsequies took place in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. Many clergymen were at the funeral, and Father Licking, C. SS. R., preached the sermon. His body was temporarily interred in the lot of the Most Reverend Archbishop, in Calvary Cemetery. Father O'Brien was an active and talented priest, dearly beloved by all who knew him. He had been preceded to the grave, only a few days before, by Father McGiven, who was then stationed at St. Alphonsus' Church, New York, and died in Philadelphia, at St. Teresa's Church, while engaged in a mission. Both these Fathers had been the objects of the fury of the Orangemen in Newfoundland.

Another first Mass was celebrated on April 4, 1886, by Rev. Father Sheehan, C. SS. R., in presence of his father and his numerous friends. On Sept. 5, Rev. Father Henning preached on the necessity of Catholic schools, and, on the next day, a collection was begun for the purpose of erecting a school in the parish. On the 19th of the same month, a collection was taken up for the sufferers from the earthquake in Charleston, S. C. On Sept. 21, Rev. Father Kreis celebrated his silver jubilee.

The year 1886 had taken its departure, and 1887 had been ushered in when death's dark shadow once more crossed the threshold of our house of Boston. Father John McNamara, C. SS. R., a young priest of the Redemptorists' house of Quebec, who was then staying at Boston, passed away from this valley of tears on Jan. 30. He was a native of Brookline, Mass. He was buried at Calvary Cemetery.

On the 11th of June the Rector, Rev. Jos. Henning, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, on the occasion of which the people showed their love and veneration towards him. The good Father did not remain long in Boston after this celebration, for the new appointments of superiors having in the same month arrived from Rome, he was transferred to the House of the Redemptorists in Toronto, where he now fills the office of Rector. His successor in Boston was Rev. Augustine J. McInerney, who is still at the head of the community. He entered upon his office on June 21st, 1887.

On August 19th the ground was broken for the schoolhouse to be erected in the rear of the existing building.

During the course of the year 1888 the community was saddened by the illness of its Rector, the Rev. Augustine J. McInerney, whose health however, has much improved. In the latter half of the year the body of Father Petsch was removed from the garden to Calvary Cemetery, where a monument had been erected over the spot where the mortal remains of Fathers O'Brien and McNamara await the resurrection.

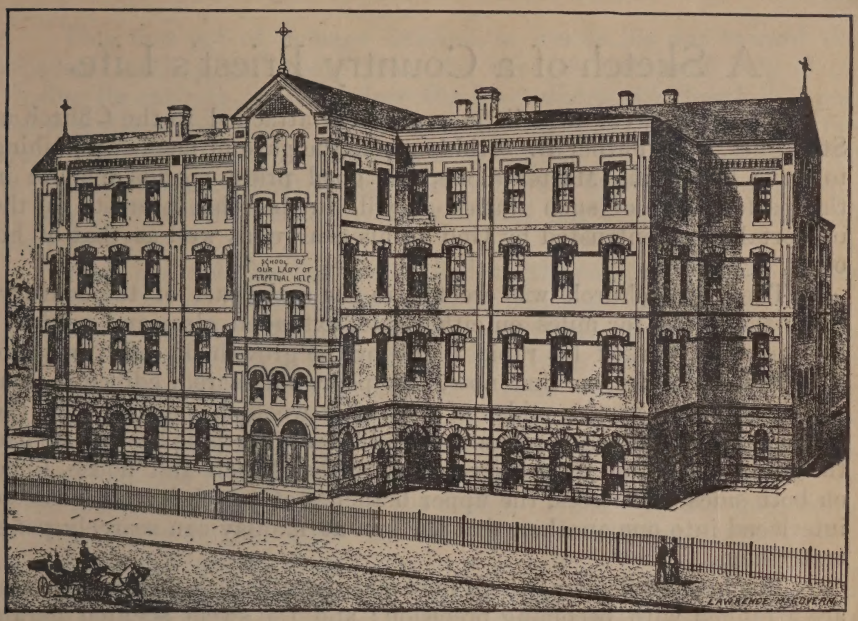
Towards the close of the year 1888, and in the beginning of 1889, a course of sermons was preached on Sunday evenings on the Mosaic Revelation and the Divinity of Christ. In the month of January a Triduum was held in honor of blessed Clement Hoffbauer, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, whom the voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ had a year before raised to the honor of our altars. The exercises were well attended by the faithful.

Shortly after the Triduum, Rev. Francis Delargy, who had spent five years in Boston, was removed to St. Alphonsus Church, New York. He was succeeded in Boston by Rev. Lambert Van Lopick.

Thus far we have followed the history of Brinley Place from its days of terrestrial grandeur to those of spiritual greatness. If its first occupants could arise from the dead, how astonished they would be to behold the change! The beautiful hills and green fields are now covered with houses and cut up by streets; the waters that washed the base of Roxbury hills have disappeared, and the city of Boston has reared its edifices where the cattle were wont to graze.

The splendid old mansion of the Brinleys, Pierponts, and Dearborns has almost entirely disappeared, and in its place stands a modest structure occupied by the children of St. Alphonsus Liguori. There where once fashion and beauty reigned, the poor may be seen from morning till night seeking relief for their ills both of body and soul. The hill beside the Dearborn mansion has been levelled, and on the rocky surface of its site one of Boston's most superb edifices rears its head. The church is built in the Romanesque style, and surmounted by a cupola. The exterior length is 215 feet, and its width across the transept 115 feet, while the body of the church is 78 feet wide, and is divided into nave and two aisles. Over the intersection of the nave and transept rises an octagonal dome to a height of 110 feet. This dome is supported by four clusters of four columns each, all of polished granite, and the capitals of freestone, richly carved with symbolic figures. The sanctuary is very large, and closes with a semi-circular apex, in which the high altar is placed. The chapel of our Lady of Perpetual Help is built out semi-circular on the westerly transept, which opens to the same with a large arch supported by two polished granite columns. The church can seat about two thousand persons, and contain about four thousand.

A large school has been erected in the rear of the garden. The corner-stone was laid by His Grace, the Most Reverend John J. Williams, on Sunday, April 8, 1888, at 3 P. M. A number of clergymen of the neighboring parishes were present and assisted at the ceremony. The Rev. Joseph Henning preached on the occasion. The



SCHOOL OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

SMITH STREET AND BUMSTEAD LANE.

new school is 126 feet long, and including the wings 166 feet. It is 70 feet wide. It contains 24 class rooms, and will accommodate more than 1,200 children. It is really two schools in one. The school hall occupies the entire lower floor, and is 18 feet high. The school will be opened in September, 1889. The staff of teachers will be of the Order of Notre Dame, who have schools at Malden and Canton, Mass.

A statue of Our Lady Queen of Heaven will grace the front of the building. May her sweet face looking down upon our children be their guiding star to Him who says: "Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not."

The End.

SELF-POSSESSION is something apart from ability. It is more in one direction and less in another. Many persons of great abilities are painfully lacking in self-possession, and others of very small powers are rarely at a loss. It comes rather through a fair degree of self-knowledge and a practical exercise of those abilities, great or small, which we do possess. Our own experience shows us this. Most of us are self-possessed in at least one direction, and that we shall find to be the case in which we have had the most constant practice and the best opportunities of testing ourselves. The mechanic or business-man, or artist or philosopher, may be undecided, vacillating, constrained, and ill at ease in general society, or in political circles, or in a hundred other situations; but in their respective employments, or in matters closely connected with them, they at once assume a calm and assured manner that tells of their regained self-possession.

A Sketch of a Country Priest's Life.

In the poor, yet neat little presbytery attached to the Church of St. Agnes, lives Father B. Hidden from the gaze of men, and wishing to serve his divine Master alone, this good priest spends his life in the performance of such duties as will further the interests of the immortal souls entrusted by God to his charge, as well as that of his own.

The little church was erected in the early part of the century, when the fields, for miles on either side, extended clear and verdant; but time has marked his rapid flight by the growth of lofty, majestic oaks and hemlocks, so that now, this poor, but sacred, edifice is completely isolated in the midst of a thickly wooded country. As the incumbent's predecessor was a great admirer of artistic beauty, he had the avenue, leading from the road up to the church and house, lined on both sides with trees, the upper branches of which have become so interlaced into one another, that the sun at midday can scarcely penetrate them.

The beds of flowers, which here and there bedeck the pretty lawn, are arranged with becoming precision; and the sweet scented geraniums, the modest pansies, and blushing roses that are blooming in them, far from wasting their beauty here in the summer air, adorn the little tabernacle where Jesus dwells, and droop and fade away, as if through excess of love, in the presence of Him who created each floweret, each pure, angelic soul, of Him who gave his life to redeem the sinner, to save mankind. The veranda, which extends before the house, is almost concealed beneath the twining honeysuckle, whose sweet smelling flowers scatter their fragrance on the evening breezes, and amidst whose tiny branches the little humming-bird and busy bee are often seen.

Such are the peaceful surroundings of Father B's home, pleasant, indeed, in the happy seasons; lonely, though, it may appear to the stranger, when the storms and whistling winds of winter mutter through the neighboring forest and spread a gloom on all around. But, could we only get a glimpse at the interior of the house, and learn how Father B. passes his apparently lonely country life, we would, undoubtedly, have profited by our brief visit to St. Agnes.

It is early morning when we first behold this beloved and revered pastor draw aside the curtain of his oratory, and there, in the presence of his crucified God, prostrate himself, deeply penetrated with a sense of his own weakness and unworthiness, to pour out his soul in child-like confidence to the Father of Mercy, and to receive strength and light to spend the precious moments of each day in the service of the true Master. Never, since the day when, as a youthful levite, he bade farewell to home and friends to labor for his God alone, has he suffered one morning to pass without this brief communion with his Creator; for, in his meditations, he finds the consolations and the encouragement which render his life worth living.

This first act of homage finished, he wends his way toward the adjacent sacristy, and there vests for the celebration of holy Mass. During its entirety, scarcely does the least distraction break in upon the serenity of his soul, so easy has it now become for him, by strenuous and oft-repeated endeavors, to commune with his God. After the august sacrifice, twenty minutes are always spent in thanksgiving. A frugal breakfast is then partaken of, and this over, he goes to visit his poor and sick.

Realizing that he has been called to the sublime dignity of the priesthood for no other purpose than to be the servant of his people, he is ever ready to administer to their corporal, as well as spiritual, wants. His heart is always filled with loving words of consolation for those who have been called upon to taste the bitterness of their Saviour's cross. Into the ears of those who are claimed by unrelenting death, he whispers words of encouragement and hope, telling them of the immense love which God bears towards them, and of the infinite mercy with which he receives contrite souls. To win them more effectually, he seldom visits his beloved sick without taking along some little delicacy for them; for, by this means, he not only obtains the full confidence of the invalid himself, but completely wins the love of every member of the family. Like a true pastor, he leaves no stone unturned that would be the means of bringing back to God a wandering soul.

His life is one continual act of charity; distance, weather, nothing is an obstacle in his path when duty calls. How often during the night, yes, even in the bitter wintry storms, has a dying soul pined for the food of the tabernacle and Jesus, left this humble abode to satisfy the craving, perhaps, of some prodigal returned. On these occasions, Father B. generally travels in his carriage through reverence for the Blessed Sacrament; but when, as frequently occurs, the bad condition of the neglected roads renders it impossible to travel in this manner, he is forced to journey on horseback.

In what affectionate language does he not speak to his Lord and God, whilst passing with Him pressed to his heart, over the lonely country roads! There, in solitude, he asks that his own cold heart, by very contact, may become a burning furnace of divine love, in order, thereby, to make some reparation for the frightful outrages that are daily offered to his adorable majesty, in the august sacrament of the altar.

Can we picture to ourselves this association of master and servant without sentiments of mingled love and wonder? Behold the word made flesh, the humble priest; look afar off to some rude cabin and meet the countenance of some dying, repentant sinner, and see if the world can elsewhere present such a spectacle.

After returning home from these visits of duty as well as holy charity, he betakes himself to the companions of his loneliness. These are none other than the immortal works of the great Saints Basil, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and the other doctors of the Church. Here, hour after hour, and day after day, he

draws from these great fountain-heads that pure doctrine which he preaches to his people. Too much work for their sakes cannot be undergone. Almighty God has placed him there for no other purpose than to lead them to heaven; and with this intent, every spare moment is utilized in fitting himself more and more for the great task of saving souls. The teachings of these resplendent lights of Holy Mother the Church, are put in clear and simple language, so as to be fully grasped by the uncultured minds of his little flock. Time-worn and thread-bare platitudes are not good enough for his poor people, just because they do not possess the advantages given by education. If they have been deprived of such blessings, he is going to supply, by his talents and energy, what is so deficient in them; and, instead of leaving them on the level on which he found them, he is continually elevating their moral and social standard.

Since it is the nature of children to be won by kindness, this zealous priest holds out to them every inducement to further their attendance at church and catechism. This last, owing to the difficulty of holding it at any other time, is taught after Mass. To excite emulation among the little ones, a ten or twenty-five cent piece is put up as a prize, one Sunday; the following, there is to be a box of candy; at another time, a fine story-book. To look into Father B's parlor a day or two before Christmas, one would imagine that he kept an immense toy store. And if you ask for whom all these playthings are intended, he will tell you that they are gifts for his Sunday-school children. In this way, their interest is continually kept on the alert, and, in consequence, there is always a large number to attend this exercise.

It is for the want of such a heartfelt appreciation for the children's good, that success in Sunday-schools is often so meagre. When these little ones become sensible of the fact that an interest is taken in their regard, immediately a love springs up in their innocent hearts for the bestower of such favors.

What delight, too, is excited in the heart of each fond mother and father, when they behold their children, the joy and hope of their lives, praised and beloved by others; but who can depict those feelings which surely animate each loving parent when their children are objects of special interest and solicitude to the pastor and shepherd of their souls! Insensibly, they are attracted with their children, and the tender-hearted, loving priest soon becomes the centre of the affections of young and old, the director and counsellor of every parishioner.

As there are two outlying missions attached to St. Agnes, a great deal of travelling becomes a necessity, and thus gives this worthy priest an opportunity of often visiting his people. Never, even when weary and tired from riding over the lonely and uncared-for roads, does he pass by the dwelling of one of his little flock. His visit is often very brief, sometimes hardly long enough to extend the wonted salutations; but his bright smile, sweet voice, and kindly words, seem to awaken joy in every breast, and he leaves the old farmer who

accompanies him to the gate, blessing God for such an angel of comfort, till his carriage rolls out of sight, and the sound of the horse's hoofs is lost beyond the hills.

The Protestants in this district are as much attached to him as it is possible for Protestants to love a priest. His ways are so attractive, his life so much devoted to God, that this attachment often yields to nobler ends, and many converts have received the light of truth from his example.

St. Peter and St. Joseph are the patrons of his mission churches, and though he cannot attend both on the same Sunday, yet the poor people are afforded the consolation of attending Mass and receiving the sacraments whenever an occasion offers.

On Christmas, however, when the grandeur of the feast warrants unusual solemnity, Father B. celebrates the Holy Sacrifice in all of his three churches, and with joy and zeal carries to his flock the precious boon of salvation, the Infant Babe of Bethlehem. How ardently, how fervently, do the prayers of those little congregations arise to heaven on that glorious day! Who can tell with what heartfelt love and reverence they return to their homes, thanking God for having placed over them such an earnest worker for their eternal welfare.

Notwithstanding these many springs of spiritual contentment, Father B. still under nature's influences, is sensible, at times, of the loneliness of his situation; but especially so, when the recollection of by-gone days brings to his mind scenes that were more favorable to worldly pleasures. Ah! then, with a wisdom and prudence truly religious, he enters the silent sanctuary, and kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, pours out his soul in accents of most tender devotion to this consoling victim of love.

Just as a fond child hides none of his troubles from his affectionate parents, but, with hopeful confidence, tells them of every care and sorrow, so this holy priest, in language that expresses only deepest affection and confidence, unfolds his secret pains and sadness to Him, who alone can heal them, to Him who alone will hearken. Often, to enliven his spirits on these occasions, when the sense of his solitude weighs more heavily upon him than usual, he goes to the organ, and there plays and sings the soul-stirring hymn, "O Salutaris Hostia."

In constantly having recourse to God in these moments of trial and affliction of spirit, this devoted priest lives habitually in His adorable presence. And thus spending a holy and happy life, devoted to the service of souls, days pass by, years come and go, and Father B. still continues a faithful servant of the Master whom he promised ever to love and obey, bringing blessings upon his congregations, and giving evidence of the true spirit which should animate the priest of God.

J. B. H.

"DOCTOR," said a lady, who wanted a little advice gratis, "what do you do when you catch a cold?"—"I cough, madame," was his polite reply.

Deceased Bishops of the United States.

THE FIRST CATHOLIC BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.—IV.

THE sketch of the life of the Right Rev. Michael Egan, first Catholic bishop of Philadelphia, as given by Dr. Clarke, is a brief but interesting one, and contains many historical facts of great value to the Catholic reader. While perusing it one is struck with the vast difference in the status of the Catholic Church *now* and that which existed when the young Irish Franciscan, Father Egan, first set foot on our shores. *Then* Catholicity had to contend against the barbarism of bigotry and intolerance, and the scoff and the contempt of the infidel. Many were the obstacles that beset our holy missionaries in planting the faith in our virgin soil, and many and great were the hardships they endured and the dangers they encountered to bring it to fruition. Their lives were unceasingly passed in toil and care, and wretched, in a worldly point of view, was the lot of many of these early pioneers of Catholic civilization.

It is impossible for the reader of the present day to realize the marvellous progress of the church in the United States during the present century without an adequate knowledge of the difficulties and obstacles its founders encountered in the early days of the Republic. There were many Catholics in the different states, but they were scattered, and, for the most part, unorganized. After the war of Independence, though active persecution of Catholics was no longer so openly exercised, the social ostracism and traditional prejudice to a great extent remained. A large number of Catholics had early emigrated to Pennsylvania, and numbers had settled in Philadelphia; but it was not until 1763 that the first Catholic Church, St. Mary's, was erected there. To-day the Archdiocese of Philadelphia contains a population of over four hundred thousand, while the number of the children of the church, throughout the state of Pennsylvania, has vastly outstripped in proportion that of the increase of the entire population. Of the Apostolic men who most largely contributed in the achievement of this glorious result, none holds a more honorable place than the Right Rev. Michael Egan, D. D.

Right Rev. Michael Egan was the first Catholic bishop of Philadelphia. He was a Franciscan priest, born and ordained in Ireland, and came to America in 1802. Soon after his arrival he joined the Rev. Father de Barth, then on the mission at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and here he remained until appointed pastor of St. Mary's, Philadelphia. He was deeply devoted to his order, and lived strictly to its rules during his life. We learn that he was authorized, by an apostolic rescript, in 1804, to found a province of the Franciscan Order in the United States, but was unable to find means to carry out the project. While pastor of St. Mary's, so zealous and devoted was he to his charge, that he won the friendship and confidence of the great Archbishop Carroll.

Catholicity was, perhaps, more respected in Philadelphia than in any other city in the Union. William Penn had been lenient toward it, and the Catholics of his time looked to him as a friend. During the Revolution the Irish Catholic served in the same ranks with the Protestant native, and was inspired with as ardent a patriotism as he. In the naval, as well as the military, service, many officers were Catholics. Such men as Barry and Moylan showed that it was not incompatible to be at once a true Catholic and a true patriot. Besides, the French,—the allies of America,—were Catholics, and, probably, the Americans had often witnessed the celebration of Mass in the French camp and on board their men-of-war. This tended to instil a more respectful and generous feeling in the hearts of those who differed with the Catholics in faith regarding them, and smoothed the difficulties which lay in the path of the missionaries in the propagation of their religion. But dissensions had long existed among them and schism had crept into their ranks. They were divided among themselves, and this great scandal proved as formidable and grievous to overcome as any which the church had yet encountered. Writing on this subject, Dr. Clarke states that: "The trustees of the German Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, claiming the right of patronage, had fomented a schism, with the encouragement of two priests whom Bishop Carroll had been obliged to interdict. After five years' struggle with the bishop, the trustees submitted to his authority in 1802. These troubles, however, did not cease with Bishop Carroll, but fresh ones were reserved for several of the bishops of Philadelphia."

When the growth of Catholicity in the United States obliged Bishop Carroll to apply for the erection of new bishoprics, four were erected, one of them being Philadelphia. This new diocese embraced all of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and part of the state of New Jersey. Many causes occurred to delay the appointment of a bishop to this vast diocese, and it was not until 1809 that a bishop was named to take charge. Bishop Carroll entertained a profound admiration for the life and labors of Father Egan. Knowing his zealous ardor and untiring energy in the cause of the church, he was convinced that no worthier priest could fill the See of Philadelphia than the Irish Franciscan. Accordingly he recommended him above all others. In one of the bishop's letters quoted by Dr. Clarke, he says of him: "He is a man about fifty, who seems endowed with all the qualities to discharge with perfection the functions of the episcopacy, except that he lacks robust health, greater experience, and a greater degree of firmness in his disposition. He is a learned, modest, humble priest, who maintains the spirit of his order in his whole conduct." Father Egan was consecrated in St. Peter's Cathedral, Baltimore, in 1810, Bishop Carroll performing the ceremony.

No sooner was the good bishop in possession of his See than fresh troubles confronted him. The Church of St. Mary's was, by an act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in the hands of trustees, "incorporated to administer the finances of the church." These trustees proved

very arrogant in the assumption of authority. They not only claimed authority in all financial affairs relating to the Church of St. Mary, but also in having a voice in the selection of its pastors. The latter was denied by the bishop and this was the cause of a bitter controversy between them. The trustees were aided and abetted unfortunately, by two priests, the Rev. Messrs. Harold, uncle and nephew. So malignant were they in their revolt against the bishop that they went so far as to write and distribute pamphlets disparaging his conduct and character; and this continued during his life. The rebellious conduct of these men, and the disedifying spectacle which they presented, not only embarrassed the bishop but vexed him exceedingly. To one of his humble nature and obedient spirit it was a sore trial. So deeply did it prey on him that he could find no rest and his days were full of trouble. It is said that this unhappy schism helped to shorten his life.

Bishop Egan had in contemplation many great doings for the good of Philadelphia; among others was the idea of establishing the Sisters of Charity in the city. He had visited the community at Emmittsburg, and became impressed with their piety and devotion. Previous to his coming, an orphan asylum had been in existence in Philadelphia. This had been established to care for the orphans whose parents had died of yellow fever. The orphans were sheltered in a house near the Church of the Holy Trinity, and were in charge of a Catholic lady. "This noble work," writes Dr. Clarke, "had been specially fostered and sustained by the Rev. Mr. Hurley, of St. Augustine's, and by the aid of a generous layman, Mr. Cornelius Thiers." To place the Sisters in charge of this institution was one of the bishop's principal efforts, and through his instrumentality the object was at length effected. But it did not take place in his time. "The Sisters came," says his historian; "it was the first colony sent out from the rising institution at Emmittsburg; but the good bishop did not live to welcome them to his episcopal city. Enfeebled by the trials of his position, his health, never very robust, gradually gave way, and he expired July 22, 1814, an exemplary minister of religion, a devoted bishop, and saintly man of God."

In connection with the subject of Catholicity in Pennsylvania the following will, we think, be found interesting to the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It is copied from The American Catholic Historical Researches, edited by Philadelphia's Catholic historian and journalist, Martin I. J. Griffin: —

PLACES IN PENNSYLVANIA WHERE CHURCHES WERE FOUNDED IN THE LAST CENTURY.

Year.	Place.	County.	Title of Church.	Authorities.
1732, Feb. 27.	Philadelphia.		St. Joseph.	Jordan.
1740–1.	Conewago.	Adams.	Sacred Heart.*	Reily, 218.
1741, Aug. 23.	Goshenhoppen.	Berks.	B. Sacrament.	Neumann, Reily.
1745.	Lancaster.		St. Mary.	Reily, 217.
1751.	Reading.		St. Peter.	Neumann.

*Mass said 1734–5.— Reily, 45.

Year.	Place.	County.	Title of Church.	Authorities
1763.	Philadelphia.		St. Mary.	Wescott.
1787.	Philadelphia		Holy Trinity.*	Westcott.
1791, about.	Littlestown.	Adams.	St. Aloysius.	Reily, 96.
1796.	Philadelphia.		St. Augustine.	Church Books.
1798.	Haycock.	Bucks.	St. John the Baptist.†	Neumann.
1799.	Elizabethstown.	Lancaster.	St. Peter.	Neumann.
1799, about.	Chambersburg	Franklin.	Christ Church.	Reily, 129.
1799, about.	Carlisle.	Cumberland	St. Patrick.	Reily, 129.
1799, about.	Path Valley.	Franklin.	St. Peter now B. V. M.	Neumann.

EARLIEST DATES KNOWN FOR VISITS OF MISSIONARIES.

1707–8.	Philadelphia.		Visit.	
1720.	Concord.	Chester, now Del. Co.	Visit (1736).	Neumann.
1757.	York.	York.	Visit.	Reily, 48.
1774.	Allentown.	Lehigh.	Visit.	Neumann.
1794.	Pigeon Hills.	York.	Visit.	Reily, 84–5.
1796.	Lebanon.	Lebanon.	DeBarth, resident.	Neumann.
1800 about.	Paradise.	York.	Visit.	Reily, 89.

VILLANOVA COLLEGE, Oct. 24, 1887. T. C. M.

[" Neumann " refers to entries made by Bishop Neuman in a small book kept by him in which he made record of the number of Confirmations administered by him on his visitations, and noted the dates of the founding of the churches he visited. This book is now in possession of F. X. Reuss, Librarian of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia whose collection of Bishops' MSS. is the greatest in the country.

" Reily " is John T. Reily, author of Conewago and its Missions.

The will of Peter Debuc of Philadelphia, October, 1693. is evidence to us, by implication, of the visits of a " Father Smith " to Philadelphia that early.]

The Lepers.

THE following, which appeared in the issue of March 16 of the Liverpool Catholic Times, will be read with interest in the United States: " It is a fact, as has been announced, that Miss Mary Helen Flavin, of Liverpool, has gone to the United States with the intention of dedicating herself to the service of the lepers. Miss Flavin, who is not, it is true, widely known in the great city on the Mersey, but whose character is admired by all with whom she is personally acquainted, has long entertained the noble ambition of ministering to the victims of disease at Molokai. For this object she determined to make any sacrifice that might be demanded. The good seeds sown in her house and in the Convent, Holt Hill, where she was educated, bore their fruit. Miss Flavin was for some time a governess to a family at Sefton Park, and she then left to go through a course of hospital training in London. With Father Damien, the leper apostle, she communicated frequently, and she received from him a number of letters which encouraged her to persevere in her high and holy purpose. On reaching New York she called upon his Grace Archbishop Corrigan, to whom she took a letter of introduction. She then proceeded to St. Walburga's Convent, Elizabeth, N. J., where, according to the letter received from her, she is awaiting permission to enter at Syracuse the convent of the nuns to whom the care of the lepers is entrusted by the authorities of Hawaii. Miss Flavin is cultivated, refined, and tender-hearted, and the lepers whom she will nurse will, I am sure, be ministered to with a degree of solicitude which mere wealth could not purchase."

* Holy Trinity opened 1789, Nov. 20th.— Westcott. † Haycock Mission started, 1744.

The Irish in South America.

AFTER a stubborn and long-continued fight, Sarsfield surrendered Limerick to William III. Thousands of Irish soldiers, who had fought with him at the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, were forced to yield to the overwhelming numbers which William sent and De Ginckle led. The surrender of Limerick was the ending of the Irish war, which resulted in placing the crown of England on the head of a Dutch usurper, and the exile of a king, who, though he shed the blood of his subjects like water in battle, was too cowardly to risk his own in defence of his kingdom and crown. Disgusted with his pusillanimity, and scorning to serve under the Hanovarian's flag, the Irish army joined the banners of France and Spain, and, by their genius and bravery emblazoned their names on the historic page of both countries. The majority went to France, but many went to Spain, who rose to the highest distinctions which it was possible for that country to confer on them. Spurned in their own land by foreign despots, because they were too proud to bend to their yoke, and too devoted to the old faith to annul it, they sought a government under whose ægis their faith would be recognized, and their genius and chivalry respected. They found it in Iberia. No other land paid more honors to Irish exiles than this. They ranked next to the blood-royal, and were exalted to the highest places. Their bravery and devotion became proverbial, and by their deeds they shed a lustre on their motherland which can never be eclipsed. This is well expressed in the following lines addressed to Ireland:

"Mother of soldiers! in the cause of Spain,
The Moors in Oran's trench by them were slain;
For full one hundred years their fatal steel
Has charged beside the lances of Castile.
Carl'ry, Tyrconnell, Breffny's exiled lords,
To Spain and glory gave their gallant swords;
And Spain, of honor jealous, gave them place
Before her native sons, in glory's race;
Her noblest laurels graced your soldier's head.
Her dearest daughters shared your soldier's bed;
In danger's hour she called them to the front,
And gave to them the praise that bore the brunt;
Mother of soldiers! Spain to-day will be
A willing witness for thy sons and thee!"

For many generations the race of men sprung from Irish parents have lived only in the pursuit of liberty. Beside the Boyne, on the bloody slope of Aughrim, and the fiery breach of Limerick, they sought it. In foreign camps, in native insurrections, in the vision of the volunteers of 1782, under the dripping scaffolds of '98, they grasped at it, but it escaped them. Throughout a night of two hundred years, through a period marked with the graves of seven generations, they sought this will-o-the-wisp, and were still left in the slough of failure or disappointment.

Not so, however, in foreign lands, outside of their own green isle; whenever the banner of freedom was unfurled the Irish were the first to stand beneath its folds. They guarded it in the gap of danger, cher-

ished it with their life's blood, and it became their shroud on many a fatal field. As they fought for the independence of the United States, and helped to attain it, so did they fight for the independence of South America. They were loyal to Spain until Spain became tyrannical, and then, throwing off their allegiance to that power, took up arms and defended the cause which she oppressed.

In the first years of this century the Irish name was greatly exalted in Spain, by the exploits of many generals and minor officers, who prided themselves on pure Irish pedigrees. O'Donnell, the hero of Tortosa and La Bishal; Colonel O'Ronan, the hero of Figueras; Blake, chosen after many glorious services to the Regency of Spain; O'Farreil, entrusted with so many onerous commands, and able for them all; the three O'Reilly's, almost equally distinguished; Sarsfield, "The best cavalry officer of the Peninsular War;" Sir John Milly Doyle, all derived their origin from Ireland, and all gloried in the inheritance of the Irish name.

But it was not alone in these later days, nor on the soil of Spain alone, that Irish policy and valor served that illustrious state. In all the Spanish colonies, from Louisiana to Chili, Irish captain-generals have at some period or other ruled. Just as in North America, there is hardly a state to which Ireland did not give a governor, so, farther south, the same story can be told of the Irish who served the kings of Spain. In Mexico, we find but two especially worthy of mention, Count Arthur O'Neill, who was governor of that province in the middle of the last century, and Major-general John O'Donohoe, or, as the Spaniards write, Don Juan O'Donoju, its last royal governor. Four brothers of the O'Neills emigrated from the county Tyrone to Spain, after the surrender of Limerick, namely John, Gordon, Arthur, and Hugh. John rose to the rank of general, Gordon to that of colonel, and Arthur to that of count, and, subsequently, duke. We have no particulars of Hugh.

O'HIGGINS OF PERU.

Ambrose O'Higgins, "The Great Viceroy," was born at Summerhill, county Meath, in the year 1720. His father was a peasant farmer, on the estate of the Countess of Bectine. His uncle was one of the chaplains at the Court of Madrid, and at his expense O'Higgins was educated at a college in Cadiz, from which his uncle sent him to Peru. After some years devoted to commerce he found affairs going so ill that he entered the Spanish Engineer Corps, and was appointed captain of engineers in 1769, with a commission to strengthen the fortifications of Valdivia. His talent and energy soon became apparent to Governor Balmaseda, Captain-general of Chili, who soon recognized his remarkable ability. A series of rapid promotions ensued, until we find his talents acknowledged in a letter from the King of Spain, conveying to him the grade of colonel, with a patent of nobility as Count of Ballaner. Soon afterwards we find him installed Governor of Concepcion; and on May 26, 1788, Acevedo handed over to him the government of Chili, with a patent of marquis bearing the king's signature.

General Ambrose O'Higgins, Marquis of Osorno, and Count of Ballaner, made his triumphal entry into Santiago, and assumed the reins of power just nineteen years from his first appearance in Chili as

an officer of engineers. The great viceroy spent the next eight years of his life developing the resources of Chili, opening roads, conciliating the Indians, restoring ancient cities, and repairing and strengthening the neglected fortresses of the country. Speaking of him the historian Gay says: "Never was there a ruler more devoted to Spanish interest, more zealous for the development of Chili, more remarkable for magnanimity and forgetfulness of self, than this man of Irish birth; his enlightened policy reflects lustre upon the Spanish name, and the many great works accomplished by him are enduring proofs of his genius and activity." O'Higgins lost none of the hereditary virtues of his race by his long residence in Chili; in proof of this, we find the British Admiral, Vancouver, relates the princely hospitality with which he was treated by the Captain-general on his arrival at Valparaiso. O'Higgins not only invited the British Admiral to Santiago, but sent some Irish dragoons of his body-guard to act as interpreters on the journey. In April, 1796, he received letters from the King of Spain appointing him viceroy of Peru. He left Santiago on May 16th, amidst the regrets of the citizens, and made his triumphal entry into Lima on June 6. "Thus," says Gay, "he was invested with the highest rank in the New World, thirty-three years after landing on its shores as an obscure stranger, having risen, step by step, through force of talent and integrity, without friends or favor, nay, in spite of the jealousy of many around him."

His viceroyalty lasted only five years, for he died at Lima, March 18, 1801, aged eighty-one years. Numerous works in Peru preserve his memory, especially the annals of the viceroys, from Pizarro down to his own time. Beyond all question, O'Higgins was the most remarkable Irishman that ever set foot in South America; he possessed all the genius of Raleigh, without his shortcomings. Spain may one day erect a statue to the great viceroy, as England has done to Lord Clive, or as Chili has done to Bernardo O'Higgins, who was second only to his father in his zeal for the public welfare, and in those other qualities that constitute a statesman and patriot.

"THE REVOLUTION IN SOUTH AMERICA,"

says McGee, "dates from the year 1808, and its independence from the year 1823, when the last of the Spanish forces evacuated Caracas. That struggle of fifteen years was marked by events worthy of the pens of the greatest historians. The contest might be said to have three divisions,— Bolivar's in Columbia, O'Higgins in Chili, and that of the Argentine Republic on the Rio de la Plata." Many Irishmen distinguished themselves under Bolivar, and rose to high preferment. Gen. Devereux, a Wexford man, commanded an Irish brigade in the service of the Liberator, and the majority of his staff were Irish officers. Gen. Miller (English) tells us in his memoirs that "the doctor who constantly attended him was Dr. Moore, an Irishman, who had followed the Liberator from Venezuela to Peru. He was a man of great skill in his profession, and devotedly attached to the person of the Liberator. Bolivar's first aid-de-camp, Col. O'Leary, was a nephew of the celebrated Father O'Leary. In 1818 he embarked, at the age of seventeen, in the cause of South American independence, in which he served with high distinction, having been

present at almost every general action fought in Colombia, and received several wounds. He was often employed on diplomatic missions, and in charges of great responsibility, in which he always acquitted himself with great ability." Lieut.-Col. Ferguson was a distinguished officer of rifles, and was also on Bolivar's staff. When a mere youth, he quitted a counting-house at Demerara, and joined the patriot standard. During the war he was captured by the Spaniards, and sentenced to be shot, but was saved by a fellow countryman. This officer fell a sacrifice in the defence of Bolivar, on the night of the conspiracy at Bogota, in September, 1828.

BERNARD O'HIGGINS.

Though the Irish were instrumental in securing the independence of all the South American Republics, the most distinguished of the men of the period of which we write, were, perhaps, those who took service under the flag of Chili. Foremost among these, and towering above them all, stands the name of Bernard O'Higgins. He was the son of "The Great Viceroy," and was born at Chillan, Aug. 20, 1776, his father being, at that time, commander of the Southern Frontier. His mother, Isabel Riquelme, belonged to an old Chilian family. His early years were spent under the care of Franciscan friars, who imparted to him the ordinary rudiments of instruction, until the appointment of his father as Governor-general of Chili, when he accompanied him to Santiago. He was about fifteen years of age when his father sent him to a Catholic college at Richmond, near London. During his life he always had before him the great model of his august father, and his love for Chili was as patriotic and single-minded as was the devotion of Ambrose O'Higgins to the Spanish crown. After leaving college he proceeded to Spain, probably to visit his father's friends in that country, and was residing at Cadiz when the news of the viceroy's death reached him. He returned to his native country and warmly espoused the cause of independence, beginning public life, like Washington, as a colonel of militia.

His first campaign was on the Laja frontier, where his father had once held a famous conference with the Indian tribes, and where his prestige was still an echo on the mountains of Auraucania. The young patriot colonel fought his first battle at Roble, and was shot in the leg. He acquitted himself with such gallantry that when the Junta shortly afterwards removed Gen. Carrera from supreme command, the post was at once conferred on O'Higgins. It was a dark hour for the patriot cause. The Spanish commander, Osorio, was marching with five thousand well-trained soldiers to seize the capital, while the Chilian army consisted of bands of irregulars, badly equipped, the vanguard under Gen. Carrera, and the main body under O'Higgins. The latter had barely time to shut himself in the village of Rancagua, and send urgent dispatches to Carrera to hasten to his aid, when the Spanish army appeared in view. Whether through Carrera's jealousy or other cause, his column did not proceed to O'Higgins' relief. An attack was hourly expected by the heroic garrison of Rancagua, which place was quite untenable; the Spaniards had already thrown up their batteries to fire on the town, and counted on an easy victory. On the 1st of October, 1814, the royalists commenced an attack, which lasted for

thirty-six hours, during which time the fire on both sides was kept up with unremitting vigor. Each party hoisted the black flag, and no quarter was given. In the hottest of the action, the magazine of the patriots exploded, and produced the most destructive effects; but, undismayed by the heavy misfortune, their efforts seemed to redouble, and the Spanish general determined to abandon the enterprise. He had actually given orders to retreat, under the impression that Carrara, who had remained an unmoved spectator, would cut off his retreat, and that his exhausted royalists would be attacked in a disadvantageous position by that chief with fresh troops. But Gen. Ordonez, the second in command, perceiving the inaction of Carrera, who evidently exhibited no intention to effect a diversion, or to send to O'Higgins the smallest succor, determined upon making another grand effort. By means of the hatchet and the flames, the royalists penetrated through the walls of the houses, and at length fought their way, inch by inch, to the square in the centre of the town. Here O'Higgins made his last stand with two hundred survivors, worn out with fatigue, tormented with raging thirst, and surrounded by heaps of slain; till, observing all was lost, he, although wounded, headed the brave relics of his party, and gallantly cut his way through the royalists. Such was the impression produced by this desperate act of valor, that none ventured to pursue the patriots, who continued their retreat, without further molestation, to the capital. *See Wulhall, Miller, etc.*

Miller's Memoirs states that the Carreras had still under their command one thousand five hundred men; but they abandoned the capital without a struggle. The depredations committed by the troops of the Carreras irritated the citizens to such a degree, that a deputation was sent to Osorio, to request him to enter Santiago and re-establish order. Six hundred troops crossed the Andes with Carrera. Gen. O'Higgins emigrated with about one thousand five hundred persons, many of whom were ladies of rank, who passed the snowy ridges of the Andes on foot. All were received at Mendoza with generous hospitality by Gen. San Martin, and a few returned home until after the battle of Chacabuco.

THE BATTLE OF CHACABUCO,

which broke the power of Spain in Chili, was fought on Feb. 12, 1817, and the victory was mainly due to the brilliant impetuosity of O'Higgins, who exceeded his orders, and, without waiting for the support of Gen. Soles, charged into the thickest of the enemy. The Spaniards fought like men who knew that the fate of a kingdom rested on the issue, but were compelled to give way on all sides, and by noon O'Higgins' victory was complete. This battle threw open the gates of the capital, whose citizens came out to welcome O'Higgins, and proclaim him Dictator of Chili.

COL. O'CONNOR,

son of Roger, and nephew of Arthur O'Connor, Chief of the Staff to San Martin, had raised a fine regiment at Panama, and embarked in the first attempt at Peruvian independence. He fought throughout

the war, until the final battle of Ayachuco ended the struggle by establishing the liberties of the colony. In that engagement he acted as adjutant-general, and contributed materially to the crowning victory. Col. O'Carroll, another officer, after a distinguished career, perished at the hands of the guerilla, Benavides, who cut out the tongue of his captive before putting him to death.

O'HIGGINS' ADMIMISTRATION.

During an administration which lasted six years, O'Higgins gave every proof of the fitness of his elevation to power, and the talents for government which he inherited from his father. He created a navy for Chili, knowing that this was the first step towards securing the independence of the country. In the memoirs of Gen. Miller and Lord Cochrane, we find frequent testimony to the honesty and zeal of O'Higgins. He was styled "The father of his country," and "The Washington of South America," by the people, but notwithstanding this he was deposed from power by a military revolution, and obliged to take refuge in Peru, in which country he died on Oct. 24, 1842. He left a son, Demetrio O'Higgins, a wealthy and patriotic Chilian farmer, who contributed twenty thousand dollars towards the defences of Valparaiso when the war with Spain occurred in 1865. Demetrio brought out from Europe a rich mausoleum for the remains of his father and grandfather, and the Chilian government caused the ashes of Gen. O'Higgins to be brought back from Lima and inurned with great pomp, in 1869, in which year Demetrio also died. In 1872 the equestrian statue of O'Higgins was inaugurated amid great national rejoicings at Santiago. It represents the general in heroic attitude, as when he cut his way through the Spanish lines at Rancagua.

IRISH NAVAL HEROES.

From the historians, Miller and Sutchliffe (both English), we condense the narrative of the exploits of some of the Irish sailors in the service of Chil'. They were found in plenty there, and shed as bright a lustre on the Chilian flag at sea, as their countrymen did on land. Gen. O'Higgins conceived the gigantic idea of disputing the navigation of the Pacific with the Spaniards, whose vessels were blockading the ports of Chili; at a time, too, when affairs were in a critical state, and when the government had neither ships, mariners, arsenal, money, nor any material for such an undertaking, which to many appeared the maddest enterprise ever projected. However, the general, though he had to wade through many difficulties, as well as to encounter a strong opposition to his laudable designs, had, previous to the battle of Maifru, managed to purchase the Wyndam, of forty-four guns, formerly an Indiaman, and appointed an Irishman, named O'Brien, to be her commander. She was officered and partly

MANNED BY IRISHMEN,

and the rest of her complement were Chilians, mostly landsmen; but such was their patriotic enthusiasm, that many swam off to her, to join the Irish commander and be enrolled among his crew. The general

having now completely gathered the fruits of the victory of Maifru, became desirous of raising the blockade of Valparaiso, and Capt. O'Brien was ordered to attack the Spanish frigate, Esmeralda, of forty-four guns, with the Penzuella, of eighteen guns, which was cruising off the port, and in ten hours after the Lantera had sailed, she was engaged with the enemy. The following is extracted from Miller's works: "The Esmeralda seeing a frigate-built vessel approach, mistook it for H. M. S. Amphion, Commodore Bowles, who had before communicated occasionally upon subjects relative to the blockade, with the Esmeralda, which last, therefore, lay to with her top sails to the mast, to speak the supposed Amphion. In that position the Lantera ranged upon the weather quarter of the enemy, when, having hauled down British colors and hoisted Chilian, she discharged her foremost guns. It was Capt. O'Brien's first intention to have laid the Lantera alongside; but having altered his mind he ran upon the Esmeralda's quarter. The Lantera's bowsprit caught the enemy's mizzen rigging, and hung her in a way so inconvenient for boarding, that

O'BRIEN JUMPED ON BOARD,

with only thirty followers. The marines kept up a steady fire from the forecastle of the Lantera, which caused a heavy loss to the Esmeralda's crew, who, panic struck by the boarding party, ran below, and the Spanish ensign was hauled down by the assailants. Unfortunately, it did not occur to any one to prevent the two ships from separating by lashing them together, or to disable the prize by cutting her wheel-ropes and topsail halliards; a jerk of the sea canted the ships clear of each other, upon which the Lantera lowered her boats to send a reinforcement; but before that could be accomplished, the Esmeralda's men, seeing but a handful of patriots up on the deck, rallied, fired from below, and shot the gallant O'Brien, whose last words were, '*Never leave her, my boys! The ship is ours!*'

"Meanwhile the Lantera had incautiously left the main object, to take possession of the Penzuella, which had struck, but was stealing away. Upon perceiving the change of fortune on board the Esmeralda, the Lantera gave over chasing the brig and steered for the frigate; but before she could approach, the boarders were overpowered, and both the Spanish ships, having rehoisted their own colors, escaped by superior sailing. Lieut. Walker distinguished himself considerably, and, before the Lantera returned to port, captured a vessel having on board passengers who had fled from Concepcion, to take refuge in Lima; upon them the Chilian government levied a contribution in the shape of ransom, which more than reimbursed the original purchase money of the Lantera."

ADMIRAL BROWN.

Admiral Brown was born at Foxford, county Mayo, in 1777. His boyhood was passed on the sea, and after years of travel settled in Chili. While there he bought the schooner Industria, and established the first regular packet between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. He was living at Barracas when the revolution broke out. The

patriot government, recognizing his abilities, offered him command of a squadron to commence hostilities against the Spanish navy, master of all the coasts and waters of South America. He was made commodore, with the rank and pay of lieutenant-colonel in February, 1814, the squadron being made up of the Hercules (an old Russian trader of three hundred and twenty tons), the Zephyr (English brig of two hundred and twenty tons), and the schooner Nancy. With this flotilla he sailed out of the port of Buenos Ayres, on March 8, 1814, to commence a campaign which was destined to destroy the Spanish navy in this part of the waters of the New World. Crossing over to Colonia, his object was to wrest from the Spaniards the island of Martin Garcia, so often termed the Gibralter of La Plata. His first attempt was repulsed, but on

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1814,

the commodore landed one hundred and fifty men, under a hot fire from the batteries, and charged the enemy with such fury that the Spanish garrison precipitated itself in great confusion to its ships, leaving all the stores and baggage in the hands of the victors, besides a number of invalids and women. The Irish commodore was received with great rejoicings at Buenos Ayres, where the news of this first navel achievement was regarded as a happy omen for the result of the war of Independence. Within twenty days he again left port, this time to blockade the Spaniards at Montevideo, his flotilla consisting of seven vessels. Gov. Vigodet, the Spanish commander, capitulated on June 20, surrendering an immense quantity of war material, and remaining Brown's prisoner on board the flag-ship fifteen days, until allowed to return to Spain in the brig Nancy.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Brown's next enterprise was on the Pacific coast, where he was sent to endeavor to destroy the Spanish fleets in that region. He sunk a Spanish corvette at Callao, and proceeding to Guayaquil, he ascended the river at midnight, assailed Fort Piedras, carried it after an hour's fighting, spiked a battery of twelve guns, and demolished the works. After many brilliant adventures, he at last reached home, and closed his first campaign, which had for result the destruction of the Spanish naval power on the river Plata, besides coöperating with the efforts for independence on the west coast.

BROWN AND THE BRAZILIANS.

In 1826 we again find Brown in active service, this time against Brazil. The government of Buenos Ayres published a decree for Major-Gen. Brown to take command of the fleet, against the Brazilian flotilla under Admiral Lobo, who was blockading the port for twenty days previous. At that time Brazil possessed a fleet of eighty vessels, enough to overawe most naval commanders, but not a man of Brown's temper. He met the enemy, and after many engagements of different successes, fought the decisive battle of Juncal, in which the imperial fleet was utterly destroyed, twelve of the Brazilian vessels being cap-

tured, three burned, and only two were able to escape. Admiral Pereyra was among the prisoners taken. The Admiral continued in the service until peace was restored, and then retired to his home at Barracas. After an absence of fifty years he revisited Ireland, and spent a summer among the wild scenery of his native county, Mayo. Returning to Barracas, he lived the quiet life of a country gentleman for many years, and died in 1857.

Besides those mentioned in this brief sketch, hundreds of other Irishmen served the South American Republics, and rose to fame and honor. The muster rolls of the republican armies contain thousands of Irish names, and there was no great or brilliant deed performed by patriots during the war of Independence, in which an Irishman did not share. Irish names are plentiful on the page of South American history, and none are brighter than they. The footsteps of the Celt can be traced over the continent, from the forests of Maine to the farthest shadows of the Andes. Speaking of Chili, a writer in a recent number of Harper's Magazine says: "Many of the leading men of Chili are, and have been, of Irish descent. Bernard O'Higgins was their liberator,— the George Washington of the republic,— and Patrick Lynch was the foremost soldier of the late war. The O'Learys and McGarrys, and other Chilano-Irish families are prominent in politics and war and trade. There is a sympathetic bond between the Shamrock and the Condor, and nowhere in South America does the Irish emigrant so prosperously thrive."

"The president of Chili, Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, did a deal towards reconciling the Indians, and restoring harmony and confidence, for which the government of Spain rewarded him with the title of Marquis of Osorno. I have been informed that on account of his amiability, etc., the Indians called him 'Patiru Paddi, Huinca,'—Father Patrick, European."—*Sutcliffe.*

"In the service of Buenos Ayres, besides Col. McKenna and Capt. O'Brien, Gen. O'Brien of the army was highly distinguished. After rising from rank to rank during the war, he was successively Minister of Venezuela at London, and chief of the Venezuelan Republic."—*Miller's Memoirs.*

"Capt. Esmond was a native of Wexford, and an early adherent of the South American cause. Captured and imprisoned, in 1811, by the royalists, he underwent various singular adventures."—*Ibid.*

"On the royalist side, the only Irishman of note was Gen. O'Reilly, who was taken prisoner by Saurey, on his march from Canta to Pisco, in 1820. He was allowed to return to Spain, but was so afflicted by his defeat, that he is supposed to have thrown himself overboard, as he was drowned at sea."—*History of the Irish in South America.*

Thomas Armstrong arrived in South America in 1817, and for mere than half a century occupied a foremost place in the commerce of Buenos Ayres. He was a native of Kings county. Peter Sheridan was one of the chief founders of sheep farming in the Argentine Re-

public. Dr. Hugh Sheridan was a brother of Peter's, and served through the war under Admiral Brown. A son of Peter Sheridan, educated in England, has left the finest landscapes of South America by any artist born on this continent. This family claimed descent from the same stock in the county Cavan as Richard Brindsley Sheridan, the great statesman and dramatist. The first Irish chaplain in Buenos Ayres was Father Burke, a venerable friar. After his death, the Rev. Patrick Moran was selected, and arrived in 1829. He died the next year. The Rev. Patrick O'Gorman, of Dublin, succeeded him in 1831, and continued as chaplain until his death in 1847. Rev. Anthony Fahy came in 1843. His name is identified with the advancement of the Irish in Buenos Ayres. He lived with them for more than a quarter of a century, and their interests, spiritual and temporal, may be said to have been exclusively in his care. In 1856 he founded the Irish convent of Buenos Ayres, and brought out some Sisters of Mercy, under Mrs. Mary Evangelist Fitzpatrick, from Dublin. The edifice was completed in 1861. Through his energies, Irish reading rooms, libraries, and schools sprung up in various parts, where these were never known before, and his genius became visible not merely in a religious, but in a social point of view. After twenty-eight years residence in Buenos Ayres, he died of yellow fever in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was a native of the county Galway.

Catholic Schools for Indians.

REV. J. A. STEPHAN, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, at Washington, D. C., has issued an interesting tabular statement of Catholic Indian Boarding and Day Schools conducted under contract between the United States Government and the Catholic Indian Bureau. The statement covers the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889. There are now fifty-four such schools, with an aggregate of 3,437 scholars of both sexes; 2,787 of these are boarding pupils, and 650 are day scholars. The Government allotment for the current year is $300,801 for the boarding schools, and $19,500 for the day schools; a total of $320,301, to which about $20,000 must be added as the value of subsistence and clothing for the pupils of the Crow Creek, Devil's Lake, Pine Ridge and Rosebud schools.

Eight of these schools are located in Dakota, those at Grand River and St. John's being day schools. The total number of pupils in these eight schools is 620, and the Government allotment is $38,860. The average, per child, therefore paid by the Government for the education of these Indians in Dakota is $62.66⅔, which includes the salaries of teachers. The statement shows an increase of three Boarding and one Day schools, and 680 pupils since the previous annual statement.

In 1884 there were but twenty-nine schools and the Government allotment was $151,905. This shows a gradual and encouraging progress. All the school contracts with the United States Government are in the name of Rev. Joseph A. Stephan, Director of Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. But no officer or member of the Bureau receives directly or indirectly one penny of the moneys and supplies alloted by the Government.

Song of the Ghost-Seer.

* "Forfagbud Nero tra cona muinntir ina sid, ocus ni tainic as cose, acus nie thicfo co brath."
ECHTRA NERAI.

I.

NOT every man is dead, that you meet no more on the street;
Not always the heart is warm where the cheeks with blushes heat;
Not always the kindly meant act is taken well meant and kind;
Not always a face that is fair betokens a gentle mind.

II.

'Tis sad when your friend is dead, or you meet him no more on the street;
Yea! I grieve for the proud hot heart that makes bitter things most sweet;
A face that is fair is good, but better a gentle heart,
'Tis well to know and love them, tho' bitter the pang to part.

III.

I love not sorrow — I own it — yet many woes filled my cup;
To the lips, ah me! it was bitter — but it healed when I drank it up;
Friends — *mo bhrón!* I made them and lost them, as the bright stars rise and set,
Of friends some lead astray, like stars — but I love their memories yet.

IV.

And they come still like ghosts in sunlight, the friends of those other years,
Some faces all brightly sunlit, some wet with a rain of tears;
They come and they leave me lonely, they come and they make me glad,
The unbidden guests of my spirit, with greetings grim or sad.

V.

They walk by my side in the city — tho' you see not, they are nigh,
Then I ofttimes pass you unknowing, for the dead hold my mind and eye;
Yes, I fain would love the living, but I must not forget the dead;
They whisper me words of wonder, and tales that may not be said.

VI.

I live in the land of phantoms, tho' I walk in the ways of men;
I see in the day and sunlight what the dreamer's eye can ken;
I know what is done in the distance, and I know of deeds to be,
For the poet and seer and dreamer have met in the heart of me.

PAISTIN FIONN.

* And Nera indeed was left with his people in fairyland, and since then he has not come back, and he shall not come back till doomsday.

The Miraculous Preface.

THE Preface of the Blessed Virgin is called the "Miraculous Preface." Urban II., as the legend goes, was one day singing High Mass in the Church of Our Blessed Lady at Placentia. He began by chanting the common Preface, but when he had come to that part where the words change to suit the occasion, he heard angels above him singing: "Who, by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, conceived Thine Only-Begotten Son, and the glory of her virginity still remaining intact, brought into the world the Eternal Light, Christ Jesus, our Lord." The holy Pontiff afterwards caused these words to be inserted in the usual preface, and for this reason the Preface of the Blessed Virgin is ascribed to him.

Archbishop O'Brien's History of the Mass.

"'Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel —
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree,
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft lovely things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley.'

"With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing,
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues —
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat without fail leads our sweet Kitty Neil —
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

"Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose — feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing —
Search the world all round from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

"Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
Dance light, for my *heart it* lies *under* your *feet, love!*"

God bless the dear old land, so rich in faith, in patriotism, and song! May the minstrelsy of her children cheer the hearts of her patriot sons and daughters in their struggle for *National Freedom!*

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

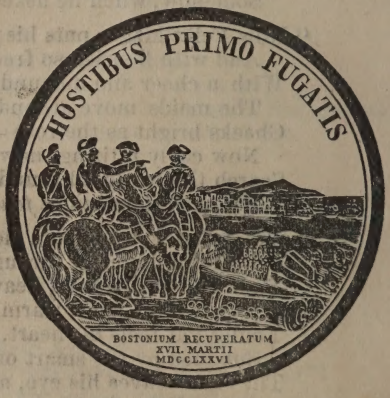
Toronto, Canada.

IN Germany it is a serious offence, and seriously punishable, for a brewer to offer his lager beer to the public until several months have elapsed after its brewing. Unfortunately, there is no such law in this country, and accordingly many brewers have greatly curtailed the time of keeping, and constantly seek for expedients and processes for cutting it down still more, so eager is the market, so uncritical is the consumer. Indeed, the American beer drinker has little regard for his liver and kidneys, or he would have stoutly protested long ago. He takes his beer unsuspectingly and without inquiry, till a time comes when, the liver being affected, or the kidneys, or both, nature protests, and the beverage once so pleasing to his lips is like to so much acid. A chemist, recently investigating this matter, says the brewers are using materials other than malted barley, such as corn and oats, etc., mixed with barley and hops, by which they accelerate its manufacture, making a sweetish, pleasing, heady beverage, but alcoholic, and the use of this kind of beer in large daily quantities, with the idea that it is innocuous, has brought on a marked increase of renal complaints.

"Bostonium Recuperatum."

WASHINGTON'S MEDAL FOR DRIVING HOWE FROM THE HUB.

Of the many tributes paid to George Washington, one has a peculiar interest for Bostonians. This tribute was the gold medal struck in honor of the commander-in-chief by the Continental Congress, commemorative of the able strategy which forced Gen. Howe to withdraw the British forces from Boston, March 17, 1776. Congress heard the news March 25, and immediately on motion of John Adams, passed a vote of thanks to Washington, his officers and soldiers, and ordered a gold medal to be struck and presented to the general. A committee was also appointed to prepare a letter of thanks.



The medal which was struck in Paris from a die cut by Duvivier, contains on the obverse a head of Washington in profile, exhibiting an excellent likeness, and around it the inscription: Georgio Washington Supremo Duci Exercituum Adsertori Libertatis Comitia Americana. (To George Washington, commander-in-chief of the armies, champion of liberty, by the American Congress.)

On the reverse is the town of Boston, with a fleet in view, under sail. Washington and his officers are on horseback in the foreground, and he is pointing to the ships as they depart from the harbor. The inscription is: Hostibus Primo Fugatis, Bostonium Recuperatum, XVII. Martii, MDCCLXXVI. (The enemy having been first put to flight, Boston restored, March 17, 1776.)

Boston Daily Globe.

A good periodical is like a sensible, sunny, and sound-hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold always gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour.

We are all tattooed in our cradles with the beliefs of our tribes; the record may seem superficial, but it is indelible. You cannot educate a man wholly out of the superstitious fears which were implanted in his imagination, no matter how utterly his reason may reject them. — *Holmes.*

Molokai's Christian Martyr is No More.

THE LATE REV. FATHER DAMIEN.

It is with feelings of deep and poignant sorrow that we write this caption: "*Molokai's Christian Martyr is no more!*" These words tell the sad, sad story that dear Father Damien, the true servant of the Lord, and the faithful Shepherd of the Lepers at Molokai, Sandwich Islands, *is dead!* Like the heroic Soldier of the Cross that he was, Father Damien fell at his post of honor, and — like the true Shepherd that he so valiantly imitated — he gave up his life for his afflicted flock! Greater love than this no man ever exemplified, and thus the true Church of God has enrolled upon her records the memory of another heroic soul whose name will be inscribed upon the tablets of Time as the first Christian Martyr of Molokai!

Through the thoughtful kindness of Rt. Rev. Hermann Koeck mann, Bishop of Olba, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Catholic Missions of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, we are placed in possession of the sad news that Father DAMIEN DEVENSTER died at Molokai on Monday, the 15th of April, at eight o'clock in the morning. As soon as life was extinct, the Franciscan Sisters, who have charge of the wives and children of the lepers, took charge of the remains, which were clad in priestly vestments, and left to their last repose in a coffin lined with white silk.

On Tuesday, Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. Wendelin, the resident missionary at Heeia, on the Island of Oahu, in the presence of a vast throng of mourning lepers, to whom he preached a most touching sermon from the text: "The good Shepherd layeth down his life for his sheep." At the conclusion of the last sad rites, the remains were carried, by eight white lepers, to a vault prepared at the foot of the lauhala tree, which sheltered Father Damien's form during the first weeks of his residence in Molokai. This was done at the dying request of the martyr of Charity, who desired that his remains should rest until the day of Resurrection in the spot where he spent his first resting hour when he entered upon a grand mission of love for suffering humanity, which was to end in such sanctifying self-sacrifice! Simple, short, and sorrowful as Bishop Hermann Koeckmann's mournful epistle is, it will bring the tear of God-given Christian charity to many an eye, and up from the heart of thousands of Catholics will arise the incense of fervent prayer for the soul of that gallant and glorious servant of God, who was faithful even unto death!

FATHER DAMIEN DEVENSTER, known to the whole Christian world as Father DAMIEN, was born in Tremoloo, in the Diocese of Malines, Belgium, Jan. 3, 1840. His youth was passed in acquiring knowledge; but he wisely prized a knowledge of God as far more valuable than any accumulation of worldly wisdom. Herein was laid, by Providence itself, the firm foundation upon which the future life of this true Missionary of the Cross was subsequently erected.

When the deceased martyr had reached his twenty-fourth year, he was studying theology at the University, in company with his elder brother, both having affiliated themselves with the Order of missionary priests known as the Society of the Sacred Hearts of JESUS and Mary, whose members have charge of missions on almost every inhabited island in the Pacific Ocean.

FATHER DAMIEN'S brother was a subject of the Bishop of Honolulu, who requested him to go out to his future field of labor after the completion of his ecclesiastical studies, his ordination to take place upon his arrival at Honolulu. When the hour for departure came, however, his brother was seriously ill from an attack of typhoid fever, and then occurred FATHER DAMIEN'S first act of self-abnegation, by offering to take his brother's place, sooner than cause any delay in furnishing a Christian missionary for that distant portion of the Lord's vineyard!

This was a manifestation of Christian heroism most pleasing to

Almighty God! The volunteer was accepted, and, in one week, he was on his way to his mission in a portion of the world wherein the name and fame of FATHER DAMIEN is destined never to die!

FATHER DAMIEN arrived at Honolulu on March 19, 1864, and, after being ordained by Bishop Maigret, he was sent as missionary to Puna, Hawaii, and subsequently he was transferred to Kohala, and, whilst there, he accidentally learned that a priest was needed to attend to the lepers on the island of Molokai, and FATHER DAMIEN volunteered to visit them, in order that they might make their Easter duty. On landing at the island, the young and zealous priest was astounded to find a flock of nearly five hundred Catholic lepers without a shepherd! The unfortunate people were dying at the rate of fifty every month, — and none to impart to the suffering the solace of the Sacraments of the Church of the God of Mercy! FATHER DAMIEN entered at once on his mission without a roof to cover him, or a place to lay his head! For many long months his shelter by day was a tree, beneath whose friendly branches he reposed at night, when not engaged in consoling the crucial tortures of some dying leper, and holding before him the Cross of his crucified Saviour, in order to lessen by Faith the fearful agony through which some penitent soul was passing!

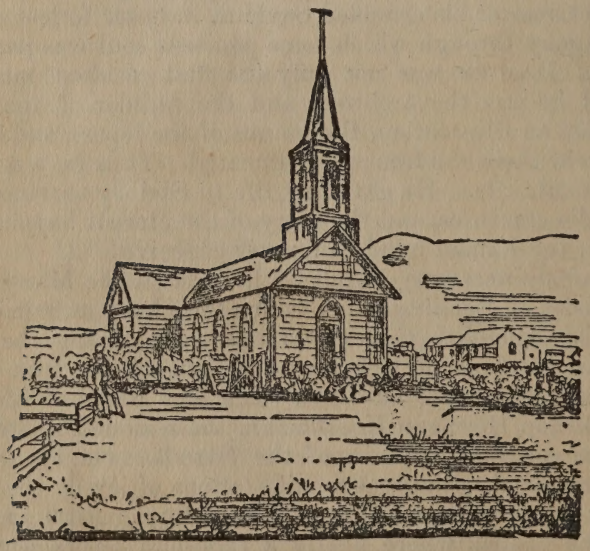
FATHER DAMIEN was not only the first resident missionary at Molokai, but he was the architect and the builder of the chapel of which we give an illustration, the houses of the lepers, and the schoolhouses wherein their children were educated. Thus he was never, for a single moment, idle. He gave his life to God by serving the most afflicted of His creatures, and the glory of the eternal happiness he has won thereby, the human mind can never conceive!

It is scarcely necessary to tell Catholics that the Martyr of Molokai was a model of humility, such being the characteristic of all who are chosen by Almighty God to do His work among the poor and afflicted. An instance of this heavenly trait of FATHER DAMIEN'S character occurred on one occasion, when the Island of Molokai was visited by Bishop Hermann Koeckmann, the zealous Prelate who presides over the spiritual destinies of the Islands. On his arrival, the Bishop was received with great manifestations of joy by the occupants of the leper settlement at Kalowao. FATHER DAMIEN escorted the Bishop to the chapel, where nearly a thousand lepers were congregated to bid him welcome. After a few formalities had been gone through, Bishop Hermann delivered an address, in the Kanaka language, to the assembled multitude, closing with these memorable words: "Moreover, my friends, I am commissioned by his Majesty the King to place upon the breast of your beloved and self-sacrificing pastor this valuable token of his Majesty's most grateful appreciation of FATHER DAMIEN'S arduous labors among the lepers of this settlement," and, before the humble priest could understand the situation, he found himself decorated with the glittering Cross of a Knight Commander of the Order of King Kalakaua the First.

As the lepers saw their well-beloved pastor thus honored by royalty, they rent the air with cheers, and, in their passing joy, they

forgot, for the moment, that the world looked upon them as the outcasts of society, whose breath bore contagion, and whose touch was death! The first movement FATHER DAMIEN made was to remove the bauble from his breast, but the good Bishop ordered him to wear it at least as long as the ceremonies lasted. This the humble priest did in the spirit of obedience, but never after did he don the diadem, which, to his eyes, was merely useless dross!

In order that our readers may have some idea of the interior arrangements of FATHER DAMIEN'S chapel, and the congregations assembled therein, we append the description furnished by that distinguished literary gentleman, Charles Warren Stoddard, from notes taken during a visit he paid to the Island of Molokai some six years ago. Speaking of his attendance at Mass, Mr. Stoddard says, that when he looked at the afflicted congregation, he reflected that the Solemn Mystery was offered up almost in a spirit of *requiem*, as all the participants were doomed to a lingering death, and the living were well-nigh dead. Then he adds:



CHURCH ERECTED BY FATHER DAMIEN AT THE LEPER SETTLEMENT OF KALAWAO ON THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI, IN THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

"I WAS directed by Father Damien to a small enclosure at the left of the It was not unlike a witness-box; a railing enclosed the single seat, and no leper was ever permitted to open the gate that shut me in. The neatly-robed sanctuary boys were all disfigured — some with pitiful, distorted faces; but, fortunately, none of these seem to suffer any pain, or much inconvenience, though fingers and toes are in many cases missing, and the eyelids are thickened and drawn out of shape. The very beautiful sacramental vessels, of richly-wrought gold, were sent to Father Damien by the Superior of St. Roche, in Paris; they ed only at High Mass. With the greatest sweetness and gravity the celebrant proceeded. The chapel was filled with worshippers, and all of them

seemed to be singing or trying to sing, simple refrains, that sounded strangely in the hoarse throats of the singers. The devotion of the Catholic Hawaiian is remarkable, because the race is much given to childish levity; and I have nowhere else seen such evidences of genuine contrition — certainly not in the meetings presided over by native ministers; the American Protestant missionaries having retired from the field and left it in the hands of the aborigines. What a contrast was here: the bright altar, cleanly furnished; the young priest, a picture of health, chanting with a clear, ringing voice, the *Pater noster;* at his feet the acolytes, upon whose infant features was already fixed the seal of early death! Beyond the altar-railing, corruption ran riot; there was scarcely a form in that whole congregation from which one would not turn with horror, and many of these worshippers seemed actually to have risen from the corruption of the grave. The solemn boom of the sea-surf was fit accompaniment to that most solemn service; and the long, low sough of the sea wind was like a sigh of sympathy. The very air was polluted; the fetid odor of the charnel house pervaded it; and all that chamber of horrors seemed but the portal of the tomb. This is the feast of the Master as celebrated at Kalawao; and to celebrate it thus is Father Damien's blessed privilege. I thought of that verse in St. Luke: And as He entered into a certain town, there met Him ten men that were lepers, who stood afar off, and lifted up their voices, saying, 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!' Verily their prayer is answered; for He hath mercy on them, and blessed them in this the person of His servant."

Aside from the laborious life led by the deceased missioner of Molokai, and leaving aside the fact that he was entirely cut off from civilized society, the life led by Father DAMIEN during his incarceration within the bounds of the leper settlement known as Kalawao — where he lived and died a martyr — was one of daily drudgery far beyond ordinary human conception by people in the world. He had to nurse the sick, console the dying, and bury the dead, — three offices which only a true servant of God could or would undertake in a leper settlement. His only friends were lepers, and during the daytime his humble habitation was the home of many of the most afflicted among them. He had to teach them how to handle tools; he worked among them when making any improvements. The only time when he was alone was the period when he was preparing his simple meals — as he was his own cook, or when preparing the altar for his daily Mass, as he was his own sacristan.

Such hourly contact with leperous people, and handling the tools used by them, could have but one result. Father DAMIEN became afflicted with the disease two years ago; but such a disaster was no hindrance to the true Servant of God in the performance of his Master's work. He felt, in the ardor and firmness of his Faith, that Almighty God had given him the Cross and the Calvary so that he could also bestow upon His good and faithful servant the Crown and the Coronet of eternal happiness in heaven! And with such fortitude it was that Father DAMIEN stood by the bedside of nearly two thousand lepers, whispering sweet words of counsel, hope, and consolation, into almost lifeless masses of humanity, devoid of many faculties, and hideously deformed through the most repulsive disease known among all the ills which human flesh is heir to.

For sixteen years this was the daily life of this great Apostle of the lepers. And besides the spiritual care of his flock, Father DAMIEN

had to manage the temporal affairs of his colony of helpless invalids. He built two churches, the one at Kalawao, of which we give an illustration, and another edifice at Kaulapapa, in both of which he celebrated Mass on alternate Sundays. Besides his spiritual duties he was teacher, magistrate, gardener, architect, and carpenter, and when we contemplate his complete isolation from the world, the sickening scenes which he hourly encountered, the horrible surroundings which met his gaze — we must then conclude that only a religion divine in every doctrine, and inspiring supernatural confidence by its benign influence, could convince any man that there was a spiritual reward in heaven for such self-abnegation, solicitude, and suffering, as Father DAMIEN so valiantly endured to the end of his life.

Father DAMIEN felt for the last two years that the death grasp of leprosy was already tearing at his vitals. And what was his reflection on such a terrible affliction? Writing to a friend a year ago, he said: "Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, *I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people.* Almighty God knows what is best for my own sanctification, and, with that conviction, I say daily a good '*fiat voluntas tua.*'"

How worldly heroism pales into insignificance before such sublime Christian courage as this! How grand and glorious the heroism which comes to God's chosen servants when they are faithful unto death! O Catholic Faith! Thy power is almighty, thy inspiration is the sword of the saint, the staff of the sinner, and through it alone can such holy heroes as Father DAMIEN exist in the world!

HE IS DEAD! May God bless your noble soul, great benefactor of the most afflicted members of the human family! We ask the holy offices of the Rev. Clergy, the pious prayers of the male and female Religious communities, as well as the prayers of the laity for a priest who did his best whilst on earth to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted, and who found in the fetid corpse of the leper — the "neighbor" whom Almighty God had charged him to love even better than himself. Such is real heaven-sent *Charity*, as understood in the Catholic Church — *and in that Church alone!* Such is the Charity which — for sixteen years — Father DAMIEN administered.

Our last fervent and constant prayer over our dear departed friend's bier is that the mountain of his charity may cover the molehill of his transgressions. That the mercy of God may have overshadowed his soul, and that his exit from the land of the lepers was crowned by his triumphant entry into the kingdom of heaven, there to join the noble Army of the glorious Martyrs whose blood has been the seed of the Church of God, and whose valorous deeds and sufferings for the salvation of the human race, have revealed to the whole world that there is but one God and one Church under whose supernatural auspices men can become heroes through humility.

For years he lived midst God's leprous poor,
Their sole companion, Father, Friend.
He gave himself — he could give no more,
Tho' Earth and Time were his to spend!

Through the courtesy of Bishop Hermann we learn that Father Damien's successor in the Molokai Mission will be Rev. Father Wendelin Moellers, who, since last November, has been in charge of the second village of the leper settlement, and who is also chaplain of the Franciscan Sisters. Thus the work of God goes continuously on in the Catholic Church. A martyr falls at his post of duty and another steps in to face contagion and certain death, so as to serve God through suffering, disease, and death!

San Francisco Monitor.

THE WORK TO BE CONTINUED.

THE work of Father Damien will not die with him. Already the Rev. Father Wendolin Moellers, of Belgium, is at Molokai, where Father Conrardy has assumed the burden to which Father Damien, for years past, had been tied. Since last June Father Conrardy has been performing the work begun by Father Damien. He, too, is a Belgian, about thirty-five years of age. He was ordained for the mission of Oregon, and in that Archdiocese labored for several years until the sacrifices of his countrymen inspired his emulation. His unassuming ways and self-denial made him a favorite in Oregon, and many were the efforts made to dissuade him from his purpose.

At Kalawoa, where Father Damien died and Father Conrardy labors, there are two lay assistants, an Irishman named Walsh, and Col. Dalton, a convert, who is an ex-Confederate soldier from Louisville, Ky.; and at a place called Kakatoo, about a mile from the business part of Honolulu, there is a branch hospital, originally intended to be a place where persons suspected of being leperous were to be kept for examination. This hospital is in charge of seven Sisters of Charity, who left Syracuse, N. Y., in 1887. Owing to the burden imposed on Father Damien, they have lately taken charge of the female patients, and in the branch hospital there are cases as bad as any in Kalawoa.

Miss Nellie Flavin, a Liverpool girl, however, is the only woman who has yet volunteered to labor in the dreaded spot at Kalawoa consecrated by the work of "the apostle of the lepers." She passed through New York several weeks ago, and her presence became known through the action of the Custom House authorities, who seized the vestments she had brought for the use of Father Damien. She refused to speak about herself, and many were of the opinion that her story was a subterfuge to obtain free admission of the vestments. They were shipped to San Francisco to be given to her at her departure from that port, and her English friends had a brief sketch of her life published as an answer to the charge of the Custom House authorities. The Liverpool Catholic Times, just to hand, tells who she is: "Nellie Flavin is highly accomplished, well educated, and very well known in many well-informed Catholic circles in Liverpool. Thoroughly taught at the boarding-school of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, Dee House, Chester, she became a daily governess, some time after leaving school, to the family of Mr. Pierce, Beaver House, Linnet lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool, and remained in that family until 1886,

when she left for London to undergo there a course of hospital training. Miss Nellie Flavin is a brilliant pianiste, and is of an amiable, energetic, and resolute disposition. She has broken many strong ties to devote her life to the service of God's most afflicted creatures, and has left behind her a mother, sister, and brother, as well as many friends, holding her in their heart of hearts."

To Father Conrardy the world will now direct its attention. Everywhere funds are being collected and goods gathered to ship to Molokai. Father Callaghan, of Castle Garden, has just sent a consignment of linen, and is receiving contributions of that character. "I am now in the hands of God," wrote Father Damien's successor recently to one of his benefactors. "If I become a poor leper the good St. Peter no doubt will let me pass all the easier when my hour comes. Sometimes, when I am kneeling by the side of a poor leper, from whom exhales an odor that would put the most courageous to flight, I often think I am doing a little of my purgatory. What do you think? Regularly every week a small steamer makes its appearance here, and very early in the morning announces by the loud blowing of its whistle that lepers have been landed. Then those who can, hurry to the shore. Often we find our new-comers soaking wet through. Now, again, begin the cries and tears, for one sees here the meeting again of a husband and wife, or a wife seeing a husband among them; sometimes a child seeing its father or mother. They take the names of the new arrivals, and every one sets out to find a lodging. Although I am not a leper, I could not leave here to go to any other of these islands without a proper certificate from the Board of Health. But I have no wish to go anywhere. My mission is here and here I'll remain."

WHAT IS DOING IN ENGLAND.

A PROTESTANT clergyman, the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, London, writes to the Times that the "Damien Fund," of which he is the honorable secretary, will continue, as its need is unaffected by the death of the brave missionary who has been called to his eternal reward. The fund was established by Englishmen, mostly Protestants, for the benefit of the lepers of Molokai, amongst whom Father Damien labored, and for whom he has laid down his life. The subscribers, following the example of that great and good man, whose illimitable charity was extended to all sufferers, gave their alms through him to the lepers, irrespective of their creed. Through his successor the stream of Christian benevolence will still flow to the afflicted outcasts. Aid for his work is the only form of admiration that he would have desired, and though he has passed away, Father Damien's heroism, consummated in martyrdom, will still be the means of helping the lepers. The Rev. Mr. Chapman makes a further proposal which will commend itself to the approval of all who know what good Father Damien wrought. He writes:

In addition to this I am anxious to open "A Memorial Fund to Joseph Damien-de-Vonstor," which I would respectfully hand over, when completed, to his Eminence Cardinal Manning to be disposed of exactly as he thinks fit. I

will also make inquiries at Louvain to see if any practical assistance is required by the family of the late priest. "Honor to whom honor is due." This man was essentially a Catholic, and any memorial to perpetuate the story of his heroism must be essentially Catholic if it is to be entirely genuine, and as he would have wished it. No one, therefore, need send anything who feels the slightest qualms on the subject of the Church to whose glory this latest martyrdom accrues.

We should hope, for the sake of humanity, that there are not many amongst the believers in the Gospel of Christ who would pause to ask whether this Christian hero quite agreed with them upon this or that point of their creed before rendering to his memory the homage of respect and reverence.

The Rector of the Catholic University.

THE return of Bishop Keane, the rector of the Catholic University, was the signal for many enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome from his old friends in Washington. On Tuesday evening, May 22, he was entertained by the clergy of the city, at an elegant banquet given at Welcker's hotel, where a large number of clergymen and prominent citizens united to do him honor.

Among many beautiful addresses made in response to toasts selected for the occasion, probably the most interesting was that of the distinguished guest, whose eloquence has made him so popular, and whose sincere interest in whatever he undertakes imparts an irresistible charm to his manner of speaking. The bishop described his recent trip to Europe, its objects, and its results, and spoke of his many pleasant interviews with Pope Leo XIII., whose beneficence and liberality are equalled only by his greatness of soul. He alluded to the joy with which the Holy Father welcomed the founding of this university, and how gladly and cheerfully he bestowed upon it all the rights which can be given to such an institution. During his own absence from home, he said, the work on the building has been progressing rapidly; so that by the middle of next November, the University will commence its work of teaching. Already, competent instructors have been selected, and students are impatiently waiting for the doors to open.

Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., Rector of Georgetown University, Rev. Dr. Garrigan, vice-rector of the Catholic University, and several others made fine addresses.

The reception tendered to Bishop Keane by the Carroll Institute, which owes its foundation in a great measure to him, was a less formal affair, and was enjoyed by all who participated. Whether by accident or design, it occurred on the anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the University, May 24th, feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. The hall of the Institute was profusely decorated with evergreens, blooming plants and banners, the orchestra occupying the stage in the midst of a scene representing a woodland dell. The chandeliers were festooned with ribbons of red, white, and blue, and the national colors were everywhere conspicuous; while suspended

near the bishop's chair, and gracefully draped by the American flag, was a magnificent papal flag. A large number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom had been his parishioners when he was assistant pastor at St. Patrick's Church, were assembled in the hall before he arrived. At last, just as the strains of the inevitable "Hail to the Chief" were dying away, the guest of the evening, attended by Rev. J. A. Walter, pastor of St. Patrick's, was escorted to the seat of honor on a small platform at one side of the hall. He was welcomed in a neat little speech by Mr. Henry W. Sohon, president of the Institute, in behalf of the members.

The bishop was evidently deeply moved when he rose to reply. He spoke of his joy at returning to the city which was his first home in the church, a joy shadowed by the pain of leaving Virginia, where he had spent eleven happy years with a beloved flock. But since it was God's will that he should leave that dear home, there was no place on earth where he would rather be than in Washington. He spoke of the kindness with which he had been greeted, and the honors heaped upon him, which, he said, were positively humiliating; and then he referred smilingly to the days, not so very long ago, when they had been accustomed to meet him "scudding about the streets of the city," carrying the consolations of religion to those who needed them. Referring to the origin of the Institute, he reminded them how they had united with him in forming a society which should attract the young men, give them a pleasant place to meet and indulge in innocent amusement, and direct them to high and noble ambitions; how, gradually, from the tenor of their debates and discussions, the real meaning of their work dawned upon them, and, in the midst of their early struggles, "Truth and Duty" was the watchword they had adopted, a motto to which they had ever been faithful.

The bishop then alluded to the world-wide discussions of to-day in regard to the motives which induce men to prefer good to evil, and said that only one influence could induce us to follow duty rather than inclination, the influence of divine faith acting upon the heart. They are trying to establish societies in England called Ethical societies, to teach men to prefer good to evil from merely natural motives; but their wisest philosophers tell them that apart from religion, such societies will inevitably fail. To accomplish their object, they must call in the assistance of the Christian religion. Carroll Institute may be called an Ethical society. It has, like all these societies for young men, its duty and its sphere, and it must work in unison with the great educational centres. If the universities must prepare the leaders, the generals who are to marshal God's forces, the young men's societies are to gather together, to train and drill the "rank and file," and thus they will be, after all, still united in the same great work.

The bishop said that he had frequently been obliged to cross the ocean in pursuit of duty, and every time he visited the Old World he came home more and more grateful that he was an American. In European countries they are continually harassed by the perplexing questions of church and state, problems which are to us, in free Amer-

ica, unknown. He exhorted them all to be true to the principles of their Institute, true to their duties as Christians and citizens, and thus fulfil the highest ideal of American manhood.

After the bishop's speech, which was listened to with rapt attention, interrupted several times by applause, the reception commenced, those present going up to shake hands with him, and, as most of them were old friends, to exchange a few words with the kindly prelate.

On the following Sunday he preached at St. Patrick's Church to a very large congregation, taking as his theme the gospel and epistle of the day: Our Saviour's command to pray, and St. James' exhortation to good works. These two selections, he said, form an epitome of the Christian religion, showing forth the obligation of earnest, faithful performance of duty, and the necessity of prayer in order to obtain light and strength to direct and sustain us in the course of duty.

The keynote of this discourse, like the keynote of the speaker's life, could be found in two words, *laborare orare*. Such, indeed, is the tenor of every truly Christian life; and its philosophy is to be found in the old saying to which he referred in the course of his sermon, "Work as if all depended on yourself; pray as if all depended on God."

The great charm about Bishop Keane, and probably the secret of his success, is the zeal and enthusiasm with which he throws himself into any work, when once convinced it is God's will which has placed the burden upon him. His whole soul is now absorbed in the building up of the great Catholic University of America. His enthusiasm is contagious, and, with magnetic power, attracts the interest and good-will of many who before coming under its influence were silently and carelessly watching from afar the budding of the little plant which is destined some day to become a great tree, under the branches of which the nations of the earth may take shelter.

The Rector will not remain in Washington during the summer, but will continue his travels in behalf of the University, visiting St. Paul and other western cities. The Divinity Building will be opened next November, with a grand celebration of the centenary of Archbishop Carroll; and let us hope that the pomp and splendor with which this great event is observed will be worthy of the occasion.

AGNES HAMPTON.

Washington, D. C., May 27, 1889.

THERE are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other! — the life of our actions, the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame, the deep and ever-restless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations — the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last we are judged, the first is never known. History reveals men's deeds, men's outward characters, but *not themselves*. There is a secret self that hath its own life "rounded by a dream," unpenetrated, unguessed.

Bulwer.

Assassination of Dr. Cronin.

THE Phœnix Park murders at Dublin, when Secretary Burke and Lord Cavendish met their death at the hands of the Invincibles, was one of the most terrible blows that the cause of Ireland ever sustained at the instance of her misguided sons. At that time a cry of horror went up throughout the civilized world, and, after a time, the gallows claimed the murderers as its victims. Then, as before in the history of Ireland, whenever secrecy entered the councils of Irishmen, the spy, the traitor, and the informer appeared, and the lives of men were sworn away as cheaply as the lives of dogs.

At that time, too, so serious was the shock to the true interests of Ireland, that Mr. Parnell had determined to resign his position as leader of the Irish movement, and quit politics forever. It was with the greatest difficulty that his best friends prevailed upon him to reconsider his determination, and, certainly, had it not been for the pressure brought to bear upon him by Mr. Gladstone, he would, however reluctantly, have resigned his leadership for good.

The culmination of the Phœnix Park tragedy occurred when the brave O'Donnell was hanged for the killing of the informer, Carey. O'Donnell had pursued his victim to the south of Africa before he struck the blow that ended the informer's life. A case like this is readily understood, and carries with it many extenuating circumstances. Irishmen have a horror of an informer who becomes traitor in the interests of England.

The examples of traitorism in '98 are burned into the hearts of Irishmen, and the history of traitors is handed down from sire to son with a bitterness of hatred unequalled.

Like examples, during the Fenian movement, produced like results. This it was that nerved the arm of O'Donnell. He saw the greatest enemy of Ireland in an Irish traitor, and hence the slaying of Carey; not that he approved the Phœnix Park murders, but that he would strike at an Irish informer anywhere.

It is said that the enemies of Dr. Cronin, whose assassination was one of the most hellishly concocted schemes of modern days, endeavored to fasten upon him the character of a traitor, and that of a would-be informer. If this report be true, while it deepens the guilt of the instigators of his murder, it also affords an explanation of the motive of the actual murderers who engaged in this cold, cowardly assassination. It was not enough, it seems, to take Dr. Cronin's life, but his character must be blasted in order to secure men for the performance of the bloody deed. It is almost impossible to conceive that Irishmen could be found to perform such an act, except upon such a theory as this. Men may talk as they will; but the "removal" of Dr. Cronin—base and detestable word—could never have taken place, unless those interested in his death turn out to be the actual murderers, and which, there is every reason to believe they were not, merely because his slayers believed him to be in possession of facts damaging to those at the head of a faction of the Clan-na-Gael.

When the black inside history of this crime sees the light, — on the hypothesis that it was committed by members of the Clan-na-Gael, — it will be found that a secret trial of Cronin was held upon a charge of treason to Ireland. The assertion is here ventured, that no Irishman, outside of Cronin's personal enemies, could have been found to perform such a deed of murder for any alleged crime outside that of a charge of treason. This was certainly known to the instigators, and so their guilt was intensified by deluding the murderers into the belief that they were engaged in a patriotic work.

This is the case of Cronin's assassination briefly stated.

As to the supposed instigators of the crime, it is alleged, at the time of the present writing, that a secret triumvirate of the Clan-na-Gael society had been guilty of the misappropriation of money belonging to that body. It appears to be true, that, for the past three or four years, the Clan-na-Gael had been divided into two hostile factions, one faction claiming that the other had ruined the organization, while the other endeavored to prove that their enemies only wanted to get possession of the leadership by bringing forward charges that could not be proved. Dr. Cronin was among the former, and the belief is current that he met his death because of the proofs in his possession, and which he had determined to use at the forthcoming convention.

Justice compels the admission, however, that the whole complexion of the case may be altered by proper testimony at the proper time. Dr. Cronin's relatives and friends are, meantime, the chief public speakers, and, consequently, all their statements are *ex parte*.

A detestable and horrible crime has been committed, and, while large numbers of the Clan-na-Gael are anxious to help remove the mystery surrounding it, being prepared to subscribe, if they have not already subscribed, large sums of money for that purpose, it must not be forgotten that the Clan-na-Gael organization contains within it the possibilities of just such a crime as this assassination, while not one per cent. of the members might be cognizant of the fact.

Here is how the whole thing stands.

After the collapse of the Fenian movement, the Clan-na-Gael (Children of Ireland) was ushered into existence, some twenty years ago, chiefly by a man in New York city, a tinsmith by trade, an enthusiast and a man of very little brain power. It was intended to have been a great secret movement destined to create by regular or irregular revolution the freedom and national independence of Ireland. Its members were oath-bound, and in a short time it had gained considerable headway chiefly among those who had formerly belonged to the old Fenian movement. The members had grips, passwords, signs, and at the threshold of introduction into the organization took an oath of secrecy.

Irishmen are the worst subjects on earth for a secret, oath-bound society. There is a natural repugnance among them towards such societies; but their love of Ireland is a consuming passion, and if they think, or can be induced to think, that they can benefit their native land,

they will undertake to do things, that, under other circumstances, they would not even dream of doing.

Irishmen are always loyal to an oath, but they are not always aware of the true nature of an oath.

An oath is legitimate or illegitimate. All oaths necessary for admission into a secret society are illegitimate. In the first place an oath to be legitimate must be based on KNOWLEDGE, TRUTH, and JUSTICE.

Here we find Knowledge, the first essential of an oath, wanting when a member is about to be admitted into the Clan-na-Gael society; consequently the oath is illegitimate and may be broken with impunity, if the member so desire; in truth there is really no oath.

For this, as a chief reason, the church opposes oath-bound societies of every character whatsoever. Some beneficial secret societies she tolerates.

In addition to the oath of condemned secret societies, there is another, and even a stronger reason why they should be condemned. A member entering one of those societies in good faith necessarily resigns his will to an unknown power, and becomes the active agent, unquestioningly, of a secret tribunal composed of one or more members whose dictum, or dicta, becomes a rigid rule for all members to observe. Here, then, is the great God-given power of free-will to men nullified at the very entrance into a secret order.

No wonder the church, in her wisdom, sees fit to condemn all those societies.

Now, let us take up the case of Dr. Cronin, with this added light upon the subject, still bearing in mind that the whole business, at its present stage, is hypothetical as regards the Clan-na-Gael. A secret tribunal, or triumvirate, sometimes called the "triangle," — fatal word, borrowed from the infamous sect known as the Masonic order, — has a supposed reason to feel offended with a member. A secret conclave orders a meeting of a secretly-balloted committee. From this committee a certain number is selected, by ballot, of course, and a supposed delinquent member is put on trial. Evidence of guilt is produced, — evidence of innocence is seldom thought of, — the man is tried and found guilty, say of "treason to Ireland." His executioners are selected by ballot, and the supposed guilty man is "removed."

True, there may be no laws in the society for such procedure; but laws are always subordinated to the power of the secret tribunal, for who is to gainsay the action of that tribunal? All such tribunals of secret societies are above the laws which govern their order; if this were not so, there would be no secret tribunal. Even the men next to those who compose the secret tribunal do not know its members officially. They may have a shrewd guess, but that is all. On the whole, these things are not true of the Clan-na-Gael, for there are, properly speaking, no degrees of secrecy in that organization. Those commonly known as Senior and Junior Guardians are simply the chairman and his deputy of a camp, and a camp is composed of a body of men living in the same locality. But all camps, Senior and Junior Guardians, are known to the "triangle," and the latter is supposed to

be known to those who attend conventions. The delegates to the latter, however, are bound by oath not to disclose the names of the triumvirate. For all this, those who compose the triumvirate are generally well known to every member of the Clan-na-Gael, but not known so as to be identified by positive knowledge; it is only hearsay, by the way.

Leading members of the Clan-na-Gael declare their readiness to assist in hunting down the assassins of Dr. Cronin. This is all very good in its way; but it cannot conceal the fact, that the possibilities of every secret order may lead to such tragedies, when the occasion arises, as that which has just startled the entire country into a state of amazement and horror.

The secret societies of Europe, particularly the Freemasons, the Carbonari, the Illuminati, the Nihilists, Socialists, Anarchists, etc., are the curse of the entire continent. Every one of them is governed by Jews. The overthrow of the church and civilization are the chief aims of the majority of those pestilential societies. The church first, and society afterward. The Head of the church on earth is the chief sufferer meantime; but whatever affects the head affects the entire body, so that all Catholics are really the sufferers.

Every secret society, of a political or semi-political character, renders homage to those Jews who have sworn to uproot Christianity. Catholics, as such, are bound to oppose, and not to enter, any of those societies. Irishmen, particularly, should shun them as their most dangerous enemies, and, particularly, as dangerous to their common country. Without secret societies, there had never been an informer, spy, or traitor among Irishmen.

It is to be feared that, but for secret secieties, Dr. Cronin would be alive to-day, and the cause of Ireland would be free of one of the foulest blood-marks in its history.

The suicide of that arch-fiend, Pigott, is more than counterbalanced by the assassination of Cronin. PETER McCORRY.

To ridicule the oddities of our neighbors is wit of the cheapest and easiest kind; and we can all be satirical if we give the reins to our ill-nature. The jest, so amusing to ourselves, may, however, inflict a deep wound upon some sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring a heavy retribution upon the author. Those gibes and sneers we are so proud of always result in strife and antagonism. From lips seem formed to drop only gentle words, it is startling and painful to catch the accents of bitterness; however sweet a woman's repartee, we feel instinctively that she strikes some discordant note. These notes are often struck in a mood of carelessness. The error is rather from indifference than from any malicious intention. But she forgets what Coleridge says: "The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling." Not less is the influence of jests and jeers, and these, indeed, are too long remembered. The scratch of a pin may cause more irritation than a bayonet wound.

The Scotch-Irish (?) Congress.

On May 8, 1889, in Columbia, Tenn., there assembled for the first time in history, a band of men calling themselves "Scotch-Irish." The object of their meeting was, as submitted by their chairman, J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, "for the preservation of Scotch-Irish history, the keeping alive of the *esprit de corps* of *the race*, and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter." Robert Bonner, late proprietor of the sensational New York Ledger, was elected president, and the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York city, and a number of lesser lights were present. The congress lasted three days; but though the word Irish was attached to its name, Ireland was not honored by one loving word. Everything was in favor of the Scotch. Scotch airs were sung, Scotch music played, and though the members declared themselves non-sectarian, the fanatic, John Knox, the church burner, was the idol they worshipped. With unctious egotism they declared that the "Scotch-Irish race" was the greatest on earth, and that they belonged to that race. They took pride in telling the heroic deeds of *their* race in the Revolution for American Independence, and how through *their* instrumentality it was achieved. All the virtues under heaven were awarded to the "Scotch-Irish," and all that we enjoy in arts, arms, and science, was owing to them. The only thing Irish about the "congress" was the harp of Tom Moore, and it could not be in worse company.

The men who composed this congress gave to the world the name of a race hitherto unknown. A race that was never before heard of, a race which geographers and explorers never dreamed of, one that is not mentioned in history, and which, perhaps, would forever remain in oblivion, were it not for the light (?) which Dr. Hall and his confrères have thrown on the subject. We have heard of the Ashantes, the Maories, the cannibals of Borneo and equatorial Africa — history has made us familiar with these; but who ever heard of the "Scotch-Irish race?" History is silent on the subject. But we live in a progressive age. Many and wonderful are the inventions of the nineteenth century, but the greatest of all is the invention of the "Scotch-Irish race." The promoters of the congress should have taken out a patent on the name before the public could pronounce it a fraud.

Let us see who these men were who so arrogantly asserted that they were the equals, if not the superiors, of all other men. Some were born in Ireland and some in the United States, but all claimed themselves to be Scotch. Those born in Ireland are the descendants of the Scotch settlers who came to that island in the reign of James I. of England, and VI. of Scotland. When that bigoted and pedantic monarch, the unworthy son of Catholic Mary of Scotland, was raised to the throne, he formed a scheme of planting Ulster with his Scotch countrymen. He had a good chance to do it. The great Hugh of Tyrone,— he who for sixteen years had kept the green banner of Irish nationality flying from Dungannon to the Blackwater, and from there to the Yellow Ford,—was an exile in Rome; O'Donnell lay dead in the vaults of Vallidolia; the O'Sullivan Beare was an exile in Spain; and

Ulster, that for five hundred years never permitted a foreigner to tread her soil, unless to measure the length of a grave, was at the mercy of the cold-hearted, merciless Scotchman. He embraced his opportunity. Under his auspices the Skinners, the Mercers, the Fishmongers, and other companies, were formed in London and elsewhere, and to them were allotted the lands of the O'Neills and O'Donnells. These companies brought English and Scotch laborers to work the lands. The latter were all followers of John Knox, for none but Protestants would be permitted to plant Ulster. They were ignorant, bigoted, and illiterate as any in the seventeenth century. Though living in Ireland, they did not consider themselves Irish; they taught their sons to hate her, to trample upon her, and enslave her. So great was the extent of territory owned by these companies, that they found it difficult to procure men to cultivate it. The population of Scotland was scant, and when no more laborers could be furnished from it, the jails were thrown open, and all the robbers, murderers, and cut-throats they contained were shipped to Ulster. They found their masters as great scoundrels as themselves, and settled there. Their descendants to-day are the orangemen of Belfast, Derry, and Armagh, and those who composed the so-called "Scotch-Irish" congress at Columbia.

The name these gentlemen have assumed is a misnomer. There is no such word in the English or any other language as "Scotch-Irish." It means, if it has any meaning, Irish Irish, and that has none. The Irish colonized Scotland, gave to it a name, a literature, and a language, gave it a hundred kings, and gave it Christianity. How Ireland's gratitude has been repaid by her sons may be inferred from the fact that during the congress no resolution was passed endorsing Parnell's measure for Irish Home Rule. These men are only worthy of contempt. Whether in Ireland or America, they are mongrels whom no freeman should respect. In Ireland they are loyal to the British Crown; in America they are the same. Their children born in this country are impregnated with the same ideas, and form the majority in the Orange lodges. The Irishman of "Scotch" descent never becomes a citizen. He lives and dies a loyal subject of the "Crown."

Why was this "Scotch-Irish" congress held down South? Why was it not held in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Chicago? The answer is easily found. Hundreds of Scotchmen, previous to the Revolution, settled in the South, and though driven by tyranny from their native land, still remained loyal to the House of Hanover. When the Revolution burst out, they were the first to take up arms against American Independence, and side with King George. This loyal spirit still pervades their descendants, and it was meet that their congress should be held in a place where their fathers proved their devotion to a king who ruled Scotland. But the congress should have been held at Cross Creek, N. C., for it was there that the Scotch, in 1776, first showed their hatred of American Independence. Least we should be charged with prejudice, we will quote from Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. II., page 377:—

"While Lord Dunmore was making a demonstration against the lower counties of Virginia, Governor Martin prepared to strike a blow against the

patriots in North Carolina. He gave Donald M'Donald, an influential Highlander, at Cross Creek, a commission of brigadier-general, and with it a large number of copies of a proclamation, with a blank left for the date, which commanded all the king's loyal subjects in North Carolina to join his standard. M'Donald had discretionary powers concerning the distribution of these proclamations. While Col. Robert Howe, with North Carolina troops, was absent at Norfolk, in Virginia, whither he had gone to assist Colonels Woodford and Stephens against Dunmore, M'Donald set up the royal ensign at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville) on Feb. 1, 1776, and issued some of the proclamations. The loyal-hearted Scotchmen obeyed; and in a few days more than one thousand of them, with many regulators, in all fifteen hundred strong, gathered around the standard of the Highland chief."

While the Scotchman was mustering his loyal countrymen to the standard of King George, there happened to be an Irishman named Moore, living at Moore's Creek. This Moore was a rebel, and a sturdy adherent of Washington. He called his neighbors to arm and do battle against the Scotch. One thousand men answered his call, and falling upon the enemy defeated them in a pitched battle, and broke the power of the Scotch forever in North Carolina. As Lossing puts it: "The Scotchmen were utterly routed and dispersed, and many of them made prisoners; among the latter was Donald M'Donald." Yet the "Scotch-Irish" gentlemen at their Columbia Congress spoke of the patriotism of their fathers in the Revolution!

Their loyalty to England was so well known and deprecated by the men of the Revolution, that, says the historian we have quoted, "In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson denounces, in the clause beginning with the words: "Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren — those who permit the sending over of SCOTCH mercenaries to invade and destroy the people." The word *Scotch* was struck out at the request of Dr. Witherspoon, of New Jersey, a Scotchman, and one of the signers.

Thomas Moore called Scotland a nation of Saint-Stealers. They not only stole the saints of Ireland and claimed them as their own, but they also stole and claimed her bards and warriors. We can forgive them for this, because they are our offspring. If they wish to be loyal to England and live under her laws we will not dispute their title. We know that Scotland has produced many eminent men, who, in all walks of life, have shed lustre and glory on their country, and are recognized for their ability throughout the world. The genius of Scotland is respected everywhere. But who are these "Scotch-Irish?" The dog loves the hand that feeds him and caresses it with spontaneous love; the tigress in the jungle will guard her young; the meanest brute in creation has an instinctive love for the place which he inhabits; but the "Scotch-Irishman," the orangeman, has none. He has no country, because he hates the one in which he was born — he is ashamed of it. Its history, its traditions, its story, its glory, are all despised by him. The bountiful mother that bore him is despised, and he slavishly turns from her embrace to kneel at the foot of his foreign conqueror. But though slavish he be, he has cunning enough to assert himself in America. Whenever a great man looms up bearing a Celtic name, he claims him as his own, that is, a "Scotch-Irishman." The mongrel is as hypocritical and aggressive in the United States as he is loyal and slavish in Ireland.

At the Columbia Congress every Ulster man, famous in American history, was called "Scotch-Irish." The distinguished gentlemen who conducted the circus, were oratorically primed for the occasion, and they did their parts well; but, somehow or other, their statements, though pleasing to themselves and their followers, will not bear the test of history. Gen. Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, was born in the village of Convoy, three miles from the town of Raphoe, in the county of Donegal. His brother was a member of the Irish Parliament and voted against the Union. His family were patriotic; every member sympathized with the cause of American freedom as ardently as General Richard. The Montgomeries still retain property in Convoy, and were never yet known to dispossess a tenant. The Frasers were Scotch. Many of them took part in the American Revolution; but, unfortunately, on the side of King George. They fought with the brutal Hessians, the savage Indians, and the no less brutal English, against American freedom. To show the feelings that animated the Irish and Scotch, we will again quote from Lossing, and give the following partial account of the battle of Saratoga, as an example of how the Irish confronted the Scotch. Fraser was a Scotchman, Morgan was an Irishman, born in the county Derry: —

"The Hessians received the first assault of Arnold's troops upon the British centre with a brave resistance; but when, upon a second charge, he dashed furiously among them at the head of his men, they broke and fled in dismay. And now the battle became general along the whole lines. Arnold and Morgan were the ruling spirits that controlled the storm on the part of the Americans, and the gallant Gen. Frasier (the Scotchman) was the directing soul of the British troops in action. His skill and courage were everywhere conspicuous. When the lines gave way, he brought order out of confusion; when regiments began to waver, he infused courage into them by voice and example. It was evident that the fate of the battle rested upon him, and this the keen eye and sure judgment of Morgan (the Irishman) perceived. In an instant his purpose was conceived, and calling a file of his best men around him, he said, as he pointed to the British right, "That gallant officer is Gen. Frasier. I admire and honor him, but it is necessary he should die; victory for the enemy depends upon him. Take your stations in that clump of bushes and do your duty." Within five minutes Frasier fell mortally wounded and was carried to the camp by two grenadiers."

The man who shot him was Tim Murphy, a native of Cork, and a soldier in Morgan's brigade. Details of his life and exploits are given in Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution.

"Scotch-Irish,"— The mongrel word stinks in the nostrils of every freeman. The basterdized appellation is as mean and insignificant as the beetle that we tread upon.

"Scotch-Irish,"— There is no such race, there is no such tribe, there are no men known in the world by a name like this.

"Scotch-Irish,"— Search the records of civilization and Christianity and tell us where a Scotch-Irishman appears.

Ireland colonized Scotland, and, as we have before stated, gave her laws, language, kings, and Christianity. Let us cull a few dates, gathered at random from half-a-dozen Scotch writers, to show that the two countries were one and inseparable until the time of the so-called Reformation: —

A. D. 595. Columbcille induced the Irish chiefs to acknowledge the independence of Scotland.

A. D. 878. The King of Strath-Clyde took refuge in Ireland from the black Gentiles — i. e. Danes. (Ritson's Annals.)

A. D. 1010. Malcolm, King of Scots, married the daughter of Brian Boru, King of Ireland.

A. D. 1014. Malcolm assisted Brian against the Danes at the battle Clontarf.

A. D. 1313. Robert Bruce wintered in Ireland, and in the following year the O'Neil fought for him at Bannochburn.

A. D. 1324. Edward Bruce elected King of Ireland, and crowned at Dundalk.

A. D. 1387. The Douglas leads an auxiliary force into Ireland, and takes Carlingford from the English garrison.

A. D. 1427. John Stuart, son of the Regent, Findley and others, fly for refuge to Ireland.

A. D. 1430—1437. In the war between James the First and "the Lords of the Isles," Ireland becomes the headquarters of the latter, which induces James to issue a decree of "non-intercourse."

A. D. 1506. James the Fifth, in alliance with the O'Donnells; 1513, O'Donnell appears at Edinburgh to instigate the King against the English. (Pinkerton, vol. ii. p. 62); 1516, a charter of land, in Kircudbright, given to Utrech O'Donnell; the lands of Kincardin O'Neil granted in Aberdeen.

A. D. 1523. Irish, under Argyle, aid the Scotch in an invasion of England.

A. D. 1531. The English King complains that James the Fifth is in league with the Emperor, the Danish King and O'Donnell.

A. D. 1541. Henry VIII. assumes the title of King of Ireland, which, says Pinkerton, "occasioned fresh jealousies between the two monarchs," (James being) with some impatience obliged to concede the high title of King of Ireland to Henry. History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 377.

Ireland is the mother country of Scotland, but when the latter changed her religion she changed her nationality, and became a North Britain. Not so with the motherland. She has trod for centuries in the bloody path that leads to liberty, and still hopes to reach her destined goal. Unflinchingly, unwaveringly, she has pursued her course, and though her Scotch sons have become regenerate, she is still defiant and unconquered. The union between Scotland and the mother country continued for centuries. So late as 1745, when Captain O'Niell and Flora McDonald saved "the young chevalier," the ancient union continued. Nay, it still continues, in Burn's words, wedded to Carolan's music in the story of Drummond Erinach, and the Legend of Montrose. There never was an effort for Scotch nationality in which Ireland was not represented, nor for Irish liberty, down till 1798, in which Scotland did not sympathize. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, writing to a Scotch-American bigot on this subject thirty years ago, said: "When you assert that the McClellands, Campbells, McDonalds, Magills, Fergusons, Blairs, McGregors, &c., of Ulster, are of a race 'entirely distinct,' from the O'Sullivans, Murphies, and O'Briens, you are in error. We are the same people. Our original language is the same. Our fathers, speaking a common gaelic tongue, fought, intermarried, and prayed together. The 'Mac' is our joint inheritance, as the Norman prefix 'de,' or the Saxon affix 'son.' Time and ignorance have obscured the early connection of the two nobler kingdoms, and it is more flattering to claim kindred with Bruce and Burns, whom they (the Scotch) do know, than with Brien and Carolan whom they, as yet, know not. If a 'Wizard of the West,' should arise, like him of the North, to throw enchantment round Ireland's illustrious names, there is no doubt they would also find many to claim kindred with them."

In The Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott, in Ritson's Annals of Caladonia, in Logan's Scottish Gael, in Pinkerton's History of Scotland, and in every other Scottish history, you will find that in the early population of Scotland, — those who gave it that name being themselves Scots, — are identical with the people of Ireland. From Kenneth McAlpine, the Irish founder of the Scottish monarchy, to James the (last) Stewart, (Gaelic *Maormar*) all the kings of Scotland were crowned at Scone, by virtue of their Celtic blood, and until the union of the British and Scottish crowns, in James I., of England, the two countries were regarded as one in origin, interests, and character.

Why do the Scotch in America feel ashamed of Ireland, their motherland, and endeavor to establish themselves as the offspring of a different race? Because their religious bigotry is so rampant that it stultifies every other feeling in their souls. The men who attended the Columbia Congress probably never read a page of Irish history in their lives. If they did they would be ashamed to call themselves "Scotch-Irish." We cannot do better in this connection than give Patrick Ford's patriotic, dignified, and scathing answer to the Secretary of the "Scotch-Irish" Congress, in Columbia, Tenn. He was requested to be present at the proceedings:

OFFICE OF THE "IRISH WORLD,"
NEW YORK, May 6, 1889.

MR. A. C. FLOYD, SECRETARY, *Dear Sir:* — I beg to acknowledge your courteous invitation to attend the Scotch-Irish Congress to be held at Columbia, Tenn., on the 8th inst.

While thanking you for the civility extended, I feel bound, at the same time, to frankly say to you that the object of your proposed convention, as I conceive it, fails to commend itself to my approval, and, therefore, I regret I cannot accept your invitation.

To every man who has respect for Irish nationalism, as I have, the title by which you elect to be distinctively known is most offensive.

You seem fearful, that, under any circumstances, you should be mistaken for Irishmen simply. In season and out of season you advertise yourselves as *Scotch* Irish; that is, Scotchmen born in Ireland; and you are at pains to have people know that all that is good in you is the outcome of your Scotch blood, and is in no wise referable to Ireland.

For Scotland and her sons I entertain no feeling other than sincere respect; but the "Scotch-Irishman," like the West Briton and the Orangeman, is a mongrel whom I cannot respect. He is a man without a nationality. He is like a badly-translated book — taken out of one language but never put into another.

The people of Ireland, like the people of every other country, is made up of different elements. There are there numbers of men who are descended from Danes, and Normans, and Saxons, and Milesians, and French, and Dutch, and Welsh.

Why is it that these do not pass before the world as so many separate and distinct races? Why is it that the Danish Irish, and the Norman Irish, and all the rest, like the Scotch-Irish, do not meet in so many hybrid congresses? The reason is, because these very elements obey the law of nationality, which makes homogeneity. The Scotch-Irish are a solecism among the nations.

Ireland to-day is bravely struggling for Home Rule, and on the principle that every people has the right to manage its own affairs, all good men in this republic and the world over wish her every success.

But the Scotch-Irish say, in effect, *they* are *not* one people with the Irish; and Chamberlain and the enemies of Home Rule, availing themselves of this

unpatriotic attitude, cry out: "Home Rule under one Irish parliament is an impossibility — *there are two nations in Ireland!*"

The thing for the Scotch-Irish to do is to become Irish Irishmen. In doing this they can give no just cause for offence to Scotland, while they will greatly serve Ireland and win the esteem of Irish Nationalists, of whom, my dear sir, is yours very truly,

PATRICK FORD.

Mr. Ford struck the right chord. He called them mongrels, and he was right. They have no flag, no country, no place they can claim as their own; and they have no standing among the nations. This mongrel brood of "Scotch-Irish" has always been opposed to freedom. They fought against Owen Roe, at Benburb, in Tyrone; against the Irish Brigade, at Fontenoy, on the Schelat; and at Brooklyn and Fort Magaw against Washington. It was a Scotchman that fired the gun on Cape Diamond, Quebec, on the morning of Dec. 31, 1775, from a masked battery, that killed the pioneer of Canadian freedom, Gen. Montgomery. The Cowboys of the Revolution were composed of Scotch and English renegades, whose record in New York and New Jersey is written in blood, and yet they claim they were instrumental in securing the success of the American Revolution. Their presumption is on a par with their ignorance.

William Mathews, LL. D., a Protestant American writer, says: "Who are the men who built up this nation and made it the great Republic it is? Are they all, or nearly all, of Anglo-Saxon birth or descent? Not to speak of the Swiss, the Huguenots, the Dutch, and other minor people, let us look at the Irish contingent to American greatness. From the very first settlement of the country, in fields and streets, at the plough, in the Senate, and on the battle-field, Irish energy was represented. Maryland and South Carolina were largely peopled by Hibernians. Maine, New Hampshire, and Kentucky received many Irish emigrants. During the first half of the last century, the emigration from Ireland to this country was not less than a quarter of a million. When our forefathers threw off the British yoke, the Irish formed a sixth or seventh of the whole population, and one-fourth of all the commissioned officers in the army and navy were of Irish descent. The first general officer killed in battle, the first officer of artillery appointed, the first commodore commissioned, the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a fort by land, were Irishmen; and with such enthusiasm did the emigrants from the Green Isle espouse the cause of Liberty, that Lord Mountjoy declared, in Parliament, 'You lost America by the Irish!' We will not speak of the physical development of America, to which two generations of Irish laborers have chiefly contributed; we will confine ourselves to the men of brain, who have leavened the mass of bone and sinew by which our material prosperity has been worked out. Who were the Carrolls, the Rutledges, the Fitzsimmonses, and the McKeans of the Revolution? Whence came such men as Andrew Jackson, Emmet, J. C. Calhoun, and McDuffie, of a later day? Whence the projector of the Erie canal, the inventor of the first American railroad? Whence two of our leading sculptors, Powers and Crawford? Whence our most distinguished political

economist, Carey? Whence the hero of Winchester, whom all the people of the North delighted to honor? They were all Irish, by birth or descent."

Despite this emphatic testimony, which could be added to a hundred-fold, if necessary, the "Scotch-Irish" convention claimed every man, with a "Mac" attached to his name, a "Scotchman." Sydney Smith said that a surgical operation would have to be performed on a Scotchman's head before a joke could enter it; and, taking him in the light of history, in the light of the nineteenth century, it would take a battering-ram, with a hundred horse-power, to divest him of his ignorance and prejudice, and make him believe what he really is, an ASS, when he calls himself "Scotch-Irish."

WM. COLLINS.

Tablet Office, New York.

Irish Emigrants who went to South America.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S fears for the well-being of the fifteen hundred emigrants, who recently left Ireland for the Argentine Republic, were all too well-founded. When the steamer reached Buenos Ayres, the passengers were at once allowed to land, though it was a Saturday, and the authorities well knew there was no accommodation for them, as a large body of Italians had arrived on the previous day. It was soon evident that unless some special arrangements were made, even the shelter of a roof could not be obtained. The authorities promised to clear out a dining hall after supper, and allow the women and children to sleep there for the night. The promise was not kept; men, women, and children, supperless and exhausted after the fatigues of the day, had to sleep as best they might on the flags of the courtyard. A child died during the night of exhaustion. The weather was very bad. On the following day several Irish and English ladies and gentlemen came to the rescue, and a goodly number of the emigrants were provided with homes. The British Emigration Committee held a meeting, and Mr. Jenner, the British Minister, was present. It was proposed that a telegram be forwarded to Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, requesting his Grace to use his influence against such large numbers of emigrants being sent out in one batch, and urging that the emigration be limited to two hundred per month. In the House of Commons attention has been called to the matter, though under present conditions the remedy is difficult to devise.

THE desire for religious teaching in the schools is universal. Every father of a family in Milan, Italy, has been asked to say whether he does or does not desire that the teaching of religion should figure on the programme of the public schools. Of the 27,515 consulted, 25,387 have pronounced in favor of religious teaching.

NATURE uses a good many quills with which to make a goose; but a man can make a goose of himself with only one.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Consolation.

When Molly came home from the party to-night,—
The party was out at nine,—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on my shoulder hid,
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee,—
I am old and exceedingly wise,—
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me;
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought
How very much better 't would be,
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is, never to mind what people say,
But to do what you think is right."

Walter Learned, in St. Nicholas.

Don't Dog the Cows.

Every one who has anything to do with a cow should learn thoroughly this fact: that every annoyance and thing that excites or frets her takes a proportion from both the amount and richness of her yield, and in just so much takes money from her owner's pocket. A man who will permit it to be done, much less, himself dog the cows home from the pasture or kick and club them about the barn or yards is not a fit person to own or have charge of cows. It is not only cruel to the defenceless cow, but is ruinous to his own finances, a reason that ought to appeal strongly enough to his avarice to compel proper treatment of his property if humanity will not.

Remember always, the first glass is the most dangerous of all glasses; avoid the first glass, and you are safe.

How the Bunn Family at Last Moved into the Country.

CHAPTER I.

THE Bunn family lived in a small house, in a low and unhealthy quarter of New Lowell. In a small house, and the family was large, as poor families are apt to be. Mr. Bunn, who was wonderfully good-natured under all his trials, would facetiously call the roll every night to make sure that none of the children were missing, and sometimes he would purposely forget two-year-old Baby Bunn, who would shout indignantly from his mother's lap: "I 'se here! I 'se here! why don't oo call Ditty Bunn?" And then Mr. Bunn would say in a puzzled voice: "Dickey Bunn — who is he? Oh, yes, to be sure! Dickey Bunn is the name of the last one, ain't it? Well, then — Dickey Bunn!" and the baby would answer with a pleased giggle — "Here!"

Although the bill of fare was plain, and the clothes well patched, the Bunn family managed to extract a good deal of happiness from life. When Mr. Bunn found a good job and they had, in consequence, a "hot supper," — which meant plenty of beefsteak and vegetables all around, and some red-cheeked apples, or a can of peaches for dessert, — and the fire burned brightly, and the children were every one well, life seemed actually overflowing with blessings; and Mr. Bunn would whittle kindling for the morning fire, and Mrs. Bunn would add another layer to the patches, and neither thought of envying the rich people in the grand house of Upper New Lowell.

But often the children were not well. In fact there were so many of them that about half the time the old lounge was the resting place for some ailing one; and the doctor — whenever they could afford to call one — would always say more or less about the location being an unhealthy one. Their drainage was bad, and they did n't have enough sunlight, and they all ought to sleep up stairs, for a ground floor as damp as theirs, was a standing invitation to sickness to come and stay the year round.

In the early days Mrs. Bunn had lived in the country, and as her family increased, the little house and the still smaller yard formed a painful contrast to the roomy farm-house, the big wide-doored barn, and the broad fields that she used to know, and she often expressed a desire to move into the country. But Mr. Bunn, born and brought up in the city, was like a Laplander in believing that no place could be better than that in which he lived. For forty years he had trotted up and down this unlovely quarter, and the more shanties that were built and the filthier the streets and alleys became, the more he seemed to enjoy his place of residence. "The Flats is growin' fast," he would proudly remark. "It 's gettin' to be down right lively here." The poor man! With the exception of a rare glimpse of the grand Park, or some rich man's fine grounds, he knew of nothing better

than his low rooms and the struggling, homesick lilacs and tiger-lilies which Mrs. Bunn tried to grow in the sloppy backyard.

To have a long, "fat" job of hod-carrying, and to know that the children were not very sick, was all the happiness Mr. Bunn could comprehend, and he always laughed at Mrs. Bunn's absurd wish to move into the country, where there could be no chance to shoulder brick and mortar up a fifty-foot ladder.

A desire for the country always smouldered, however, in Mrs. Bunn's heart, and she never gave up the hope that some time they might live on a whole acre of ground, and have three or four trees, and maybe a glimpse of a brook, like the one she used to wade in when she was a girl. It was this hope that sustained her through all these years, and led her to toil bravely on, and make the best of the cramped and dismal home in "The Flats." They owned their house — that was one comfort — and had none of that wretched breaking-up and packing about from one rented place to another, which they observed in their less fortunate neighbors. I suspect that the Bunn's had great affection for even the leaky kitchen roof, and the rickety pump, because of the dear fact that they owned them.

And yet, although these shabby premises were their own, it seemed as if in this spring of 1884, the house had never seemed quite so small and quite so sickly. Both Tom and Annie were down with low fevers. Baby Bunn was crossly cutting some double teeth, and a series of long, hard rains interfered with hod-carrying to such an extent that Mr. Bunn, in a tattered rubber coat, had taken to looking for jobs of wood-sawing. Dismal, indeed, was the outlook, and it required all the Bunn fortitude to eat suppers of corn-meal cakes and black syrup contentedly, and to rise uncomplainingly to breakfast of corn-meal mush and sky-blue milk.

"If we lived in the country," began Mrs. Bunn, and then checked herself. She was in no mood to be laughed at. She went on thinking, however, that if they lived in the country on an acre of land, they could at least have potatoes and turnips and fresh eggs and an occasional chicken, and, perhaps — oh, mercy of mercies — they might keep a cow, by letting the children lead her along the roads to crop the free pasturage there.

Probably Mrs. Bunn was getting a little feverish herself, for whenever she closed her eyes she seemed to see fair green fields and dancing brooks, and a white cow feeding upon the hillsides, and happy children gathering violets in the spring sunshine; and she could hear the thrifty cackle of ambitious hens, and the carol of robins on the tip-top branches of the budding trees. She closed her eyes as often as her work would permit, through this last gloomy day in the Flats, and felt somewhat comforted and cheered by her strange fancies.

CHAPTER II.

A river runs by the Flats, separating that locality very distinctly from the highest of Upper Lowell. Every spring it rises and runs away with its usual petty larcenies of woodsheds, chicken coops, and the like; but, in the spring of 1884, it meant more than petty larceny;

it meant a bold and defiant raid. Its gray, swirling waters almost reached the high-arched bridges, and its usual insinuating murmur was turned to an menacing roar. But the Flat people did not fear it; and even when it crept up to their back yards, and lapped hungrily around their door-steps, it was still but a new and refreshing excitement, — this big rise of the peaceful "Little Wolf." The men and women living along the banks looked after such small loose articles as were likely to be carried away, and the children made rafts, and paddled about in the pools of back-water in great glee. Some authorities rode over to the Flats, and suggested that the houses along the river had better be vacated, and the families living there only laughed, and said they were not afraid; and every one went to bed that night feeling perfectly safe, and thankful that the weather had cleared, and that there would be chances for going to work again on the morrow.

But "at midnight there was a cry." Mr. and Mrs. Bunn did not hear it, for Annie and Tom were sleeping soundly for the first night in a week, and the father and mother, tired out with vigils, were also deep in slumber. They were all sleeping up stairs, as the doctor had advised, — Tom and Annie in their bunks near the window, where a breath of fresh air could touch their fevered faces, three small boys in the trundle-bed, Nelly, the oldest girl, on a lounge, and Baby Bunn with his father and mother.

The cry came from some of the houses along the river, and there was only time for the bewildered snatching of a little clothing, and a frenzied escape to higher ground; every one, in those first wild moments, thinking but of himself and those belonging to him. The Flats had not yet achieved street lamps, and only the pale glimmer of the stars lighted the terrible scene.

The little Bunn house stood the lowest of any in the Flats, and the river had been nosing about it for an hour or more before it took its final grip. When it really set its jaws together, Mr. and Mrs. Bunn were awakened by the queer, straining creak and jar, and they now heard the wild shouts outside, the lap and swirl of the waters about them, and knew, with freezing hearts, what it all meant.

With the instinct that makes all womankind want to die decently, Mrs. Bonn dashed into her gown, which hung over the foot of the bed, and even gave her hair a swift twist. Then she caught up Dicky Bunn, who gave a sleepy cry at such disturbance, and she breathed the name of Christ's mother, as she held him tightly to her breast. Mr. Bunn — steering, with great presence of mind, through the sea of sleeping children — looked from the window. Was there a torch-light procession? And had all the stars joined in it? For the lamps that were now flashing out from the windows, and the bright stars above were all moving in the same direction. No, it was his own house that was moving, — they were afloat! Mr. Bunn staggered back to the bed and drew on his trousers, and felt about for his stockings, and said not a word. Nelly, the oldest child, who had awakened, sat up and called out: "Oh! mother!" even as her mother had called upon that other sacred name.

"Be brave, darlin', and don't wake the other children! We're all goin' together, anyhow," said her mother.

"Maybe she'll hold together," said Mr. Bunn, who always found the hopeful side of things. "We'll light a lamp, and see where we are." And soon all the people who were disinterested enough to be mere sight-seers, noticed a glimmer out on the dark river, — like the light of a will-o'-the-wisp, except that it was a little steadier, — a light that moved farther and farther away, and was finally lost to sight.

CHAPTER III.

She did "hold together." Through all those long hours of terror the little house — reeling and staggering at times, and thumped and jammed by floating debris — held together, and, in the early dawn, floated along "all there," as Mr. Bunn expressed it; and all the children, except Nelly, slept peacefully, as if lulled into deeper slumber by the rocking of their one common cradle. They appeared to be in the middle of the river, for there was plenty of sea-room, as Mr. Bunn said, but the shore on either side was shut out by a heavy fog.

"If we could only see the banks, it wouldn't be quite so awful," moaned poor Nelly, nervously shivering, in spite of the thick shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Darlin', be thankful we're spared so far, and perhaps the dear Lord 'll save us, even yet," said her mother. But it was, indeed, "awful," moving on through this mist, with unknown danger sighing and murmuring all around.

As daylight advanced, they seemed to have floated into stiller waters; and, presently, there came a gentle shock, as if the house had touched bottom.

"Are we sinking, Dennie, dear?" asked Mrs. Bunn of her husband.

"Not a bit of it, jewel! We're on land, that's where we are; and here's a tree beside us as big as a church steeple — a tree right side up, too — and we've come to a stoppin' place, sure!" and Mr. Bunn, who had been so cheerful and plucky through all these hours, sat down on the bed and buried his face in his red cotton handkerchief.

"Ah, it will do you good, Dennie, dear!" said his wife patting him on the shoulder, and laughing and crying herself.

The Bunn family had indeed come to an anchorage. Not only one but several trees stood about them, and in between two of these stanch supports the house had drifted and was firmly held. The fog lifted slowly, and by and by the faithful blue of the sky smiled down upon them, and hilly shores came into view, with glimpses of cultivated fields and budding woodlands.

The Bunn family had moved into the country, at last!

As the cradle stopped rocking the children awoke, and clustered about the small-gable windows quite stupefied with wonder at the strange scene around them.

Just at this moment there came ringing over the waters a wild scream. Mr. Bunn pushed the children aside and leaned out of the window. Just emerging from the lingering fog up the river, floated a

remnant of a small country bridge, and clinging to it was a little girl in a red cloak, who again screamed with terror as the tossing planks almost submerged her in the current. Mr. Bunn had not grown up beside a river without knowing how to swim. In fact, Little Wolf, in some of its sequestered nooks, had been his bath room for many a summer. His shoes and coat being already off, he plunged down from the window and struck out for the red cloak like a hero. The current was bearing the fragment of bridge straight toward him; but the planks were separating and the child was about to sink as he reached her. She made a frantic clutch at his neck; but he held her off with one hand and swam as best he could back to the house, which seemed the nearest landing-point.

Mrs. Bunn had, with practical promptness, tied two sheets together and let them down from the window. Mr. Bunn steadying himself upon a floating timber, fastened the sheet about the waist of the half-drowned child, and any number of hands pulled her up and lifted her through the window.

"Now I'm in the water," shouted Mr. Bunn, "I may as well swim ashore and see where we are. Keep up your spirits, my jewels, there's the shore just a bit beyond the house."

Mrs. Bunn leaned from the window until she nearly fell overboard, then seeing that he had reached wading depth, she turned and gave all her attention to the little, dripping mite who sat on the floor in the midst of the small Bunns, crying convulsively. Mrs. Bunn took off her wet clothes and wrapped her in blankets, warm from the trundle bed, and soothed her with many a pitying word. For awhile the child could only sob and gasp in her attempt to speak; but finally she made known the fact that her poor little lambs were down in the lower pasture, and she had been out to see if they were all safe, and her papa had told her not to go on the bridge, and she had been naughty and disobeyed him, and the bridge broke up all in a minute—and—and—and then the sobs burst forth afresh. She was hardly dried and warmed and comfortable, before voices were heard shoreward, and soon a brisk hammering began in that direction. Nelly also nearly went overboard, and reported some men making a raft. She failed to recognize her father among them, because he had changed his wet clothes for somebody's black trousers and an old army overcoat.

"Oh, I can hear papa!" exclaimed the blanketed girl, after she had listened a moment. "Papa, here I am!" she called at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, I am coming," came an answering voice.

It was not long before the hastily built raft was pushed out and beneath the window. The man in the army coat was then recognized and received with a little shout. The father of the rescued child looked up with eyes that were over-flowing. "Give me Kitty and I'll take her right home to her mother, who is nearly crazy. Drop her right down," and he held up his strong arms. "I've sent my man back for the double team, and we'll soon have you all up to our house."

"Oh, Papa! I'll never, never, never, *never* disobey you again!" exclaimed Kitty, and as they bundled her through the window.

"No, I am sure you never will," said her father. Then Kitty was carefully dropped into the upreached arms, and the raft pushed away.

"All be ready for the next boat!" called out Mr. Bunn, cheerfully.

"Ah! I am so thankful," said Mrs. Bunn, "to think that we're not only all safe, but pa has saved somebody else."

Then there was a great dressing and brushing, and great washing and polishing of faces and hands; for plenty of water could be dipped up with a pitcher and the knotted sheets, and the family were in all readiness when the raft arrived under the window again.

But such a large family could not be shipped all at once. Mrs. Bunn let Kitty and baby Bunn, and two other small boys, go ashore first; then Annie and Tom, carefully wrapped in bed-blankets, were let down for the next load; and finally Mrs. Bunn, with the remaining small boy and a bundle of clothing, took leave of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

They filled the farm-wagon quite full, and the horses, impatient at the long waiting, started off at a pace that made baby Bunn's cheeks shake like two bowls of jelly, and turned the children's faces into one broad smile. The sun now shone radiantly; there was a smell of young leaves and early violets in the air; from the hill-sides came the plaintive bleat of little lambs; and, yes, there it was, the loud, clear "trillium—trillium—tree" of the robin from his topmost twig.

"How queer it is," thought Mrs. Bunn. "I seemed to see and hear all this yesterday."

At the farmhouse a great breakfast was in waiting for them; and Kitty, who had been kissed and cried over, and given some very hot drinks by her mother, was lying snugly tucked up in bed in a room opening off the kitchen, and the door had been left open, that she might enjoy the view of the big table and the big family that were to gather around it.

Such a breakfast! Even Annie and Tom were able to relish the fresh-boiled eggs and the delicious cream toast, while Mr. Bunn and the little boys accepted everything, from the broiled ham and cold baked beans to griddle-cakes and doughnuts.

As for Mrs. Bunn, the dear old associations of early days so crowded upon her she could hardly taste anything.

"This is the way people can live in the country," she whispered to Nelly, and shuddered when she thought of going back to the Flats.

But Mrs. Bunn never went back to the Flats. That afternoon she was seized with a chill, and before night she was in a high fever, from which she lay ill in the best bedroom of the Thompson farmhouse for two weeks. Mr. Bunn and Nelly and Mrs. Thompson nursed her tenderly, and took good care of Dicky, while the other children lived at large in the fields, the big barn, and the large kitchen-garret, and grew well and happy.

As soon as Mrs. Bunn became strong enough to "take the air," she was lifted into the easy single buggy, and Mr. Thompson himself drove, because he could not trust the horse to other hands than his own, he said. He drove slowly along the pleasant country way, now sweet and leafy in its fresh May robes, and at the end of a mile he stopped before a small house, neatly painted in two shades of gray, and shaded by two

kingly elms. In the rear of the house some men were building a new, large kitchen, Mr. Thompson explained. Down at the foot of the grassy slope ran a sparkling, pebbled brook. The brook crossed the road on which they were driving, and was spanned by a very new bridge.

"It is a right pretty place," said Mrs. Bunn, looking at the shady little porch and up at the noble elms, and thinking how heavenly it must be to live in such a place.

"Well, I'm glad you like the location, because it's yours, you know," said Mr. Thompson.

"Mine?" said Mrs. Bunn, her eyes growing large with astonishment. Were the fever dreams still buzzing in her head?

"Certainly, Mrs. Bunn! Don't you recognize your own house? All we did to it was to haul it up from the river, and give it a little paint and a little white-wash, and so forth. Your man said you were fond of trees, and so we set the house by these elms. Your man's around there at work on the kitchen now — it'll be finished in a day or two — and there's three acres of good grass-land and three of maple and beech; and we've picked out a nice, gentle cow for a present to your Nelly; and — well, it's a small enough return for what your man did for us when our Kitty was carried off on the old bridge that used to stand yonder," and Mr. Thompson drew out his handkerchief and wiped his nose with great vigor.

"All — the land — the cow — ours?" Poor Mrs. Bunn could not believe her senses.

"Yes, all yours, to have and to hold. And I forgot to say, that there's a first-rate school just over the hill there, for your youngsters. But you mustn't talk much, Mrs. Bunn, and you mustn't get flustered — just after a fever, so we'll drive 'round home now, and maybe you'll feel strong enough to go into the house to-morrow and look around."

Happiness is such a tonic that Mrs. Bunn was indeed able the next day to look the house over. And she discovered what Mr. Thompson's "and so forth" meant. It meant substantial new furniture for all the rooms, pretty shades for the windows, big, handsome new stove for the new kitchen, and a whole pantry full of grocery supplies and crockery.

"Oh, it's all too much — too much!" cried Mrs. Bunn sinking down into the new rocking-chair.

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" chorused Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been smilingly watching her surprised and happy face. "We value our Kitty's life at a great deal more than this. Indeed we do."

EMILY HEWITT LELAND, in New York Independent.

CASES occasionally occur where a child becomes obstinate and refuses to obey his teacher, and when his punishment is meted out to him he goes home with a doleful tale to his parents. He enlarges on the punishment he received, but, very strangely, does not know why he received it. Sensible parents should not listen to his complaints, for they know a teacher would not inflict punishment without cause. But there are parents, who, ignorant of their child's welfare, openly condemn the teacher in the boy's presence. In time, such parents will learn, to their regret, that the obedience due to them by the child is also forgotten.

BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBEDIENCE must be enforced in the school-room, otherwise pupils will fail to have that proper respect for their teachers they should have.

To save young people from reading bad books, and to furnish them with books which will make them intelligent Catholics, every parish should have a library.

THE little things neglected in childhood are all regretted in manhood, when habits are fixed and new ones cannot be formed. That fact ought to make parents and teachers exacting even in trifles with the young.

A COMPETENT teacher recognizes the fact that without the respect of his entire class, it is impossible to accomplish good results. He is, therefore, ever careful to quell on their appearance, any signs of disobedience.

THE chief labor of the pastor of a church now is to meet the expenses of a school, and he should have the support of all his people. The fact must not be lost sight of that the pastor's labor is for the people and their children, and that he has no earthly gain from it.

A GOOD teacher is really pained when the necessity arises for the punishment of a pupil. It is his aim to rule his class with love rather than fear. When the former fails and punishment must be used on refractory pupils, he does not hesitate to administer it.

THE teacher is the last person that parents should find fault with. In the school-room he takes their place, and he desires of the children the same obedience they pay their parents. This is due him, and good children never hesitate to obey him. A child who disobeys his teacher, will also disobey his parents. The fear of punishment in both cases acts as a preventive.

SOME mothers may be seen continually running to school to learn why this or that happened to their children. They never seem to think their children are being treated justly. Mothers are naturally solicitous for their children's welfare; but if they hesitated to think, they would see the injury they do their children by listening, with a too-willing ear, to every little grievance.

ALL ages have furnished us with ample proofs that schools without "religion," or "state schools," as they were known and demonstrated in Athens, Carthage, Rome, and other places, were most ruinous to the morals of youth. St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Augustine, St. Benedict, and others, wrote of the desolute character of the state schools of their day, and we quote St. John Chrysostom on the subject: "What advantage is there," he asks, "if children are sent to schools where they learn vice before they learn literature, and while in striving to acquire what is less, they lose that which is greater, namely, the integrity of their souls? Shall we then destroy the schools? they say. By no means, I answer; but we should not destroy virtue nor crush living souls."

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1889.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THERE are ten members of Parliament imprisoned in Ireland.

THE London Weekly Register says: "In England the work of conversion has continued during the past year with steady and not very slow steps. The number of converts in London alone has been upwards of two thousand during the past year. Many have joined us who were all but Catholics, and who had little need of instruction, before they made up their minds to take the final step. From every Ritualistic congregation in London there is a continual stream of converts drifting towards us.

It is the same way in Boston. The Ritualists are daily finding their way into the Catholic Church; particularly the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Congress of Deaf Mutes.

THE deaf mutes of Paris held a congress in that city recently. The progress accomplished in the art of educating those deprived of speech and hearing was discussed. The method, it is remembered, was struck out by their admirable benefactor, the Abbe de l'Epee, a Catholic priest, whose centenary was celebrated on the same occasion, as his death occurred in the memorable year 1789. He was interred in a lateral chapel of St. Roch, where a monument was raised to him, not far from the tomb of the illustrious Bossuet.

IT was an Irish-American who was mayor of New York at the inauguration of George Washington, and an Irish-American is mayor at the centennial. Mayor Grant is a handsome young man, but according to the photos of Mayor Duane, who was chief magistrate of New York in 1789, the latter was still prettier.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

THE last issue of the Dublin Review contains an article from the Cardinal-Archbishop on the suppression of the English monasteries by Henry VIII. His eminence deals with the subject in reviewing Father Gasquet's important work. Nearly six hundred monasteries, with upwards of eight thousand inmates were suppressed. Henry's share of the plunder thus secured was between fourteen and fifteen million pounds of our money. The Cardinal says that this great sacrilege was the act of one bad man, and he holds the people guiltless.

A Catholic Centennial.

ON the 23d of May a Memorial Mass was celebrated in the Carroll Memorial Church, at Hyattsville, Prince George county, Md., in honor of Archbishop Carroll. It is the beginning of the centennial celebrations of the Catholic Church in the United States, for just one hundred years ago, May 23, 1789, the Catholic clergy in Maryland assembled at White Marsh, in Prince George county, and petitioned to Rome for the erection of a diocese here, the first in the United States. The petition recommended Father John Carroll, who then lived in this part of Maryland, as the first bishop, and the request was ratified by the Pope in the following November. Hyattsville, where the Memorial Church has been erected in honor of Archbishop Carroll, is a suburb of the historic ground of Bladensburg, and a short distance from Washington. A large attendance of the Catholic clergy of Maryland, the District of Columbia, and Virginia, honored the event by their presence.

JAMES REDPATH says the continuation of the rent agitation in Ireland has had the effect of causing a reduction of the rents in Ireland of at least twenty-five million dollars.

The Grand Old Man's Pluck.

WHILE Mr. Gladstone was crossing Picadilly, at the junction of Berkeley street, on the evening of May 24, he was knocked down by a cab which was turning into the street. He was immediately assisted to his feet by several spectators, and finding himself unhurt, instantly ran after the cab, which he stopped and detained until the driver had been taken into custody by the police. He attended the House of Commons the same night, and appeared to be well.

Wanted,

THE January and February numbers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. We will pay twenty-five cents in postage stamps for either of these numbers.

CATHOLIC REVIEW: Dr. Dorchester, of passing notoriety, has been appointed by the President Inspector of Indian Schools. We have a great respect for him, because he has made what so few literary Protestants make, a determined effort to understand Catholics and to be fair to them. He has not succeeded, because the strength of the Protestant tradition and his environment render complete success in such an effort a moral impossibility. He is now put in charge of a department which will give him more than a theoretical glimpse of Catholicity, and we are eager to see just how Dr. Dorchester will behave. He will, no doubt, meet many difficulties, and perhaps make some, out of which we shall be most happy to help him, if he requests us, and out of which we shall surely help him if he attempts any Methodistical tricks on Catholic Indians and their mission. The Grant regimé is over, Dr. Dorchester, and you ought to remember it.

A CHRISTIAN CECELIA, assuming in the capitol the place of the pagan caia, proves all the triumphs of Christianity and the eternity of Rome. — *Dom Gueranger.*

UNITED CANADA: The Jesuit question is still engaging the attention of Canadian bigots who enjoy the unusual distinction of being able to preach at their own funerals.

Free Catholic College in Philadelphia.

THE building in the rear of the Church of the Gesu, Seventeenth and Stiles streets, which was formerly used for church purposes, is now undergoing considerable change. The altars, pews, and gallery have disappeared, and the interior is being changed into a long, double line of commodious class-rooms. The expenses of the change are to be taken from the three hundred thousand dollars left by the late Francis A. Drexel, for a Jesuit college in Philadelphia. The classes will open in September, and will embrace the ordinary studies of a regular classical and collegiate course. The usual collegiate degree will be conferred on graduates. Tuition will be altogether free. Charges will be made for books and stationery; but even these will be remitted in some cases.

THE New York Sun thinks that while "we centennial people" are foolishly trying to monopolize all the glory of the revolutionary achievements, it would be worth while to investigate how it happens that according to testimony given before the parliamentary committee on the conduct of the war, at least one-half of the rank and file in the Continental army were of Irish birth or descent.

The Manchester Martyrs.

A SENSATION was created before the Parnell Commission, by the denial by O'Brien and Sullivan that the Manchester martyrs were guilty of murder, or of anything but true patriotism. Justice Hannen, who had to listen to this, was the man who, as prosecuting counsel for the crown, did most to secure the hanging of the three martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. A significant thing was the applause in an English court, when O'Brien declared these Irishmen innocent. It shows a sudden change in English feeling. Hannen's threat to clear the court if the people persisted in applauding the defence of murderers, was natural, but in bad taste.

THE Papal Bull, announcing the appointment of Rev. Thomas Heslin to the Diocese of Natchez, has been received.

PITTSBURGH used to have seven hundred and twenty saloons and an average of fourteen arrests per day for drunkenness. Now she has ninety-eight saloons and does not average three drunks per day. Misdemeanors of all sorts have decreased sixty per cent. Even divorces have decreased one-half.

THE London correspondent of the Leeds Mercury refers as follows to the treatment of Mr. Wm. O'Brien and Mr. E. Harrington, now that these gentlemen are in attendance at the Commission: — "While at the court they are allowed every reasonable freedom. They can speak with their friends, eat and drink what they please, and are, in fact, only nominally in custody. At four o'clock all this ceases. They then go back to Pentonville and Holloway, and have to put up with ordinary prison treatment. They have bread and milk or cocoa for supper, and in the morning they have skilly for breakfast. The practical result is that during six hours they live like gentlemen, and for the remaining eighteen like criminals."

SIX thousand pilgrims from various countries spent Holy Week in Jerusalem. The Latin hospices could not provide lodgings for the Catholic pilgrims who asked for hospitality. It is long since so many Catholics visited the holy places in a single year.

Female Clubs.

"THE Scholastics," an organization of Catholic ladies who meet to discuss religious, scientific, and literary topics, have recently attracted much attention to their gatherings. Topics of social and religious interest are freely discussed. Such has been the attractive character of their meetings that Catholic ladies from all parts of the city have signified their intention of joining the organization, which now promises to become a society with membership, scope, and aims similiar to the Woman's Club.

IT is stated that after Mr. John Dillon, M. P., has completed his Australian trip he will visit Canada and the United States, and address meetings of the leading cities therein.

THERE are seventy-three Catholic and one hundred and forty-two non-Catholic members in the Canadian Parliament. This is in directly inverse ratio to the religious division of the population.

ARCHBISHOP JANSSENS, of New Orleans, reports that in a confirmation trip, through four rural parishes in Louisiana, he confirmed *more colored than white*: out of a total of 1,717 about nine hundred were negroes. He adds: "We have, in the diocese of New Orleans, at present, twenty-nine colored schools, attended by 1,330 children, an asylum for girls (seventy-four), an asylum for old women (twenty-one), one boarding school and more are coming, but we want money badly."

Turpentine Baths for Rheumatic Pains.

MAKE a concentrated emulsion of black soap, two hundred grammes, add thereto one hundred to one hundred and twenty grammes of turpentine, and shake the whole vigorously until a beautiful creamy emulsion is obtained. For a bath take half of this mixture, which possesses an agreeable pine odor. At the end of five minutes there is a diminution of the pains, and a favorable warmth throughout the whole body. After remaining in the bath a quarter of an hour, the patient should get into bed, when a prickling sensation, not disagreeable, however, is felt over the entire body, then, after a nap, he awakens, with a marked diminution in the rheumatic pains.

THE cathedral, Providence, R. I., will be consecrated June 30th, prox. Twenty persons have already subscribed one hundred dollars each to defray the cost of the high altar. His Grace of Boston will celebrate the Solemn Pontifical Mass; his Grace of St. Paul will deliver the sermon. In the evening there will be a sermon delivered by Rt. Rev. Dr. Keane, rector of the Catholic university.

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE: Mayor Hewitt says there are things better than holding office, and one of them, as he has found out, is making steel. But Mr. Hewitt should remember that many of those who do hold office are engaged in making steal, only they don't spell it just as he does.

The Late Mr. Bright.

THERE are few public men who enjoy the power of *repartee* which was possessed by Mr. Bright. On one occasion a fellow member remarked to Mr. Bright, "There goes a self-made man."—"Yes," rejoined Mr. Bright, "and he adores his maker." On another occasion Mr. Bright was informed that a Tory peer had remarked that in his opinion Mr. Bright was suffering from softening of the brain. "Tell the noble lord," rejoined Mr. Bright, "that that is a calamity which Providence Himself cannot inflict upon the noble lord."

Peoria's Cathedral Dedicated.

THE new Cathedral of St. Mary, Peoria, Ill., was dedicated on the morning of the 15th of May with the usual imposing ceremonies. Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, officiated, and the sermon was preached by Bishop Spalding, through whose efforts mainly, the magnificent edifice has been erected. There was a large attendance of clergy and laity from all the dioceses within the Archiepiscopal province. The day was observed as a fete day by the Catholics of the diocese of Peoria.

MR. WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN, the poet of the New York Sun, is at present engaged in writing a history of the Tammany Society from its inception to the present time. It will embrace a history of the celebrated "Tammany Regiment," that did loyal service in the war of the rebellion, and distinguished itself as one of the bravest fighting regiments of the Empire State. A monument in memory of the fallen braves will be dedicated in July on the battle field of Gettysburg, on which occasion Mr. Geoghegan will read a memorial poem. The Tammany Society could not select a more gifted man for the occasion.

Sir Charles Russell.

IT will interest our readers to know that a sister of Sir Charles, whose splendid defence of Parnell in the Times' forgeries case has added new lustre to an already honorable name, was the pioneer Sister of Mercy on the Pacific Slope. Mother Mary B. Russell is forty years a Sister of Mercy, but enjoys excellent health and fulfils with the enthusiasm of youth the manifold duties of her responsible office. She has under her charge in San Francisco and its neighborhood an hospital, a Magdalen asylum, and schools. Four of her sisters are Sisters of Mercy. She came from Ireland to San Francisco with a small band of devoted religious in 1854.

An Irresistible Bait for Rats.

ACCORDING to a Washington correspondent to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, an interesting not to say valuable discovery has been made by Capt. Weedin, in charge of the animals at the Zoo. The building is infested by rats, and how to get rid of them has long been a perplexing question. Traps were used, but nothing would tempt the rodents to enter. In a store-room drawer was placed a quantity of sunflower seeds, used as food for some of the birds. Into this drawer the rats gnawed their way, a fact which led the Captain to experiment with them for bait in the traps. The result was that the rats can't be kept out. A trap which appears crowded with six or eight rats is found some mornings to hold fifteen. They are turned into the cages containing weasels and minks. The latter will kill a rat absolutely almost before one can see it, so rapid are its movements. The weasels are a trifle slower, but none of the rats escape them.

Benedictine Fathers.

Two hundred acres of land have been bought in Spring Valley, Ill., by the Benedictine Fathers, on which they propose to erect a two-hundred-thousand-dollar college. The site overlooks the valley of the Illinois river, about four miles from Peru and La Salle. The location was chosen by Bishop Spalding. It will be the only Catholic college in the Peoria diocese.

JUNE 2d was the fourteenth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Healy of Portland. There was a grand celebration of the event at the Cathedral.

MISS GRACE M. HANLEY, daughter of Col. P. T. Hanley, took the white veil recently at the Convent of Jesu-Marie, Quebec, Canada, with the name of Mary of Perpetual Help, in honor of the shrine at the Mission Church, Boston Highlands, where her health was miraculously restored to her years ago. All her family were present.

Catholic Congress.

A CONGRESS of prominent lay Catholics of the United States will assemble in Baltimore on the 5th of November, to discuss matters relating to the welfare of the church in this country. A number of gentlemen have been invited to prepare papers on literary and educational topics. The congress will meet about the time of the centennial of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States, and the opening of the Catholic University at Washington.

The New Church of St. Cecilia.

THE corner-stone of the new St. Cecilia's Church, in the Back Bay district, was laid on Sunday morning, May 18, by Archbishop Williams, assisted by the pastor of the parish, Rev. R. J. Barry, and many other priests. The ceremonies were witnessed by a large number of people, who afterwards went to Mechanics' Hall to assist in the Solemn High Mass which was sung in that building, that serves the parish as a temporary place of worship. Archbishop Williams, Vicar-General Byrne, and a large number of clergymen were present in the sanctuary. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. H. A. Barry, with Rev. P. J. O'Donnell, deacon; T. J. Murphy, sub-deacon; and J. F. Talbot, master of ceremonies. The music was very finely executed by the choir of the church, assisted by volunteer voices. The sermon by Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., pastor of St. Lawrence's, New York, formerly of Boston College, was, as might be expected very eloquent. In the evening there was a concert and a lecture on "The Growth of Catholicity during the Past One Hundred Years," by Thomas H. Cummings of the Pilot. A very large audiance was present, and Editor O'Rielly of the Pilot presided. St. Cecilia's will be one of the finest Catholic edifices in the city which has ever been erected. The pastor, Father Barry, is pushing the building with his usual energy. It is thought the basement will be ready for service by Christmas.

Parnell Speaks.

AT the request of Mr. Parnell, the convention of the Irish National League which was to assemble in Philadelphia on the 9th and 10th of July has been postponed until after the session of Parliament.

THE annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union will be held this year in Providence, R. I., opening Aug. 15. The arrangements for the reception of delegates are in the hands of a committee from the Brownson Lyceum.

THE Earl of Zetland has accepted the viceroyship of Ireland. He is of Irish descent on the mother's side, as his father, the late Hon. John Charles Dundas, married a Wexford lady, the daughter of Mr. James Talbot of Talbot Hall. Born in 1844, Lord Zetland is now in his forty-fifth year.

Home for Destitute Catholic Children.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of this institution took place at Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of the 26th of May. The exercises were opened by an orchestral overture, at the conclusion of which Charles F. Donnelly, Esq., made a brief speech, introducing Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, bishop of Portland, Me., as the speaker of the evening. As the reverend gentleman stepped forward, he was received with great applause, and when it had subsided, he related the history of the Home from its earliest conception, in 1855, to the present time. Did our limits permit, we should be glad to publish the address entire. A sketch of the address would not do justice to the extremely interesting address which enchained the attention of the large audience for nearly an hour. The whole proceedings were a grand success, reflecting credit upon the management.

Sleek Preachers and Rich Widows.

N. Y. SUN: The New York conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently in session in New York, is a remarkably fine-looking body of preachers. In old times the Methodist clergy were apt to be rather plain in appearance, and less cultivated than their brethren of other Protestant denominations. A view of those now in session here makes it evident that there has been a change in these respects. The three hundred members of the conference are polished in their ways and often natty in their garb.

The Colorado Catholic asks if there are rich widows enough to go 'round?

Important to the Clergy.

Having agents in all the principal book centres of Europe, amongst which are Leipsic, Paris, London, Rome, and Madrid, Mr. Schoenhof has excellent facilities to procure books not in stock promptly and at lowest prices. *Works for church libraries free of duty.* Send for Catalogues. Subscription Agency for Foreign Periodicals.

CARL SCHOENHOF,
FOREIGN BOOKSELLER AND IMPORTER,
144 Tremont Street, Boston.
tmy'90

The Sea-Divided Gael.

ANOTHER link has been added to the chain that binds together the church in Ireland and the church in Australia. The head of the Australian hierarchy, the Cardinal Archbishop of Sidney, wants a bishop to assist him in the discharge of his manifold diocesan duties, and his choice, ratified by the Holy See, has fallen upon an Irishman. The Prelate selected for this high and important position, is the Most Reverend Dr. Higgins, late Parish Priest of Delvin, but better known as, for nearly twenty years, the able and accomplished President of St. Fenian's Seminary, Navan. The work done by him during his five years' incumbency of Delvin, whether in the building and beautifying of churches, or in looking after the spiritual interests of his flock, is a pledge of his piety and zeal; while his intellectual gifts and acquirements are vouched for by his successful administration, during so long a time, of the Seminary of his native diocese. But the new bishop's characteristic quality — the quality that has distinguished him in the past as it will distinguish him in the future — lies in his courtesy and tact, a certain charm of character and manner which has enabled him to rule others without the exercise of his authority being felt, and which has made his friends as numerous almost as his acquaintances. Such is the prelate who was recently consecrated Assistant Bishop of Sydney by the illustrious Archbishop of Dublin, and who will start in a few weeks for his distant mission. He is another added to the long list of Irish bishops who in our days are to be found in every English-speaking country and dependency in the world, just as they were found during the seventh and eighth centuries in every nation of Western and Central Europe.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

To use the language of Gen. Scott in Mexico, "It is a hot time, boys, it is a hot time!" but Gen. Scott had no ice-cream for his boys to cool off with. If he were in Boston to-day, and saw the piles of ice-cream served out every day, at the Temple House, 1145 Washington street, near Dover street, and opposite the Dime Museum and Grand Opera House, he would say, "Pitch in boys, pitch in," for the Temple House is the headquarters for ice-cream in Boston, for all the military and civil people of Boston, and Mr. H. M. Temple, proprietor, has made vast improvements in his house of late, so that his patrons, during the summer months, may be made cool, comfortable, and happy.

A MILL agent at Rockville, Conn., named McLean, has developed a new breed of chickens. Of a brood of eight, four of the youngsters have adopted a new style of locomotion, which consists of walking or rather wriggling on their backs instead of their legs. They sit up after the fashion of an auk or penguin, "on the small of their backs." In eating the head is ducked forward slightly, but refusing to reach forward more than a slight distance goes back with a jerk, and the little freaks land partly on their backs and partly on their wings, which they bend back as though to break the force of the fall. In the meantime the legs are groping about in the air like a young colt which lies on its back and kicks.

THE American flag flying beside the cross on every Catholic Church in New York, was one of the most remarked and most inspiring feature of the late Centennial celebration. The absence of the national colors upon other churches, especially those along Fifth avenue, was the occasion of many an invidious comparison.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantel clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS says: "With justice is Mary called the Virgin of virgins, for she being the first who offered her virginity to God, without the counsel or example of others has brought to Him all virgins who imitate her." Hence St. Ambrose calls Mary, "The standard-bearer of chastity." For this, too, she is beautifully named "The Lily of Israel."

$5,000 INSOMNIA.

INSOMNIA, namely Sleeplessness, has caused, and causes more misery, hopelessness, and utter despair to its victims, than any other ailment that flesh is heir to. Insomnia is not only a source of extreme misery and danger in itself, but is the fountain-head and forerunner of numerous other diseases. Dr. Berkley Howard, late of London, now of Boston, who has himself been a severe sufferer from this terrible malady, has discovered a perfect cure in his own person for insomnia, and prescribes it to his suffering patients with entire success. The remedy is purely vegetable, and is free from all the deleterious ingredients usually found in such remedies, namely, opium, chloral, chloroform, ether, etc. After using this remedy for a short period natural sleep will ensue, and all treatment can cease. Dr. Howard's well-known merits in Europe, and his present success here, is ample guarantee for a trial of this valuable remedy. Dr. Howard will, on demand, deposit the above-named sum against a like amount from any quarter whatever, as a guarantee for the efficacy of this hypnotic, and abide an impartial verdict. This is not a patent medicine, and is prepared only by Dr. Howard, and sent direct from his office as ordered. Address, inclosing stamp, for particulars, DR. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., opp. Museum, Boston, Mass., or seen at Office, daily.

California Fruit Statistics.

THE value of the California fruit crop this year is estimated at twenty-four million dollars, of which fresh and dried fruits amount to six million five hundred thousand dollars each, and raisins and citrus fruits three million five hundred dollars each. The wheat crop is estimated at seventy million bushels, worth fifty-two million dollars; barley, five million five hundred thousand dollars; vegetables, three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; wool, six million dollars; dairy products, seven million five hundred thousand dollars; wine, four million dollars. The total of all products, not including manufactures, amounts to one hundred and eighty-five million dollars.

A Letter from Dr. Hans von Bulow.

THE Knabe pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present concert tour in the United States by my impressario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend, Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

DR. HANS VON BULOW.

New York, April 6, 1889.

To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

A HISTORY of sugar was written in 1799 by Dr. Mosely. It states that sugar when first introduced into every country was used only medicinally. Pliny, the naturalist, leaves no room for doubt on this point. Even in Arabia, in the time of Avicenna (A.D. 980–1038), though sugar was an article of commerce from the East, there is no record of its being used for dietetic or culinary purposes for several centuries afterward. It was chiefly used to make nauseating medicines pleasant to take.

The Great Wonder of the Age,

Is the Raven Paste Stove Polish, manufactured by Hall & Atwell, 90 Broad street, Boston. No dust, no odor. If you want a brilliant shine on your stove ask your grocer for it, don't go without it.

Great Catch of Seals.

WE have remarkable reports this year from the seal fisheries of Newfoundland. The season for catching seals there runs through the months of March, April, and May, and the catch of the past two months is reported to be unprecedented. One vessel entered the harbor of St. John's with thirty-eight thousand seals aboard that had been captured within nineteen days; another took in thirty-two thousand, another thirty-one thousand, and several others almost as many. Judging from the cargoes already delivered, it is estimated that the spring catch will number over five hundred thousand, worth $1,125,000.

WE advise all our Charlestown friends, as well as those of the city proper, if they want to enjoy a good cigar, and a good smoke, to call on Peter T. Costello, at the Old Corner Store, No. 27 City square, and No. 2 Chamber street, Charlestown district, where they will find a genuine Havana cigar at all times, and a social good fellow to enjoy it with. No extra charges for good qualities; his prices are always up to the times.

The Pigotts.

THE family of Pigott, says United Ireland, did not figure very prominently in Irish history, it is interesting to note, until the year 1577. In that year, in Queen Elizabeth's name, her generals of the Pale invited the Irish chiefs of Liex and Offaly, with their principal retainers, to a conference at the rath of Mullaghmast, in the county Kildare. The unsuspecting Irishry acceded. About four hundred of them attended, and when all were assembled inside the rath a large English force, which had been in ambush close by, was drawn around the place and set upon the unsuspecting people, whom they murdered to a man. According to the Four Masters, certain Pigotts were amongst those who organized and perpetrated this bloody piece of treachery.

The Winthrop House,

CORNER of Bowdoin and Allston streets Boston, is one of the finest and best-conducted hotels in this city. It is in the heart of the city, close to the State House, City Hall, Common and Public Garden. Its proprietor, Mr. Kelleher, is a gentleman well qualified to keep a hotel, and sets one of the best tables that can be found anywhere. Everything that can be procured in the season will be found here. We recommend it to the Reverend clergy, and travelling public, as its prices are moderate, and within the reach of all.

Speed of Railroad Trains.

SAYS Professor Hadley: "The speed of railroad trains is restricted within three theoretical limits: First a physical limit of eighty miles an hour, beyond which it is found impossible for a train to hold the track; second, an operating limit of sixty miles an hour, which practical experience has taught trains cannot be run without much damage to life; third, a commercial limit of thirty miles per hour, at which, all things considered, it is found most economical to run a train.

Look Well to Your Horses' Feet,

FOR unless you know what nail has been used in shoeing him, you are liable at any moment to have him lamed by a split nail which has penetrated the wall of the foot, resulting in lockjaw or death, as has been frequently the case since the introduction of cold rolled and cut nails. The Putnam nail is absolutely safe. It is hot-forged and hammer-pointed, and is the only horseshoe nail in the world identical with the old-fashioned, hand-made nail, and cannot split, sliver, or break. For sale by all dealers in horseshoe nails. Samples sent free by mail. Putnam Nail Co., Neponset, Boston, Mass.

THE opening of the basement chapel of the New St. Mary's Church, Charlestown, Mass., of which the Rev. J. W. McMahon is rector, took place on Sunday, May 26. Archbishop Williams officiated. The sermon was by the Right Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, Conn. Bishop McMahon was the celebrant at the Pontifical Vespers in the evening, and Rev. James J. Dougherty, of New York, preached.

Jesuits to the President.

On the evening of April 30th, at the close of the centennial banquet before leaving the Metropolitan Opera House, the President graciously received a committee from St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. The vice-president of the college presented him in the name of the faculty, as the successor of Washington, with a tribute to Washington and America written solely by the professors of the college into twenty-seven languages. In English the verse was :

"Thy name, O Washington, like music falls
O'er all our land of freedom and of peace;
'Tis heard in busy mart, in festive halls,
No tongue its praise to sing will ever cease."

The sentiment was expressed also in Babylonian, Assyrian, Ethiopic, African, Arabic, Cufic, Diwani, Irish, Syriac, Portuguese, Greek, German, Dutch, Algerian, Persian, Carahoony, Swedish, French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Syrian, and modern Egyptian, etc. The President expressed his sincere thanks to the college, and wished to be remembered to his former classmate, the Rev. H. Denny, S. J. He told the committee that he would examine the inscriptions with pleasure, and would preserve them as a memorial of the centennial.

We know of no young man in the North End of better reputation than that of Edward J. Moffitt, the roofer of 234 Hanover street, Boston. He attends to slate, metal, and composition roofing; he repairs leaky roofs, and all kinds of jobbing he attends to promptly, his prices are moderate too. His father, who followed the business before him, was a great favorite of the late lamented Father Haskins.

Non-Catholic Testimony.

Extract from a review of the autobiography of the Nun of Kenmare in Eclectic Magazine of March.

"Throughout the whole of her history, we find the tendency to revolt, whenever the action of superior authority disagreed with her own preferences, a stream of bitter and unsparing criticism directed against all who incurred her wrath, and the assignment of the worst possible motives to those who she considered her enemies, under which category all come who differ from her in opinions of policy and administration. According to her own confession, the Nun of Kenmare has been a firebrand wherever she has lived," etc., etc.

Worthy of Public Patronage.

J. Tyler Hicks & Co., caterers, and confectioners, office, Waverly House, City square, Charlestown district, Boston, Gents' Lunch and Dining Rooms, also 16 State street, 86 Summer street, 299 Devonshire street, and 145 Staniford street, Boston. All of these are first class, and are worthy of public patronage. Messrs. J. Tyler Hicks & Co. make catering for banquets, weddings, receptions, and evening parties a specialty. Telephone No. 7 will reach them. They are prompt, they are civil, they are obliging and responsible parties.

James Parton, the historian, being asked his opinion of Jackson, in view of Episcopal Bishop Potter's use of the phrase "Jacksonian vulgarity," when characterizing the manners of that time, said : "Andrew Jackson was one of the most majestic of men. He possessed a natural dignity and courtliness which never failed to impress any one who ever saw or met him. Louis Philippe declared Jackson was the most dignified man, the most thorough gentleman he had ever met."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this Magazine, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct'89

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

$OME $ERIOU$ $UGGE$TION$.

"There i$ a nece$$ary theme
Of which we hate to $peak;
Becau$e a$ $ome wi$e $age ha$ $aid
It doe$ involve $ome cheek.

We wi$h that all ubcriber$ pau$e
To gra$p thi$ $ubtle thought;
And $oon re$olve that they will do
The $elf-$ame deed they ought.

Our bu$ine$$ principle$ compel
The $ettling of all bill$;
And how $hall we perform that ta$k
Unle$$ the fountain fill$?"

Washington's Struggles.

THE London Weekly Dispatch draws attention to the fact that Washington, the first President of the United States, was compelled to defend himself against the devices of forgers among the British aristocracy under much the same circumstances as Mr. Parnell. No less than six letters, bearing Washington's signature, were forged and published during the progress of the War of Independence, in 1777, with the object of discrediting the great General; and it was not until 1797 that he took the trouble of exposing the miscreant's work in a letter reproduced in the Dispatch. Referring to the matter, Dr. Hunter says: "The British aristocracy have ever been famous for hitting below the belt; and it was but natural that they forged letters against Washington when he was struggling for the freedom of his country, exactly as the aristocracy of to-day played with the foul products of Pigott with a similar object. Their game has always been to run down the men who were dangerous to them; malignant slander has been their constant weapon."

CATHOLIC COLONIZERS.—There was a meeting of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association, of the United States, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Illinois. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria; Bishop O'Connell, of Omaha; Gen. Lawler, of Wisconsin; the Rev. J. J. Riordan, W. P. Rend, Michael Cudahy, and W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, were selected as directors. A dividend of six per cent. was declared on the stock of the association.

IF any of our readers desire to purchase pictures, or picture frames, or want gilding of any kind done, we recommend them to one of the oldest, and best-equipped establishments of the kind in the city of Boston, it is that of William Hatch & Co., 793 Washington street, Boston, a few doors from Hollis street. They lay claim to be one of the old pioneers in their line in this city, and very justly too, for they stand away ahead in their business.

IF you are in a hurry to transact any law business, and not have your attorney at hand, we recommend you to step into No. 3 School street, close to Washington street, and consult Mr. John P. Leahy, he is always ready and willing, to espouse your cause, and his office is so near to the Court House, it is half the battle. Everybody knows where No. 3 School street is, and everybody should know Mr. John P. Leahy, if they have law business to transact. He is strictly prompt, and attentive to duty. You will find him so.

Archbishop Corrigan's Benediction.

THE Benediction of His Grace Archbishop Corrigan at the Sub-Treasury was framed in these words: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Spirit be with you all, and may the blessings of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend on our beloved country, and remain with it forever."

THE Boston Wall Paper Co., of which Hon. P. A. Collins is president, and William A. Corse, manager, have displayed at their warerooms, 20 Summer street, many novelties in paper hangings, drapery materials, furniture coverings, window shades, and the like. The new invoices which are now being opened contain some of the rarest and most beautiful designs in English, German, Japanese, and French decorations. It is a collection the equal of which has never been seen before in this city. Many of the designs are those prepared exclusively for this company's use, and any one wishing to obtain something which cannot be imitated can be suited here. The prices are really very low for the quality of the goods.

THE venerable Father Founder, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, left Notre Dame, Ind., recently for another trip across the Atlantic, which will make the forty-ninth since the beginning of his great life-work in this country, which has been so signally blessed and magnified throughout the world. Important affairs of the community call him now to Rome, says the Scholastic.

IN commending our friend, Mr. Robert J. Dolan, as a young man of unquestioned integrity. erudition, and practical knowledge of his business, as a banker and broker, we beg to refer parties seeking safe and remunerative investments to his advertisement on the first page cover. His seven per-cent. guaranteed mortgages are negotiated by the English and American Mortgage Co. of London, Eng., and Kansas City, U. S. A., and his successful association with Incorporate Companies is too well known to need further endorsement by us.

His facilities for executing orders for stocks or bonds on commission are unexcelled. Orders to buy Foreign Exchange, as well as for the purchase and sale of stock, etc., receive prompt personal attention, at his office, 113 Devonshire St., Room 40, where orders by mail receive the same reliable attention as if presented in person.

The Milk in the Cocoanut.

REV. FATHER BODFISH, in his testimony before the legislative committee on education, lets "the cat out of the bag." He answered the question, "Why do Catholics wish their children educated in parochial schools?" Said the reverend gentleman, "Because they have a profound conviction that religious and secular education should go hand in hand. They see seventy-five per cent of the youth of this country growing up and not following the faith of their fathers. They have not sufficient reverence for it to connect themselves with any church. They are growing materialists and agnostics, and right here you have the 'milk in the cocoanut.' The Catholic portion of this community know very well that the public schools do de-Catholicize their children. And that is just the object of the movement. Do not deceive yourself, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, by thinking its advocates are influenced by solicitude for the children. That is not it. It is because they see in the public schools a mighty engine for destroying the faith of Catholic children, and Protestants themselves have acknowledged this. I can produce documentary evidence to prove my assertion, if desired."

MANY people use tooth powder, the grit of which injures the delicate enamel of the teeth. No injury will follow the use of Rubifoam. Large bottles, 25 cents.

THE church is making very rapid progress in the state of New Hampshire. The steady increase of the number of Catholic members in the state legislature is one satisfactory index of this progress. In 1881 there were six Catholics in the House of Representatives; in 1883, nine; in 1885, ten; in 1887, nineteen; and this year there are twenty-four, most of them bearing well-known Irish names.

Real Estate News.

JOHN MATTSON & Co., 28 School street, have sold for Malachi Lennon, for $6,000, a house with 9,792 square feet of land on Blue Hill avenue and Vaughan street, Dorchester, to George C. Angell; also for Evaline Anthony, et al., a house of seven rooms with 2,800 square feet of land on West street, Everett, for $1,650, to Peter C. Hanson of Cambridge; also, for John McLellan, for $1,450, a cottage of six rooms with 5,000 square feet of land on Broadway, corner of Grover street, Malden, to Caroline Olson, et al. Mr. Mattson is now the selling agent of the Penobscot Syndicate, a company organized for buying, holding, improving and selling land on the Maine coast. At Ash Point, on the Penobscot bay, five miles south of Rockland, the lots are selling fast. So fast, that there is to be an advance made in prices at once. A wharf has been built, a number of cottages erected and nine lots taken for a hotel. This land is sure to be valuable, as the place is one of the most desirable on the coast of Maine for a summer resort.

Editorial Quibblings.

NEW YORK is as famous for its cheap restaurants as it is for its elaborate ones. "Doughnut Hotel and Sausage Emporium," is the name of a New York cheap restaurant.

THE Chattanooga News has adopted the practice of calling its reporters detectives; as a News detective did so and so. In a murder trial in New York, recently, a lawyer declared that reporters were the best detectives. They look for the facts, while detectives endeavor to discover corroborative evidence to fit a theory. There is a good deal of truth in this, and good reason for this paper substituting detective for reporter.

AMERICANS are not treated very well in China; indeed, they are often treated rudely and even assaulted while passing along the highways. If the parties committing the assault are arrested, their punishment, if any, is slight. Of course, the reason of this treatment to Americans, is because the gates of this country, open to all other nations, is closed to the Chinese. The United States is pretty well supplied with these heathens, and while the large majority of the people are opposed to Chinese coming to this country, yet the fact remains, that this is a free country. For this reason the Chinese government may be justly hurt and offended.

THE good Sisters of Charity used to act as nurses in the hospitals of Paris years ago, but on account of the warfare on the religious in that "Godless" city, the sisters were substituted for the trained nurses. Since the introduction of the latter, it is alleged that the mortality in hospitals is four per cent. higher. There is now going on in the gay capital a campaign against trained nurses, and a return to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated.

MAYOR HUGH GRANT, of New York, evidently means business. His order to cut down the telegraph poles in the metropolis, last month, caused considerable excitement for its very novelty. The advice of the late James N. Matthews, when filled with indignation, he vowed he would "take an axe and level the poles that carried the overhead wires," has at last been followed out. In these days, when it would seem that the large corporations run things to suit themselves, it is quite refreshing to see a man who does not quiver. This is business.

THE Michigan legislature has just voted that the cigarette must go. It has carried off so many of the weaklings of that state that the Solons thought it about time to abolish this little, though destructive, monster. A person cannot enjoy a cigarette by merely smoking it. The only enjoyment found in it is by inhaling the smoke, which means, eventually, blood poisoning. The cigarette does more mischief than opium.

WARD MCALLISTER, who achieved so much notorious prominence through his connection with the centennial ball in New York, is described as a snob of the first waters. He wanted nobody but the very select at the ball, and he claimed that in New York there were only four hundred who came under this head. He made such an ass of himself as to thoroughly disgust a great many. When the aldermen of the city expressed their desire to attend this fiasco, for it proved to be nothing short of this, Mr. McAllister threw up his hands in abject horror. One paper stated that his objection to the city fathers was because the "moss of Erin was still clinging to their teeth." Our opinion of this king of snobs is the same as that given by Gouverneur Morris, who truthfully said that "Ward McAllister hasn't business capacity enough to supervise a peanut stand."

KENTUCKY was represented at the Washington centennial by three hundred select soldiers. One of the three hundred so-called had fears that he would not be able to go on this trip, and made his fears known. They may be judged from the following paragraph taken from the Louisville Commercial:

"The man that is mean enough to refuse an employé the privilege of going as one of the three hundred select soldiers to constitute Kentucky's military representation in the Centennial celebration at New York, doesn't deserve the privilege of residing in the State where we have the finest whiskey in the world."

The man went.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD, who was appointed by President Harrison to represent this country at Berlin, but whose appointment was rejected by the Senate, is the editor and proprietor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. It was, no doubt, that because of his connection with this paper that he received this compliment, and likewise his rejection by the senators. Mr. Halstead has, for a long time, been referring to the senators in a way that did not please these honorable gentlemen. One of the mild epithets with which he dubbed them was "yellow dogs." The senators took this abuse mildly, but it must have stung them just the same. They sighed, doubtless, for revenge. At last the chance came, and Mr. Halstead was treated by the "yellow dogs" in a manner that must have made him sulk as he never sulked before. It is all very well to express your feelings; but they should be done with some regard to decency. The "fire eater," and "literary bomb thrower," is sure to fare worse in the end, and especially when he is looking for something, and that something a political office.

EX-MAYOR HEWITT of New York, is at the present time in Europe. While in England he was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Mr. Hewitt married the Duke and the handsome Lily while mayor. It was he whose antipathy for Ireland made him almost object to the grass growing in front of city hall because its color was green.

A MUGWUMP paper a short while ago stated that fifty-seven Republicans were allowed to hold over in the consular service by President Cleveland, and wonders how many Democrats will hold over under President Harrison. Well, by the looks of things, it would seem that precious few Democrats will remain in office under the present President. A Republican is President, elected by the Republicans. To use a democratic expression, "To the victors belong the spoils." It was Jackson that said this, and he was re-elected. Cleveland didn't practise it, and he was defeated. Harrison must put Republicans on top if he wishes to be President eight years. A man should be one thing or another — Democrat or Republican.

CHICAGO wants no more anarchy, and any one showing sympathy with that detestable creed is not likely to meet with much favor. While the recent Washington centennial was being celebrated in that city, a man thoughtlessly displayed a red umbrella, although he was not a follower of John Most. The populace did n't know that, and they thought he was showing his contempt for our institutions. The consequence was that they very nearly lynched him before he could make explanations. Chicago's antipathy for red is greater even than that shown by the bull and turkey.

A MARRIAGE is a step into a new life, and is an event that is generally celebrated with much pomp and blowing of trumpets. A great deal of noise is often made, and a great and auspicious wedding follows. Some people, on the other hand, marry on the clandestine plan, and when the union is made known to the public, as it is sure to be sooner or later, no noise is made so far as a wedding is concerned. Notwithstanding this, however, it is the quiet marriages that cause the most noise in the end as a general thing.

IT is quite agreeable to most people to be hugged by a pretty girl; but when it comes to having the body shattered by such a process it loses all its charms. The girls in Tennessee must be fearfully strong if the following story may be taken as a criterion, as well as being fearful squeezers: "A Tennessee girl broke two of her father's ribs by just giving him an ordinary welcome-home hug."

GENERAL BOULANGER, the French adventurer, is now in London. He is a queer and mysterious kind of a man to say the least. His reputation is now on the wane, and if he is not very careful his boom may get lost in one of those dreadful London fogs.

OKLOHOMA has been spoken of as a great farming and producing country; but this would seem to be a mistake, for it is said that ten rifles to one plow are taken into that country.

THERE is now a movement on foot in New York city to erect a permanent centennial memorial arch in honor of Washington. Several thousand dollars have already been collected; but, at the

present time, the contributions have ceased. This effort on the part of the patriotic promoters is a very admirable one; but at present it looks very much as if it would pan out like most monument raising movements do — a dismal failure — for this arch cannot be constructed of wind.

SOME of the men who go about town making a great "front" by their gaudy dressing seldom pay their tailor's bill. A great many people think it is no sin to cheat the government or a large monopoly, and often one brags about defrauding some great corporation just as if a great achievement had been accomplished. The poor tailor, it would seem, comes under the list of those who are frequently defrauded. It is said that the Prince of Wales never pays a tailor's bill, and perhaps this mean custom is followed out by would-be dudes so that they may flatter themselves for being truly loyal.

YOUNG CONINGSBY D'ISRAELI, nephew of the great D'Israeli, is a young man twenty-one years old, and ready and anxious to launch upon the political sea. He has started by abusing Ireland, thinking that by so doing he will be better equipped to walk in the path of his illustrious uncle. D'Israeli once wrote to his sister saying: —

"Next to undoubted success the best thing is to make a great noise, and many articles that are daily written to announce my failure only prove that I have not failed."

One of this young man's recent declarations, and one which gives a good idea of his character, is this: —

"The representatives of Ireland in Parliament have no sense of honor or shame and no thought for the welfare of their country. The very name of patriot stunk in connection with Mr. Parnell."

Abuse of Ireland, this young man will find, is no longer a pathway to fame, but to infamy.

MR. WILLIAM L. ROYALL, a politician of Richmond, Va., has declared himself in the most positive and emphatic way, as in favor of disfranchising the negro. He says he does not want to reenslave them or treat them unfairly; but how inconsistent this man is. Taxation without representation is a species of slavery of the most undeniable kind. This man objects to the negro voting on account of his ignorance. Ignorance indeed! Who is accountable for this? Mr. Royall and his kind who kept these poor people in ignorance so that their eyes could never be open to a sense of knowledge. It is not the negroes' fault that their present condition is not equal to the white man's. The day will come, we trust, when the negro will have his rights.

Gen. Washington's

EARLY education extended only to the elementary English branches and the higher mathematics, of which he was very fond. He was not especially studious, but excelled in feats of agility and strength, and was fond of military exercises. He followed the calling of a surveyor from sixteen until nineteen, when he entered the military service. —— Washington survived his retirement a little less than three years, which were spent at Mount Vernon. He attended to his plantation, carried on a large correspondence, and received many visitors, and yet this was the only leisure his busy life afforded. —— Washington was the beau ideal of manly beauty, even in his latter days, and when Stuart undertook to paint his portrait the artist was so overcome by the majesty of his patron that at first he was unable to go on with his task. —— Washington was fifty-seven at the time of his inauguration. — Washington married a rich widow but had no children. He left an estate of three hundred thousand dollars. —— Washington's remains were laid in their present resting place at Mount Vernon in 1837.

FATHER SCHULACK, S. J., the veteran Polish missionary, has been assisting the Rev. James Gore, of St. Joseph's Church, Howell, Mich., recently. Father Schulack is quite a linguist, speaking at least nine different languages fluently. He is well known by the Indians, amongst whom he has labored for thirty-eight years with great success.

SORENTO. — We direct attention to the description of this famous summer resort on other pages. Frenchman's Bay is described as the American Bay of Naples.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

SHORT LIVES OF THE SAINTS; or, Our Birthday Bouquet, culled from the Shrines of the Saints and the Gardens of the Poets, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. Price $1.

This is a book suitable for the family as well as for premiums. It is beautifully gotten up.

CATHOLIC WORSHIP. The Sacraments, Ceremonies, and Festivals of the Church, explained in questions and answers, by Rev. O. Gisler. Translated from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. 3d revised edition, (10th thousand). Retail 15 cents. $9 a hundred.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Short meditations for the month of June. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Price 15 cents. $9 per hundred.

THE WILL OF GOD. Translated from the French by M. A. M. To which is added an easy method of attending Holy Mass with profit, by Blessed Leonard of Port-Maurice. Paper, 10 cents; per hundred, $6. Maroquette, 20 cents; per hundred, $12.

This is a book that should be in every family. Buy a few copies and scatter them among your friends.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

MERRY HEARTS AND TRUE. Stories from life. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Price, $1.

The stories are: Little Beginnings; Potato; The Blind Apple Woman; Polly's Five Dollars; Marie's Triumph; A Family Frolic. All these charming stories are told in a pleasing manner and will make a good premium book. Miss Crowley is among the best of our Catholic story-tellers. We trust her book may have a good sale. It is beautifully bound and very attractive.

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, containing music for Vespers of all the Sundays and Festivals of the year. Three Masses and over two hundred Hymns. Compiled from approved sources. Toronto, St. Michael's College.

This work consists of some 350 pages. The music is well selected and arranged, and the book ought to prove valuable for use in churches and Sunday-schools. Besides the musical contents, there are also given the prayers for Mass, etc., and Vespers, as well as the office of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and other exercises. Altogether the book is an excellent one, and well adapted for use everywhere.

HOW A SCHOOLMASTER BECAME A CATHOLIC.

This is a plain statement how Mr. James P. Taylor, Renfrew, Ont., came into the Catholic Church. Those seeking light on the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church should buy and read this book. Address, James P. Taylor, Renfrew, Ontario, Canada.

ALL the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

WE have received the first two numbers of the "Annals of St. Joseph," a monthly periodical published at West De Pere, Wisconsin, by the Rev. J. F. Durin. The object of this little journal is to proclaim the privileges of St. Joseph, and to relate all that has been done in his honor throughout the Catholic world, especially here in America. Father Durin has formed an Association in honor of St. Joseph. The members all unite in honoring St. Joseph, and asking favors for themselves and others. Some wonderful graces have been received already. Nothing else is required for membership except a little offering annually. The annals contain all that will interest the Association. The subscription is only 75 cents a year. For sample copy, write to Rev. J. Durin, West De Pere, Wisconsin.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Under this heading we will publish such letters as the following:—

WILMINGTON, DEL., May 15, 1889.

P. DONAHOE, *Dear Sir:* Enclosed please find my subscription to MAGAZINE for three years and St. Agnes', St. Monica's School, Eightieth street and First avenue for a like period.

Respectfully yours.

VERY REV. JOHN A. LYONS.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30, 1889.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE: Enclosed you will find money order for this year's subscription for my favorite MAGAZINE, DONAHOE'S.

MRS. MATILDA NOONAN.

Obituary.

BISHOPS.

The Rt. Rev. Pierce Power, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Ireland, died on May 22. About three years ago he was appointed coadjutor to the late bishop Dr. John Power; and on the death of that ecclesiastic, about a year and a half since, he took charge of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore. Dr. Pierce Power was a profound scholar. In politics he mixed very little.

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. James H. Harding, aged eighty-one years, formerly chancellor of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., died May 26, at St. Francis Orphan Asylum, New Haven, where for some time he had been acting as chaplain.

"In the death of Rev. Edward McElroy the community has lost a good, faithful Christian," says the Providence, R. I., Transcript. "Although not long in Pawtucket, he became identified with the people of his church, and their spiritual welfare was to him an object of deep concern and care. He leaves behind a record of devotion and worth which will be long remembered by the members of St. Mary's Church."

LAY PEOPLE.

The late Gen. William S. Harney, buried with military honors in Washington recently, was the oldest officer in the United States Army. He was a a Catholic, and Rev. Father J. J. Creed, of Orlando, Fla., who attended him in his last hours, and celebrated the Requiem for him at that place, came North with the remains of the gallant hero.

Hugh McEvoy, who came to Lowell, Mass., over fifty years ago from Ireland, and was in his day one of the leading merchants of that city, died on the 19th of May, at his home in Tenth street, aged eighty years. The deceased retired from business over twenty years ago. He leaves a widow, three sons, and two daughters. He was the father of ex-City Solicitor John F. McEvoy, recently deceased.

O harmless death, whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the grave
A short, dark passage to eternal light.

We deeply regret to chronicle the death of Mr. James McCormick, Jr., who bore the name of his father, the well-known resident of Concord street, on the tenth of May, at his residence, 9 Rockland street, Highlands, aged twenty-six years and eleven months. The deceased was one of the best known and most highly respected of the young Catholic men of Boston, and the news of his death occasioned general and sincere regret. Possessed of more than ordinary ability, and gifted with a genial and amiable nature, Mr. McCormick had made hosts of friends for himself, and he was regarded by all as a young man of unusual promise and business capacity. He always took a warm and active interest in all Catholic movements, and had for years been a member of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, at which institution, as well as at Holy Cross College, at Worcester, he was formerly a student. He had been married but a few months over two years, and, possessed of a loving wife, and a beautiful home, he had every reason to look forward to a long period of happiness. Heart disease, however, developed, and, despite the best medical skill, his death occurred as above stated. The funeral took place from his late residence on the 13th of May, the services being held at St. Joseph's Church, Circuit street, in the Highlands. A Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung, with Rev. James B. Troy of St. Joseph's, celebrant; Rev. H. J. Shandelle, S. J., of Boston College, deacon, and Rev. A. T. Connolly, of St. Joseph's, sub-deacon. Revs. A. Charlier, S. J., of Boston College, and Hugh P. Smyth, the pastor of St. Joseph's, were present in the sanctuary. The musical portions of the services were finely executed. The church was completely filled with mourners, members of the two bereaved families, and the friends of both. At the conclusion of the services in the church, the body was taken for interment to Calvary cemetery. God rest his soul.

Sorrento: A Lovely Summer Resort.

SORRENTO is one of the most picturesque peninsulas jutting out from the irregular coast of Maine, and forms the northern middle boundary of Frenchman's Bay. Its northern shore is washed by this bay and Sullivan Harbor, while Long Cove gives a water line to the northern middle boundary. The eastern shore is made by Frenchman's and Flanders' Bays and Bass Cove, having only a small narrow strip of land, about a quarter of a mile wide, in the northeastern corner, which connects the neck with the mainland. Its length north and south is nearly three miles, with an average width of about one mile.

In no part of Sorrento are the mountain-sides so steep as to be inaccessible. In the northern part, a dashing mountain stream winds its merry way among the rocks, and flows into Long Cove. The southern part has two streams which are never dry,—one emptying to the westward into Sullivan Harbor, and the other to the eastward into Flanders' Bay.

The generally accepted theory, advanced by physical geographers, claims for the peculiarly irregular formation of this portion of the Maine coast a volcanic origin; and Sorrento is supposed to have been one of the fingers of lava which flowed from the main body out into the sea, gradually cooling by water contact. Alluvial soil was then washed down over this lava formation, until to-day the peninsula is a fertile and attractive piece of land.

History shows that it was early settled by immigrants who readily appreciated its fertile qualities and advantageous situation, and particularly its beautiful building sites. A heavy growth of hard-wood timber demonstrates the rich character of the soil. From the shore-lines the land rises gradually in natural terraces to the middle of the neck, where a ridge elevation of two hundred and twenty-six feet above the level of the sea, as its highest point, is attained. This ridge, or backbone, runs nearly north and south through half of the middle of the neck, and slopes easily towards the north, and more gradually towards the south shore lines. Such formation gives the best natural attainable building sites, and for small expenditure Nature lends both a grateful and graceful return. Near the ridge described as running north and south through the neck, fresh-water ponds have formed, of such capacity as to guarantee a water supply adequate for all demands.

CLIMATE.

During five months in the year the climate of Sorrento is most healthful and pleasant. The weather is always cool during the day-time, and blankets are found comfortable on the warmest nights.

The average height of the thermometer for the months of June, July, August, and September is only 70° Fah. during the warmest hours, while at night it is not above 64°. This data is taken from records of government observations.

ISLANDS.

Immediately off the west coast of the neck are found Ingall's and Bean's Islands, two rocky, bluff, and picturesquely wooded islands, each containing abont one hundred acres. The southwestern end of the neck runs out abruptly into Bean's Point, offering by its shape and varying elevation handsome building sites with lovely water views. Along the southern shore are Preble's, Dram, and Calf Islands, and on the western side, Seward's, with numerous small islands. These are all high bluff, and densely wooded.

ANCHORAGES.

Along the shores of Sorrento safe anchorages in all winds and weathers are found for crafts of all sizes. This advantage cannot be misunderstood by any one seeking water pleasures, either boating or sailing. On the north shore is Long Cove; on the western side, Sullivan Harbor, with Back Cove; on the south between Calf and Preble Islands and the mainland, is Eastern Harbor; and on the east side are Flanders' Bay and Bass Cove. The government coast pilot describes these bays and coves as the most frequented anchorages for crafts in all seasons, due to their absolute safety in all weathers. With such a shore and natural harbors at all points, yachting is necessarily easy, safe, and comfortable.

The upper half of Frenchman's Bay is circular in its general outline, with an average diameter of four miles. This sheet of water, lying just south of Sorrento, is almost entirely free from fog; a fact greatly appreciated by yachtsmen. Its freedom from fog is attributed to its land-locked condition, the surrounding shores being high, rocky, and covered with large trees; forming, besides picturesque shore-lines, a natural barrier to the northward march of the fog coming up Frenchman's Bay from the sea. In fact, nowhere can a body of water of such size be found which is more favorably adapted to the pleasures of sailing. Freedom from fogs, cool climate, small, almost imperceptible tidal currents, bold shores without sand-bars, daily regular and steady breezes without squalls, form a combination which tends so much to make sailing a genuine pleasure, and deprives it of the annoying delays and uncertainties which often make it more an irritating labor than a comfortable amusement. In comparing the records kept by two government surveying parties, one in the northern half of Frenchman's Bay, Sorrento, and the other in the southern half of the same bay off Mount Desert, Bar Harbor, the following contrast during a whole season was most conspicuous,—the northern party did over twice as much work as the southern. This was readily ascribed to the fog which came into the southern half of Frenchman's Bay, but rarely passed the natural barrier formed by Bar, Sheep, and Porcupine, Burnt Porcupine, Long Porcupine, and Iron-bound Islands; which belt of islands protects perfectly the northern part of Frenchman's Bay, and leaves entirely exposed to all southerly weather the southern part of the bay. From these natural conditions Sorrento derives many of its advantages.

FISHING AND GUNNING.

Lovers of the gun and rod can enjoy life at Sorrento; for fish of various kinds abound along its coast, while bass, pickerel, and perch are numerous in its many ponds, and the mountain streams are famous for brook trout. During the shooting season, wild ducks and various sea-fowl resort in great numbers to the coves, inlets, and small ponds; while partridges and rabbits are very plenty in the woods.

In summing up, it would seem doubtful whether the entire coast of this country affords one single stretch of land which combines so many advantages. Let them be collected:—

1. Communication by land and water in every direction is easy, cheap, and not liable to interruption.

2. The gradual slopes of the hills of Sorrento give the best possible building sites, rendering drainage inexpensive, natural, and perfect.

3. Pure fresh water abounds in springs, ponds, and streams in all parts of Sorrento.

4. Yachting, sailing, and boating find more natural inducements, and are more free from danger, annoyance, and discomfiture, than on any other water expanse.

5. Anchorages for all crafts, in all weathers, are to be found along the entire coast line of Sorrento.

6. Sorrento is encircled by a beautiful road, which winds around its shores six miles from bay to bay, affording views at some points of the sparkling waters of the ocean for miles, while at others it passes through grand shady forests of pine, balsam, and fir, whose fragrant breath, mingling with the salt breezes of the ocean, contributes its full share to the health-giving enjoyment of a ride or ramble around this lovely peninsula.

Communication with Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, is by means of small steamers which make numerous daily trips in about twenty-five minutes. In general, communication with Sorrento can be had by both rail and water routes. By rail from Mount Desert Ferry it is less than nine hours from Boston, with three trains daily. The water-route connects tri-weekly with Boston and Portland, and once a day with Rockland, which is the terminus of the Knox and Lincoln Railroad, which, in turn, connects with the Maine Central.

Sorrento has been surveyed by a crops of first-class engineers, under the direct supervision of a well-known landscape architect of Boston, who has exer-

DONAHOE'S

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Thirty Historic American Families.

THE Irish chapter in American history must ever be held in benediction. Replete with sublime heroism, it has been, from the earliest period, a pillar of strength to the republic, and a source of consternation to its foes. No more typical Americans exist than those of Irish extraction. No purer stream of patriotic influence permeates the nation, than that proceeding from an Irish fountain-head. The history of the Irish element in the United States is not yet written. Fragmentary productions, illustrating some epoch or condition, have appeared at frequent intervals. These have served to give an approximate idea of the glorious whole. In that manner, therefore, and to that extent, they have discharged their purpose well.

My object in this paper is to contribute another fragment to the general data. I have, therefore, selected as a topic, "Thirty Historic American Families." These families, it should be stated, are all of Irish ancestry. A few of them have become extinct, but their unselfish devotion to the republic is a part of their country's glory. Many of the others still continue to send forth heroes, three and four generations from the parent stem. In tracing the history of American families, how frequently it appears that "The first of the family was an Irish exile," or "His grandfather belonged to the United Irishmen," or, "Both his parents were Irish." This, however, is not particularly surprising, when we remember that over twenty million of the American people are of Irish birth or descent.

The accompanying sketches are necessarily brief. They are, however, believed to be sufficiently detailed to convey a fair illustration of the subject. This list does not, by any means, exhaust the material at hand. One hundred other families of Irish blood, in addition to those here given, and of equal prominence, could easily be described. The few here presented are sufficiently indicative of the

enormous power exercised in the cause of liberty, by Americans of Irish origin. Without further preface the thirty families are thus summarized:

THE BURKES, OF VIRGINIA.
THE BURKES, OF NORTH CAROLINA.
THE BURKES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
THE BUTLERS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE CALHOUNS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
THE CAMPBELLS, OF VIRGINIA.
THE CAREYS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE CARROLLS, OF MARYLAND.
THE CLINTONS, OF NEW YORK.
THE EMMETS OF NEW YORK.
THE FITZGERALDS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE JACKSONS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.
THE KEARNEYS, OF NEW JERSEY.
THE KEATINGS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE KELLYS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE LYNCHES, OF NORTH CAROLINA.
THE McKEANS, OF DELAWARE.
THE McKEONS, OF NEW YORK.
THE McNEVINS, OF NEW YORK.
THE MEADES, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE MOORES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
THE MOYLANS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE NIXONS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE O'BRIENS, OF MAINE.
THE O'FALLONS, OF MISSOURI.
THE PORTERS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE RUTLEDGES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
THE SULLIVANS, OF MAINE.
THE THOMSONS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THE THORNTONS, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The first family I will take up is so well known that but few words are necessary. I allude to the

THE CARROLLS, OF MARYLAND.

One of the first of the family came here from Ireland over two hundred years ago. He had a son Charles. This second Charles' son was the signer of the Declaration of Independence. The third Charles had a cousin John, who was sent by Congress on a mission to Canada, and who subsequently became archbishop of Baltimore. The fourth Charles was a son of the signer and rendered patriotic service to the republic. The fifth Charles was a grandson of the signer and became governor of Maryland. Daniel Carroll, cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was a delegate to the convention that framed the United States constitution, and was afterward a member of Congress.

THE O'BRIENS, OF MAINE.

Maurice O'Brien came from Cork, Ireland, long before the Revolution. He settled at Machias, Maine. He had five sons, of whom the most famous were Jeremiah, John, and William. They were all sailors, hardy, fearless, and intrepid. They won the first naval fight of the Revolution and received the thanks of Congress therefor. All three were rapidly promoted, and during the war captured many British ships and drove others from the coast. They gave the enemy no rest but relentlessly pursued him. They were desperate combatants and braver naval officers never trod a deck.

THE SULLIVANS, OF MAINE.

I give Maine the credit of this notable family, although New Hampshire and Massachusetts have an almost equal right to the honor. Owen Sullivan came to this country from Limerick, Ireland, where he was born, during the siege of 1691. He was a lineal descendant of Dermod, chief of Beare and Bantry, and arrived here in 1723, locating at Berwick, Me. His two sons, John and James, were ardent patriots. John was born at Berwick in 1740, and James four years later, at the same place. Upon the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief, John Sullivan was commissioned brigadier-general, and assigned to the siege of Boston, within which city the British tories and loyalists were penned up. On the evacuation of the city by the British, Sullivan participated in the triumphal entry of the American troops, and afterward rendered valiant service throughout the war, finally becoming a major-general. After resigning his commission, he was chosen governor of New Hampshire. His brother James became governor of Massachusetts, and discharged the duties of the position so satisfactorily that he was re-elected.

John's son, George, was graduated at Harvard, became attorney-general of New Hampshire, and was elected to Congress. James' son, William, was born in Saco, Me., in 1774, was graduated at Harvard, and became a brigadier-general of militia. James had another son, John Langdon Sullivan, who was born in Saco, and became an intimate friend of President Monroe. William's son, John Turner Sargent Sullivan, was born in Boston in 1813, and was a prominent lawyer. John Langdon Sullivan had a son, Thomas Russell Sullivan, who was born in Brookline, Mass., in 1799, and was graduated at Harvard.

THE THORNTONS, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

James Thornton came from Ireland previous to the Revolution. Matthew Thornton, his son, was but two or three years of age at the time of his father's arrival on these shores. Matthew studied medicine. He became President of the New Hampshire Provincial Congress, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was also chief justice of the court of common pleas, judge of the superior court of New Hampshire, and was a delegate to the Continental Congress. In 1887, the state of New Hampshire erected a monument in his honor.

THE CLINTONS, OF NEW YORK.

Charles Clinton was born in Longford, Ireland, in 1690. He landed on Cape Cod in 1729, and soon after settled in Ulster county, New York. One of his sons became a physician. Three other sons, Charles, James, and George, became soldiers. James was appointed colonel, accompanied Gen. Montgomery to Quebec, and was afterward commissioned brigadier-general. George was a member of the second Continental Congress, and was very active in support of the patriots. Washington appointed him general of militia, and assigned him to an important post in the Highlands of the Hudson. In 1777, he was made a brigadier-general in the Continental army. He was chosen governor of New York and was re-elected. George's son, De Witt Clinton, was an eminent lawyer, became United States senator, and was elected mayor of New York city. President John Quincy Adams offered him the position of minister to England, but it was promptly declined. James Clinton's grandson, Alexander, was a physician and an officer in the war of 1812.

THE EMMETS, OF NEW YORK.

Thomas Addis Emmet was born in Cork, in 1764, and was an elder brother of the heroic Robert Emmet. Thomas was a member of the United Irishmen. He was arrested by the British government and confined in Fort George, Scotland. Afterward he was given permission to go to France with his wife, and was forbidden ever to return to Ireland. After a short period, he came to New York and settled there. In 1812 he became attorney general of the state. His son, Robert, was also born in Ireland, and came to this country with his father. He became a lawyer of great ability, and was made a judge of the superior court of New York. Robert was one of the directory which projected the Irish revolution of 1848. He died in New York. John Patton Emmet, a second son of Thomas, was born in Ireland in 1797, and became an eminent chemist. He settled in New York, and was at the United States Military Academy in 1814–17. Subsequently he studied medicine and located in Charleston, S. C. He was at one time professor of chemistry and natural history in the University of Virginia. Thomas had a third son, Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr., who was likewise born in Ireland and became an able lawyer in New York city. He died at Astoria, L. I., in 1863. Robert's son, another Thomas Addis Emmet, was a native of New York, where he was born in 1818. He was one of the twelve founders of the American Society of Civil Engineers. John Patton Emmet's son, Thomas A., was a native and prominent physician of Virginia. He was also located in New York city. Robert's grandson, Robert Temple Emmet, was born in New York city in 1854. He was graduated from West Point and was attached to the Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., rendering effective service against the aggressive Apache Indians. His twin sister, Rosina, has taken many prizes for art work and is a member of the Society of American Artists.

THE McNEVINS, OF NEW YORK.

William J. McNevin was a native of Galway, Ireland. He was educated in Vienna, where his uncle was physician to the Empress Maria Theresa. William returned to Dublin in 1783, became a physician of extensive practice, and affiliated with the United Irishmen. He was arrested with Robert Emmet, and upon being released, in 1802, came to New York in company with Thomas Addis Emmet. He wrote many valuable works on patriotic, political, and medical subjects. He created a large practice on this side of the water, and was universally esteemed, together with other members of the family.

THE McKEONS, OF NEW YORK.

Captain James McKeon of New York, a gallant Irish officer, participated in our second war with England, and rendered especially notable service at the battles of Fort George, Chippewa, and Fort Erie. His son, Hon. John McKeon, was elected to Congress in 1835; was District Attorney of the county of New York, and later became United States District Attorney for the southern district of New York.

THE KEARNEYS, OF NEW JERSEY.

The first of the family came from Ireland in 1716, and located in Monmouth county, N. J. He had a son Philip. Philip's grandson, Stephen W. Kearney, was a famous general. Stephen's cousin, Lawrence Kearney, was born in Perth Amboy, N. J., and became a commodore in the navy. Stephen W., above mentioned, took part in the war of 1812. At the battle of Queenstown Heights, although he was then but a mere boy, he successfully charged an English battery, and was promoted for the deed. He subsequently became a major-general, and participated in the war with Mexico. In 1847 he was made governor of California. His nephew, Gen. Philip Kearney, was a cavalry commander in the Mexican war, and was in many battles, including Contreras and Churubusco. He lost an arm in one engagement. He also rendered gallant service during the Civil War, and "Dashing Phil Kearney" became proverbial throughout the army.

THE NIXONS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Col. John Nixon, the grandson of an Irish exile, was the first to read the Declaration of Independence to the people. He was a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of Philadelphia, and subscribed twenty-five thousand dollars in aid of the American cause. His son, Henry, was fourth president of the Bank of North America.

THE MEADES, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

George Meade, a native of Philadelphia, was of Irish descent. He was born in 1741. He was one of the earliest members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and took an active part in supplying funds for the Continental army. His son, Richard W., became a merchant and ship owner. Richard's son, George Gordon Meade, after graduating

from West Point, was assigned to the Third Artillery. He rendered able services in the Civil War, and at length rose to the command of the army of the Potomac. Richard had another son, Richard W., who became a famous naval officer, and retired with the rank of commodore. The second Richard's son, also named Richard, likewise distinguished himself in the navy during the Civil War. Gen. George G. Meade's son, George, was a dashing cavalry commander.

THE MOYLANS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Stephen, Jasper, and John Moylan. These three rendered vast service to the cause of American independence. They were brothers of Rt. Rev. Bishop Moylan, of Cork, Ireland. Stephen joined the Continental army at the seige of Boston. In 1776, Washington appointed him an aide-de-camp on his staff. In the same year he was, on the recommendation of Washington, commissioned by congress as quartermaster-general. He subsequently raised the First Pennsylvania regiment of cavalry, and was at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777 and 1778. In 1779 he was on the Hudson, and later, in Connecticut. Before his retirement at the close of the war he was made a brigadier-general. Jasper was a lawyer at Philadelphia, and a true patriot. John was United States clothier-general during the Revolution.

THE FITZGERALDS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"Col. Fitzgerald," says George Washington Parke Custis, "was an Irish officer in the old Blue and Buffs, the first volunteer company raised in the South in the dawn of the Revolution, and commanded by Washington." In the campaign of 1778 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Washington. Thomas Fitzgerald, his son, was born at Germantown, Penn., in 1796, and gallantly served under Gen. Harrison in our second war with England. He became a lawyer of note and removed to Indiana, and subsequently to Michigan. He was a regent of the university in the latter state, and became a United States Senator. President Pierce appointed him judge of one of the territories, but the appointment was declined. Afterwards he became a judge of probate in Michigan.

THE KELLYS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The elder Kelly, an Irish exile, located in Philadelphia at an early period, became a successful merchant, and was an ardent patriot. He died in 1825, leaving three sons, John, William, and Robert. John died in 1837. William and Robert continued their father's extensive business. One of them became President of the State Agricultural Society, a trustee of Vassar college, and state senator.

THE CAREYS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mathew Carey was born in Ireland in 1760, and was of sterling patriotism. He came to this country, and, in 1819, published his *Vindiciæ Hiberniæ* in refutation of slanders against the Irish nation. His son, Henry Charles Carey, was a native of Philadelphia, and was born in 1793. He wrote many works on political economy, and other questions of public interest. In 1865 he published a work entitled: How to out-do England without Fighting Her.

THE PORTERS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Few American families have attained a greater degree of fame than the Porters, of Pennsylvania. Robert Porter came from Ireland in 1820, settling in New Hampshire, and afterward removing to Pennsylvania. His son, Andrew, was appointed a captain of marines by Congress and assigned to the "Effingham." He was subsequently transferred to the artillery, at length becoming colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment of that branch of the service. He participated in many battles, including Princeton, Brandywine, and Germantown. President Monroe offered him the position of secretary of war which he respectfully declined. His son, David R. Porter, was governor of Pennsylvania. Another son, George Bryan Porter, became governor of Michigan. A third son, James M. Porter, was a volunteer in the war of 1812. David R's son, William A. Porter, was judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and a judge of the court of Alabama claims. Another son of David R's was Horace Porter, who was made brigadier-general during the Civil War. George Porter's son, Andrew, rendered good service in the Civil War, and became a brigadier-general of volunteers and afterward provost-marshal general of the army of the Potomac.

THE THOMSONS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Charles Thomson, who was styled "the perpetual secretary" of Congress, was a native of Maghera, Ireland. He and three brothers were brought from Ireland in 1740, by their father who died just before reaching land. An elder brother had arrived before them. Charles became, at an early age, a firm supporter of the people's rights, and vigorously denounced British despotism. He was a man of the strictest integrity and sense of honor. John Adams spoke of him as "The life of the cause of liberty;" the Indians referred to him as "The man of truth." He was chosen secretary of the first Continental Congress in 1774, and retained the position until 1789, when he resigned. He died in 1824, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. He was among the first signers of the Declaration of Independence. His brother, William Thomson, was also a native of Ireland. Soon after reaching America, he went to South Carolina. At the breaking out of the Revolution, he commanded the Third South Carolina regiment, and saw much service. He took part with D'Estaing and Lincoln at the attack on Savannah, and met and defeated the Tory leader, Gen. Robert Cunningham. He drove the British from Sullivan's Island, and was formally thanked by Gov. Rutledge and by Congress.

THE KEATINGS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Keatings alluded to here were of Franco-Irish descent. The progenitors of the family were exiled from Ireland by British despotism. Rendering valuable services, they were ennobled by Louis XVI. Baron John Keating was a colonel in the French army. At the beginning of the American Revolution, he resigned his commission, settled in Wilmington, Del., and subsequently removed to Philadelphia. His

eldest son, John, was a lawyer of prominence, and married a granddaughter of Francis Hopkins, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Another son, William, became a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and was geologist and historiographer of Long's second expedition in 1823. William had a nephew, William Vincent Keating, who was an eminent physician in Philadelphia. He became professor in Jefferson College, and, during the Civil War, was a medical director in the army. Another member of the family, John M. Keating, was also a physician of note, and an author of much ability.

THE BUTLERS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Richard Butler, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, came from Ireland, with his parents, some time before 1760. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the famous Pennsylvania Line at the beginning of the Revolution. He subsequently rose to the rank of major-general. His brother, William, was also an officer in the Revolution. Thomas, another brother, received the thanks of Washington, at the battle of Brandywine, for his gallantry, and Gen. Wayne overwhelmed him with thanks, at Monmouth, for a like reason. His son, Thomas, was assistant adjutant-general in the army under Gen. Harrison, and distinguished himself at New Orleans. Percival, the fourth of the Butler brothers, was a captain in the Revolution, and adjutant-general in the war of 1812. His son, Thomas L., was an aide-de-camp to Jackson, at the siege of Pensacola, and at the battle of New Orleans. Another son, William O., also did good service at New Orleans, and in the Mexican war. During the latter struggle, he served under Taylor and Scott, and received a sword of honor from Congress. Edward, youngest of the five brothers, was a captain in Gibson's regiment of levies, 1791, and adjutant-general to Gen. Wayne in 1796. His son, Edward G., became a colonel of dragoons in the Mexican war.

THE McKEANS, OF DELAWARE.

William McKean arrived from Ireland in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His descendant, Thomas, was a member of the Delaware assembly, and continued in the position for eleven years. He was held in very great esteem and both Delaware and Pennsylvania claimed him as a citizen. He became judge of the court of common pleas, and was a member of the Continental Congress in 1776. He signed the Declaration and was elected president of Congress in 1781. During the session of 1776, Mr. McKean was a member of the secret committee appointed to contract for the importation of arms. A few days after the Declaration was issued, he marched at the head of a battalion of troops to join Washington. He died at Philadelphia, after having been chief justice of Pennsylvania, in 1817. His son, Joseph Borden McKean, was attorney general of Pennsylvania. Joseph's son William W. McKean, was a naval officer, and after many years faithful service was retired with the rank of commodore. During the Civil War he was in command of the Western Gulf blockading squadron.

THE CAMPBELLS, OF VIRGINIA.

William Campbell was a native of Virginia, where his father, an Irishman, had settled. After his father's death, in 1767, he removed with his mother and sisters to the Holston valley. He was made a colonel of the Continental army in 1780. With his regiment of riflemen he repeatedly routed the Tories. Washington, Gates, and Greene highly commended his great ability, and expressed their high sense of his gallantry. Col. Campbell assisted Greene at the battle of Guilford Court House and was promoted to brigadier general. He served with Lafayette in several battles. Gen. Campbell's nephew, John B. Campbell, entered the Nineteenth Infantry in 1812. In the war with Mexico he was elevated to the rank of colonel.

THE BURKES, OF VIRGINIA.

John D. Burke came from Ireland and was of the same family as the great Edmund Burke. John arrived in America about 1796. He engaged in journalism in Boston, and afterward in New York. He published a tragedy entitled: Bunker Hill; also a History of the Late War in Ireland (Philadelphia, 1799); a History of Virginia (1804) and other works. His son, John, was born in Virginia in 1800, and died in 1888. He was a graduate of William and Mary College, a lawyer of note, and became a judge of the Louisiana courts. His memoirs have been published.

THE BURKES, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Thomas Burke, the progenitor of the family on these shores, was born in Ireland in 1747. He came here in 1764, and studied law. In 1774, he removed from Virginia to Hillsborough, N. C. He became a leader among the colonists, and was bitterly opposed to the Stamp Act. His fearless, progressive spirit soon made him a great favorite among the patriots. He was a member of the Provincial Congress in 1776, and was a volunteer for liberty at the battle of the Brandywine. He was subsequently elected to the Continental Congress, and retained his seat for several years. In 1781 he was made governor of North Carolina.

THE JACKSONS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The elder Andrew Jackson came to this country from Carrickfergus, Ireland, in 1765. He had three sons, Andrew, Hugh, and Robert. Andrew was a soldier in the Revolution, and in our second war with England. His most glorious achievement was his great victory over the British, at New Orleans, in 1815. He became successively, public prosecutor of the western district of North Carolina, district attorney of Tennessee, member of Congress, United States senator, justice of the supreme court of Tennessee, major-general in the regular army, governor of Florida, and was twice President of the United States. His brothers and mother died from hardship, at the hands of the British, during the war. His adopted son, Andrew Jackson, had a son who was also named Andrew Jackson.

THE RUTLEDGES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Dr. John Rutledge came to America from Ireland in 1735. His son, John, who afterward became so distinguished as a patriot, accompanied him, as did also another son, Edward. John, Edward's brother, was appointed commander-in-chief of the South Carolina forces in 1776. In 1779 he was chosen governor. In 1791 he was chief justice of South Carolina. In 1796 he was made chief justice of the United States. Edward Rutledge was one of the signers of the Declaration. Like his brother, he was a member of the Continental Congress, and during the war rendered conspicuous service. He became a United States senator, and in 1794 was governor of the state, as his brother had been before him.

THE LYNCHES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Thomas Lynch arrived from Ireland long before the Revolution, and settled in South Carolina. His son, Thomas Lynch, strongly advocated the cause of the colonies, at an early age, and was a member of the first Continental Congress. His son, the third Thomas, was appointed captain in the First Regiment of South Carolina, and did good duty in the field. He succeeded his father in the Continental Congress, and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

THE CALHOUNS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

James Calhoun came from Donegal, Ireland, in 1733, and at first settled in Pennsylvania, subsequently removing to Virginia and South Carolina. He had a large family, one of whom was Patrick. The latter in the course of time became captain of a battalion of frontier rangers, and rendered good service against the Indians. He married Martha Caldwell of Virginia, the daughter of an Irish settler, whose family had been badly treated by the Tories. John C. Calhoun was their son. His biographer well says: "By heredity, John Caldwell Calhoun was, therefore, entitled to manhood from his race, to vigorous conviction in faith, and to patriotic devotion to liberty and right." When Calhoun entered Congress, war was imminent with Great Britain. He urged a prompt declaration of war, and denounced British outrages. In 1817 President Monroe appointed him Secretary of War, and in 1824 he was elected Vice President of the United States. In 1828 he was re-elected Vice President, and in 1843 was acting Secretary of State.

THE BURKES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The best known member of this family was Ædanus Burke, the great jurist. He was born in Galway, Ireland, in 1743, and came here about the beginning of the Revolution. He volunteered in the patriot army and rendered efficient service. He became a judge of the state courts in 1778, was elected to congress and became chancellor of the state. Upon the organization of the Society of the Cincinnati, he wrote a vigorous pamphlet in opposition to certain aristocratic pretensions of that body, which caused many of the objectionable features to be abandoned.

THE MOORES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The elder Moore, James, was born in Ireland in 1640. He died at Charleston, S. C., in 1729. His father took part in the Irish rebellion against English tyranny about the time that James was born. James came here in 1665. He was then twenty-five years of age. He was a man of extraordinary force of character and was a natural leader of men. He had ten children. Ever foremost in all matters that were likely to contribute to the public welfare, he became governor of South Carolina in 1700. His sons, Maurice and James, fought the Indians in colonial times and displayed great bravery. Maurice had a son, also named Maurice, who was a judge at the beginning of the Revolution and espoused the cause of the patriots. James, another son of Maurice, senior, commanded a regiment in the Continental army. On one occasion at Moore's Creek bridge, his command defeated fifteen hundred Scotch Tories. He afterward became a brigadier general and was made commander-in-chief of the Southern department. At the close of the war he received the thanks of Congress. Alfred Moore, a son of the second Maurice, raised a battalion of troops and severely harassed Cornwallis. He was appointed attorney general of South Carolina, and subsequently the President made him an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

THE O'FALLONS, OF MISSOURI.

Dr. James O'Fallon arrived in America in 1774, and located in Wilmington, N. C. At the breaking out of the Revolution he promptly enlisted in the patriot army and rendered gallant service. At the close of the war he removed to the West. His son, John O'Fallon, became a prominent citizen of Missouri, and, attaining great wealth, was well known for his philanthropic spirit. He served under Harrison, and was wounded at the battle of Tippecanoe. In St. Louis he endowed several educational institutions, and was highly esteemed for his patriotism and liberality.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

IF a young man believes in "measures, not men," he will embark in the tailoring business.

If the one great object of his life is to make money, he should get a position in the U. S. Mint.

If he is punctual and anxious to be on time, he should put his hands to watchmaking.

If he believes it to be the chief end of man to have his business largely felt, he will become a hatter.

If he wants to get at the root of a thing, he will become a dentist —although if he does he will find himself looking down in the mouth.

If a man is a bungler at his best, he should become a physician; and then he will have none of his work thrown on his hands. It is generally buried out of sight, you know.

He shouldn't become a cigar-maker, as his work will end in smoke.

Why I am Proud to be a Catholic.

THESE "whys" still seem to hold a firm grip on magazine popularity. One of the latest, — "Why am I a Spiritualist?" — in the North American Review, is an interesting, well-written article, evidently earnest and sincere. Now I wish to ring in a change, and reason out, not why I am a Catholic, but why I am proud to be one.

No true Catholic but exults, with exceeding joy, over the beauty of Christ's Spouse, "all fair and having no spot in her." And the simple reason why I am proud to be a Catholic, is because I know the Catholic Church is the only true one. But as this explanation is acceptable to Catholics only, I herewith offer others, equally comprehensible to non-Catholics.

I am proud to be a member of the Catholic Church, because her claims, whether true or untrue, far surpass those of any other church.

She, and she alone, claims to be the infallible Voice of God.

She alone has One, powerful, authoritative, and responsible head.

She alone claims to be the True Church, and declares that all others are false.

She claims to have the most perfect government the world has ever seen.

She counts near three hundred millions adherents, and claims that all these millions are a unit in belief.

She claims that her adherents and her foes are each more numerous and ardent than those of any other organization.

She alone claims to be the central figure of history, around whom worldly dynasties rise and fall, human religions flourish and decay, and earthly events all come and go, only to serve her, and bear testimony to her divine endurance.

Thus her claims are nothing if not superb. For, if true, they realize the highest possible ideal of what a religion ought to be; if untrue, they are yet superb in their very presumption. And, whether true or untrue, their uniqueness compels investigation. [Yet most non-Catholics make no investigation, but simply accept the statements of her avowed enemies.]

It is she, and she alone, who teaches that the Bible, correctly understood and followed, would unite all men in One congruous Creed, instead of scattering them apart into numberless incongruous views.

She, and she alone, declares that God did not instruct His people for four thousand years, and then suddenly close His mouth and cease speaking. She declares, on the contrary, that He has always spoken, and speaks now as clearly as when He spoke to the ancients. She does not teach that the Scripture ends on the last page of the Apocalypse, but declares that her own history is a continuation of the Bible, to be as sacredly revered, as entirely believed, and as blindly obeyed, as any other Word in the Holy Book. She does not teach that God governed His people personally for four thousand years, and gave them exact and minutely defined laws, only to suddenly reverse His

method, and leave every man to be a law unto himself. She teaches that He gives now — as then — His exact and minutely defined laws, binding every believer as strictly now as they did of old. She, and she alone, teaches that, as "He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy, as He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed, *forever*," so now He speaks to our fathers, to Abraham our Pope, and to his successors, *forever*. She alone declares that God speaks to the people, through her voice, as clearly now as when He spoke to them through Moses, Elijah, Daniel, Saul, David.

Her history sometimes, indeed, repeats the avarice of kings, the anger of Moses, the perfidy of Judas, the lying of Ananias, the cowardice of the twelve, the intemperate zeal of the disciples, etc.; but much oftener repeats the patience of Job, the repentance of David, the wisdom of the prophets, the magnificence of Solomon, the authority of the High Priest, the imprisonment of Peter. Her history daily repeats the sacrifice of Calvary, and incessantly repeats the personal protection of God for His people, a protection shown as clearly now as in either the Old or the New Testament.

I am proud to be a Catholic, because of the danger through which the Catholic Church has passed. She has survived the anger of princes, and, what is more, the favor of kings. She has lived through the pains of poverty; and, what is more, the corruption of wealth. She has withstood the persecution of governments; and, what is much worse, their patronage. Frightful tales of her past iniquities have been told, and thrice told, and still the Catholic Church lives on.

In spite of unworthy members, "avaricious priests," "worldly bishops," "crafty cardinals," and "wicked popes," she continues to live on and on. It is wonderful how, corrupt as history (?) makes her, she should yet be so vivacious. She is the one phenomenal specimen of corruption co-existing with fecund vitality. What other body has ever withstood such torrents of abuse as have been poured upon her? For three hundred years has non-Catholic influence of press and pulpit, school and library, stage and story, jest and song, crown and council, been worked against her, — and still she lives.

I am proud of her, because she is the centre of attack for all other religions. They each feel that her presence is a threat, and her power the only one worth opposing. Whenever a non-Catholic feels belligerent in religious matters, it is for the Catholic Church he goes with a vengeance. Be he Gentile or Jew, Infidel or Quaker, his zeal is never at its height until he combats "Romanism." Only when opposing her, do the champions of other religions show

> "That stern joy which warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

As the little catechism said, speaking with unchildish wisdom, "One sign of the truth is universality. Truth is everywhere; the Catholic Church is everywhere; therefore the Catholic Church is truth."

"But that's no sign at all," said the questioner, "because error is everywhere, too."

"Yes," replied the child, undaunted, "error *is* everywhere, but it is everywhere different. Truth is everywhere, and it is everywhere the same."

So it happens that although the Catholic Church is the same in every land, in every land she has a different enemy. It may be an established religion in one country, a vague liberalism in another — Freemasonry in Italy, Atheism in France, Lutheranism in Germany, the Greek schism in Russia, an unknown quantity of different species of Protestantism in England and the United States, Paganism and Buddhism in Asia, Moslemism and Fetichism in Africa — but everywhere and always when religious strife begins, the special religion it singles out for attack is sure to be the Catholic Church. Never is antagonism so violent, hatred so intense, ferocity so ferocious, as when they strike at the Catholic Church. Hers is the only citadel worth besieging.

I am proud to be a Catholic, because the Catholic Church alone solidifies, whilst all outside disintegrate. Among moral scientists there is no agreement. Protestantism is split and resplit into three hundred factions. The Jews are now divided. Greek Catholics, Buddhists, Moslems, and other Orientals are separated into numberless schisms; and on the globe to-day, there is but one religious body which stands whole,— the Catholic Church.

She alone presents a well-disciplined corps of regular troops, all obeying their officers, the officers obedient to their superiors, and the whole vast body obedient to one commander-in-chief. I am proud to belong to such an army. I would rather be a mere private in ranks thus well organized, than be a leader of some unorganized guerillas. I would rather be under orders in this regular army, than carry a free lance amid the motley mob of "modern thought."

I am proud of the Catholic Church, because in her alone, of all religious bodies, is a reign of peace. There can be no peace without law and order; no law and order without obedience; no obedience without authority. In the Catholic Church alone is there authority, therefore obedience; therefore law and order; therefore peace. Her authority is such that when she speaks, it is in tones so strong that even her enemies call them the "thunders of the Vatican." No sooner does a subject disobey her than he ceases to be her subject. She will have loyal citizens or none.

And this "Papal tyranny" of hers makes her present numerical strength all the more surprising. With her stringent laws against divorce, mixed marriages, secret societies, godless schools; her intolerance of "free thought" and of "liberal Christianity;" her lofty ignoring of all other religions; her cold attitude towards the general movement for the "Union of Christendom;" with all this despotism, it is strange that the depletions resultant, should not have left her in a state of attenuated feebleness. But, on the contrary, her numbers increase, as acknowledged by friend and foe. I would rather be a subject in so mighty and populous a kingdom, than a sovereign on some desert isle of "free thought."

Her enemies say that ignorance, hypocrisy, and superstition are her chief characteristics. If this be so, then I am proud of the wondrous effect of that ignorance, hypocrisy, and superstition.

The effect of her ignorance is shown by such names as Copernicus, Kepler, Marco Polo, Columbus; Dante, Chaucer, Thomas Aquinas, Augustine; Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, John Sobieski; Francis de Sales, Charles Borromeo, Gregory the Great, Vincent de Paul; but I must end at the beginning, because the very shortest list of immortal Catholic names would be too tiresomely long. It should include not only all that was greatest in ancient and medieval renown, but also the modern glories of such as Leverrier, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Mozart, Haydn, Schleyer, Windthorst, Newman, Manning, etc. Such are the effects of Catholic "ignorance."

The "hypocrisy" of the Catholic Church shows results just as stupendous. Every year, hundreds, aye, thousands, of young men and women give up all earthly advantages in exchange for a heavenly crown. Some labor for the slaves in America or Africa, some for leprous colonies, some in life-time exile among the Indians, some are devoted to gratuitous education of the poor throughout the world; some labor for the insane, the orphan, the abandoned, the aged poor, etc. Armies of women, veiled and nameless, leave their homes to lead lives of silence, labor, study, and prayer — asking, hoping, that their names be unknown, their deeds unrecorded by any save the recording angel.

It must also be her "hypocrisy" which unites her priests and brotherhoods so powerfully that scores of them — enemies by race, bitter foes by nationality — pass their lives together in perfect peace, under the same roof, like one family;— a spectacle wonderful in this age of restlessness and self-assertion, and afforded by no other power in the world.

Her "superstition" has reared the most beautiful temples on earth: St. Peter's, and the other famous Cathedrals of Europe, England, and both North and South America. Noted and numberless churches, basilicas, chapels, shrines, and sanctuaries throughout the world, altars that are sailing on the seas, and others that are sending up incense upon heathen shores, the cross-shadowed monastery which the traveller meets everywhere,— all these show the unbounded influence of her baneful "superstition."

So I am proud to belong to a church whose very "vices" produce grander results than do the virtues of other religions.

I am proud, too, that my religion is the *only* one which is not local, but equally at home among every race and nationality. Once rooted, it seems as indigenous to the soil of an Indian village as to that of Rome itself, as fruitful in Poland as in Ireland, as flourishing in New England as in old Spain, as suitable to Brazil as to Molokai, as self-sustaining in India as in Belgium, and as steadily growing in Russia as in Africa.

I am proud, too, of her unique and all-sufficient literature. The lives of her Saints alone supply every wish a reader can cherish.

More brilliant than Oriental Legend, more marvellous than Greek Mythology, more thrilling than exploit of ancient knight or modern hero, are these varied and touching, bright and beautiful lives of the Saints.

Not less unique are the annals of her religious orders,— annals unsurpassed by anything in fact or fiction. Small loss to us were the libraries of the entire outer world, so we have access to the libraries of the Catholic world.

In fact, what is history, without the Catholic Church?

It is the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. For as the Bible, whether true or not, is the most remarkable book extant, so the Catholic Church, whether divine or not, is the most remarkable institution known to history.

I am proud to be a Catholic, because if any one proves that the Catholic Church is a lie, he proves that "lying is mighty and will prevail;" he proves that Fiction is greater than Fact, Pretense stronger than Reality, Falsehood more beautiful than Truth, Wrong more enduring than Right, and that the "father of lies" is greater than the Father of eternal Wisdom and Everlasting Truth.

M. T. ELDER.

New Orleans, La.

Removing the Ring.

"WILL you please saw this ring off my finger?"

It was an old woman who made this request of a Broadway jeweler, and as the worker in gold and silver took the wrinkled, though fat and shapely hand in his it trembled violently, and a tear dropped upon the counter.

"Excuse me," continued the old lady, "but it is my wedding ring. I have never had it off since I was married — forty-five years ago. I have refrained from having it cut, hoping that my finger might get thinner and that I could take it off without breaking it."

"And what if I can remove it without cutting?" inquired the jeweler.

"But can you?" said she, looking up in a credulous way. "If you can, do it by all means."

Then the jeweler took the swollen finger and wound it round from the top downward in a length of flat rubber braid. The elastic cord exerted its force upon the tissues of the fingers gently and gradually until the flesh seemed to be pushed down almost to the bone. The old woman's hand was then held above her head for a brief interval. Then the bandage was quickly uncorded and rewound about the member. This was repeated three times, and finally it was found upon uncovering the finger that it was small enough to admit of the ring being removed with ease.

"I have never failed but once," said the jeweler, "and I have removed many rings from fingers even more swollen than yours. Do I charge for it? Oh, yes. I ask the same amount that I would get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut. One dollar. Thank you!" and as he turned to his bench and the old woman left the store, he added: "But after all, she might have done the same thing herself. It's not the work however, I charge for. It's the know how.'"

The Tabernacle Society of Washington, D. C.

A PLEA FOR POOR CHURCHES.

THE capital of a great country is sure to become, in course of time, the heart of all important organizations in the material and spiritual life of its people. Here are sown the mustard-seed which take root and develop into wonderful growths; here, small societies, originally intended as merely local affairs, gradually assume a national character, and extend their influence from one end of the continent to the other.

Much of this is due to the cosmopolitan character of the population of a city like Washington. The great world of official society is continually changing; friends of to-day are carried off in the wide, outer circle of time's ceaseless revolutions, and new ones are drawn into the centre, only to be whirled away again in their turn. Every few years there is almost an entire transformation in the social sky; the brightest sun hastens to its setting, to be quickly forgotten in the glories of the one newly risen, and the lesser luminaries share the same fate. Even in diplomatic circles, there is constant variation, bringing the quiet residents ever in contact with strange faces and stranger hearts, and giving them glimpses of all sides of humanity. But behind all the shifting scenes of the panorama, beneath the changeful sky of politics, is the real, earnest life, the steady under-current of living progress, the beating heart of the great department, or bureau, or society, sending out streams of life and energy to bless, and support, and invigorate workers in far distant homes.

In no case is this fact more strongly illustrated than in the growth and workings of the Tabernacle Society of Washington; humble in its origin, modest in its work, generous and far-reaching in its benefits. A stranger in the city might, perhaps, never hear of this quiet little circle of ladies; but let him be suddenly transported to some poor church in the East, to some forest chapel in the wilds of the West or South, to some missionary station in Alaska or British America, and let him ask: "How is it, that in the midst of the most appalling poverty, you are able to have the Holy Mysteries celebrated in a becoming manner, with beautiful vessels, altar-linens, vestments, and all things necessary?" he would probably receive the answer: "We owe it to the good ladies of the Tabernacle Society at Washington." The curiosity of the average individual would then lead him to seek the locality and inquire into the origin and object of the Society.

The ladies who comprise it have the use of the Carroll Institute Reading-Rooms, where they meet every day between the hours of nine and four; and here, amid the inspiring influences of well-laden bookshelves, and walls covered with portraits of saints and scholars, they work assiduously to fill the applications they are constantly receiving. Here the stiff, ungainly buckram and shapeless heaps of silk are transformed by busy fingers into sacred vestments to be worn in the celebration of Mass; muslin and laces are made into snowy surplices to

be worn threadbare in the service of the sick, the poor, the sin-laden, whose burdens are all brought to the feet of God's minister. And the rolls of spotless linen are made into purificators and other altar-linens, or, as the devout workers love to fancy, into swaddling-clothes for the Babe of Bethlehem, and burial-garments for the Crucified Saviour; for these favored women of to-day are ministering to His bodily wants as really and truly as did His blessed Mother and the holy women who followed Him to Calvary.

The large vestments are lined with buckram, and are made of heavy silk and cloth of gold. The work is done by hand, upon frames made for the purpose, and, although not at all difficult, is tedious, and requires some practice to acquire dexterity in handling it. Many of the small articles are made at home by ladies who find it impossible to attend the meetings, or who, during absence from the city, find many spare hours to devote to this good object, hours which might otherwise be given up to useless fancy-work or more frivolous novel-reading. Who can count the hopes and prayers woven with the tiny stitches into the dainty linens? He, alone, by whom the hairs of our heads are numbered. And surely He, who is never to be equalled in generosity, will not fail to reward the labors of those whose motto is: "The beauty of Thy house I have loved, O Lord, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

Even in this world there is abundant reward for these zealous toilers. In the hundreds of letters received from grateful and appreciative missionaries, laboring in poor parishes far and near, they have assurances of the actual good their offerings are doing, and promises of numberless prayers and Masses to be said for them. One ardent missionary tells how his eyes were filled with tears of joy as he opened each new package, and that he cannot find words to express his thanks. Another priest describes the surprise and delight of his backwoods' congregation at their first glimpse of the beautiful vestments and sacred vessels sent out to them. Still another, in a letter of application, alludes to "the seeming exhaustlessness of the Tabernacle Society — that must have *God's own treasurer* for its storekeeper."

The packing of these things to be sent away makes a constantly-recurring feast-day in the busy work-room; for what, apart from the satisfaction of aiding a good cause, is more pleasant than the handling and wrapping and labelling of packages to be sent to friends in distant lands; what more amusing than to fancy the smiles and tears and exclamations of delight that will attend their unpacking, to review, in fancy, the long, rough journey, perhaps to the wilds of the West, to the swamps of the South, or across the continent, up the Pacific Ocean to St. Michael's in the frozen lands of the Aleuts? How pleasant a thing it is to play Santa Claus all the year round, for Him who brought us our first Christmas Day.

Thirteen years ago, April, 1876, it was suggested to Father J. J. Keane, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., that a circle of ladies under his pastoral charge should unite in the work of preparing altar-linens, especially for the use of the priests in

administering the sacraments to the sick in houses whose inmates were unable to provide suitable accommodations. The idea had at first only a narrow local application, the modest founders never dreaming that a few years would expand it into an organization of national usefulness; but the zealous spirit of Father Keane, — since then well known as Bishop of Richmond, and at present rector of the new university,— was not satisfied, until, in 1877, the society was affiliated with the Arch-Association of the Perpetual Adoration and of work for poor churches in Rome.

Since then similar societies in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York have become affiliated to the Arch-Association; and in many convents, notably those of the Sacred Heart, the young ladies of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality are employed in the beautiful work of sewing for the altar.

To become a member and share in the many spiritual benefits enjoyed, it is necessary to have one's name inscribed on the register of the society, to pay an annual subscription from one dollar upwards for the purchase of materials, and to make a monthly hour of adoration before the blessed sacrament; for the object of this society is two-fold: the perpetual adoration of Jesus on the altar, and the spreading of the true faith, by putting into the hands of poor priests the means of celebrating the divine mysteries and administering the holy sacraments.

To secure a donation for a poor church, all that is required is a letter from the pastor stating the needs of his parish or mission. All communications for the society at Washington should be addressed to the secretary, Miss Fannie Whelan, Carroll Institute, 602 F street, N. W. Applications are filled in the order in which they come, and as rapidly as the means on hand will permit. Vestments and linens are never refused; candlesticks, altar-cards, and other things are supplied when possible. Last year nearly two thousand articles were sent out from here, including a large number of sacred vessels. During the past twelve years, about six hundred churches have been supplied with various articles necessary for use in the service of the altar, the number of vestments being at least two thousand.

No doubt a proportionate amount of good has been done by the other societies in the United States, their donations being sent out most generously from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the British possessions to South America, some of them finding their way even to far-away Java. If we might be allowed to offer a suggestion, it would be to deplore the want of an establishment at the national capital, authorized to act as a central depot for the reception and distribution of articles, thus procuring impartiality in their allotment, saving valuable time to the local secretaries, and greatly increasing the value of the work by having it conducted upon the systematic plan used in various capital cities of Europe. This could not be done without having a convent established here by the mother-house at Rome. The foundations made by this order are so endowed as to be self-supporting; all that the Sisters need is an invitation from the bishop of the diocese and a house in which to begin their good work, and it is to be hoped

that the great desire of the ladies of the Tabernacle Society to see them established here will soon be gratified.

The Arch-Association in Europe made its debut about 1841, in as modest and simple a manner as did its little American sister more than thirty years later, and owed its origin to the piety and zeal of a young girl. It was suggested to the pupils at the convent of the Sacred Heart, in Paris, by one of their pious teachers, that on their return home they should select some good work to employ their time, and show their love for our Divine Lord. The occasion of doing good is never difficult to find, if one is sincerely anxious to secure it; and this advice was immediately acted upon by Mademoiselle de Meeus, one of these young ladies, upon her return to Belgium. A visit to a parish church near Brussels revealed to her a pitiable state of poverty. The priest in his old thread-bare vestments represented to her Christ asking for garments, and she determined to devote her entire time and means to the alleviation of this necessity. She established a work-room in her own home, drawing to her assistance all the friends and relatives she could prevail upon to join her.

But scarcely was the first need supplied, when the young lady was almost overwhelmed by entreaties from others, who, hearing of her generosity, begged her to come to their assistance. In 1846 she requested the Rev. Father Boone, S. J., to make a public appeal for help for these poor churches, and this zealous apostle gladly did so, receiving in reply substantial aid for several of the most destitute cases in which she was interested. Two years later she was shown a copy of the rules of the Nocturnal Adoration at Paris, and was so charmed with them, especially with that part referring to the supplying of altar-linens and sacred vestments for needy churches, that she persuaded nine of her companions to enroll themselves with her in the association. They commenced with the utmost zeal preparing a complete set of vestments which was bestowed upon the poorest church within their reach. In the following year, they were affiliated with the Arch-Confraternity of the Nocturnal Adoration in Rome.

In 1851, Mademoiselle de Meeus was advised by her old friend and director, Father Boone, to draw up a set of rules for a new order of sisters to be devoted especially to work for poor churches. The rule was approved by all the Belgian bishops, and blessed by the Holy Father. The infant order was enriched with many spiritual benefits, and permission was given to affiliate to its societies of a like character in any part of the world. Its centre was for many years at Brussels; but, in 1879, the Mother-house was transferred to Rome, the Arch-Confraternity of the Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches being united in one association, known to us under the simpler title of the Tabernacle Society. Thus, in the course of a few years, from the charitable impulse of one earnest young girl, has arisen a body whose influence is as widely diffused as the dew of heaven, falling in showers of material aid and spiritual comfort upon the poor and destitute of every land.

The first practical working of the Mother-house at Brussels was

shown in a gift sent to our Holy Father, Pius IX., in 1870, of one hundred and twelve complete missionary sets, each comprising a portable altar, with vessels, altar-linens, five sets of vestments, and every necessary for Mass, Benediction, and the administration of the sacraments. On a later occasion, during the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of our present beloved pontiff, Leo XIII., the association in Rome, assisted by its branches in other countries including America, presented to His Holiness a magnificent offering of the same description, which occupied a conspicuous position in the Jubilee exhibition.

It is almost impossible, without actual experience, to estimate the poverty of the church in some parts of our own country. The distance traversed by a missionary priest sometimes amounts to thousands of miles in a year. During the course of his journey, he has to perform his sacred duties amid all kinds of surroundings, from a tent in a rough mining camp to a neat little village church. Now and then he comes to a rude forest chapel; it has walls and a roof, and there is a plain pine table for an altar. Perhaps some thrifty housewife has hidden away a fine, white cloth, a crucifix, and a couple of candles for the occasion; and the woods supply wild flowers or colored leaves to decorate the humble shrine; but of all other things for the furnishing of the holy table, the poor people are destitute. The good Father must supply them. Perhaps, he thinks with a cheerful smile, the Tabernacle Society will take pity on this little corner of the Lord's vineyard.

Further on he reaches a station of half a dozen houses. Here he may have to hear confessions, baptize the babies, say Mass, and preach in a crowded room of a small cottage. The neighbors for miles around have been notified when to expect him, and are gathered together at the "settlement," where they enjoy the hospitality of the Catholic residents. There is always room at the fireside for one more, and it is easy enough to spread an extra pallet on the floor. There is plenty to eat, too, for the good women have been hoarding butter and eggs, and fattening poultry, and the children have hidden away the largest potatoes, apples, and nuts. They are determined that "the Father" shall not go away hungry, and they make him as comfortable as possible in their rude way. But ah! the spiritual poverty that greets his eyes and weighs upon his soul — no church, no altar, no holy pictures, perhaps not even a crucifix, though let us hope that even the poorest of the poor has clung to his rosary with its blessed crucifix attached.

However, the missionary is equal to all emergencies. The babies are baptized, the little ones are instructed, the young couples are married, sinners are forgiven and comforted and fed with the bread of life. Then, by his earnest words, he tries to enkindle a zeal which will be strong enough to build a chapel, erect an altar, and furnish at least a decent sanctuary by the time of his next visit; and he promises that the Tabernacle Society will send them a supply of altar linens and vestments. The beauty and novelty of the Catholic services celebrated in the wilderness will draw their Protestant neighbors, who, delighted with the outward forms of our holy religion, will seek to know it "in spirit and in truth."

Thus the good work goes on. The fervent priest bears a heavy load. The task before him looms up mountain-high; the weight of sin and misery brought to him and laid upon his shoulders makes him a veritable scape-goat for his people, while the poverty and nakedness of his Lord causes him unspeakable sorrow. It is in the power of almost every one of us to relieve this poverty, and to bring light and encouragement to the hearts of the poor missionary and his humble flock. And what happiness it will be at the last day to hear from the Master's lips: "I was naked, and ye clothed me."

AGNES HAMPTON.

House-Top Summer Resorts.

A PLAN to make our house-tops useful is sketched by Dr. Gouverneur M. Smith, in a paper on Wasted Sunbeams — Unused House-Tops. The Oriental has no difficulty in the matter. He lives on the top of his house a considerable part of the year, and builds his roof with an especial eye to that sort of occupation. Why may not we? By pitching our tents upon them, or by taking them as they are, except that the roof coverings would have to be made more solid, we might make our roofs comfortable sojourning places and inexpensive summer health resorts.

"Roofing," says the author, "can be contrived suited to this climate, and enduring as pavement. A pleasure resort might ornament each residence, its limits bounded by the area of the dwelling; neighborly consent could widen the range, turf and flowers brightening the plan. Iron-framed and glass-inclosed rooms or cupolas could be added, which would prove useful during all seasons, artificial heat tempering brumal inclemency. If such adaptation of house-tops would be an advantage to the affluent, who can escape city life during the summer, how much greater advantage would be secured to the tenement-house districts! . . . For the higher-graded tenement houses, such fresh-air facilities would be hailed with delight by the inmates. The proximity of open breathing places to their rooms would endear their humble homes. Summer moonlight evenings could have a new aspect; and again, round a family lantern, groups might gather to read, sew, or engage in games, and thus a home-felt pleasure could quiet restless spirits, craving questionable or illicit amusements. More true enjoyment might be observed in such groups than on the piazzas of fashionable resorts. Landlords could arrange for the periodical sweeping of roofs, as well as of the halls and stairways, and, among a very large class of the respectable poor, pride would stimulate to a tidy and decorative care of their home parks."

By a little alteration in structure the upper stories of houses, now stuffy places enough, could be made light and airy, and attractive as resorts or play rooms in inclement weather.

Popular Science Monthly.

THE young man who enjoys plenty of company, and who is ever ready to scrape acquaintance, will find the barber business a congenial pursuit.

The Disappearing American.

From the Baltimore Sun.

A WRITER in a recent number of DONAHOE'S MONTHLY labored to prove that New England is, to-day, virtually a foreign country, the native New-Englanders having, for one reason or another, vacated their homes and gone West. Over one-half of the total population, it was shown, are either foreign-born or have parents who came from abroad. The nationality of the foreign element is Irish, to the extent, it is intimated, of ninety per cent., the remainder being chiefly Canadians. The change is progressive, and within a few decades the social and political character of New England are expected to be completely altered. Taking all this as admitted, a correspondent of the New York Tribune, who is familiar with the Northwest, undertakes to show that the missing New Englanders are not in that quarter of the Union. "I have found, he says, "in the course of a month's visit in the East that it seems to be a generally-received opinion here that the disappearing American is to be found in the West; that that region has not been overrun by foreigners like the East; that, as the writer before referred to intimates, the Yankee has merely removed his home from the New England hills to the trans-Mississippi plain. Perhaps he has, but it is lost among its habitations of the Irish, the German, and the Scandinavian. He is doubtless there; but I can point out many specimens of him in agricultural communities where he feels lonesome, and wishes that he might exchange his English for German or Scandinavian, so that he could converse more readily with his neighbors." The American, it is contended, has been ousted from the Northwest to even a greater extent than he has been from New England, so that "if the region usually called the Northwest is not already practically a foreign country, it is rapidly becoming so." Minnesota and Wisconsin, in which the Anglo-Saxon predominated a quarter of a century ago, are now possessed almost wholly by Scandinavians, Germans, and other foreign nationalities. The writer illustrates the altered state of affairs by citing the history of a little rural Minnesota community in which he spent the first twenty years of his life. Eighteen years ago every family in the community was American. Half a dozen were from New England, another half a dozen were from the state of New York, as many more hailed from Pennsylvania, and the remainder had come from Ohio, Michigan, and Virginia. No language other than English was spoken. There were two churches, the Methodist and Presbyterian, which were well supported, each having its resident minister. Four or five district schools were kept open seven or eight months in the year. Now the Germans are everywhere. "I do not believe," says the Tribune's correspondent, "that there are a-half dozen pure American families throughout the length and breadth of this once American settlement. The churches might almost as well be closed as there is only occasional preaching by missionaries. Most of the schoolhouses are open in the winter only, for a short term, as in the summer it seems to be considered that when a German child is large enough to go to school he is large enough to work, and work is the most important." The Americans cannot compete with the incoming Germans

any more than with the Chinese. A young American couple and a young German couple contend with fortune on unequal terms. In the busy season the German's wife goes into the field to work his crop, while he himself becomes the American's hired man! The financial situation of the German at the end of the season bears no comparison, therefore, with that of the American, and, in a few years, the former buys the latter out. But the Scandinavians are more numerous even than the Germans. "I one day rode fifty miles on horseback in Southern Minnesota," says the Tribune's correspondent, "without encountering a person at a farm-house who could give me directions about the road in good English." The two coming states of Dakota have a still heavier percentage of foreign population. An instance is cited of a settlement of Finlanders in South Dakota whose ninety votes were purchased at a recent election with a suit of clothes, a jug of alcohol, and fifteen dollars in cash given to the only man in their number who could speak English. The moral the writer draws from his observation of what is going on in New England, the Middle states, and the West is that immigration must be checked. It is very well to be hospitable to invite the shelterless stranger to share your bed and board occasionally; but when he arrives in such numbers as to crowd you out upon the roof, it is time to consider your duty to your own family.

Personal of Cardinal Manning.

It is not generally known that Cardinal Manning was a married man. While an Archdeacon in the Church of England he married Miss Serjeant, whose two sisters married Bishop Wilberforce and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning lived only a few months after her marriage, and her death filled the sensitive soul of her husband with a deep and lasting sorrow, and turned him more and more to a life of entire spirituality. Cardinal Manning was born in 1809, the same year that witnessed the birth of Alfred Tennyson. His father was a member of Parliament and Governor of the Bank of England. Young Manning, after a preparatory education at Harrow, entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself no less by his scholarship than by the polish of his manners. He became a fellow of the Merton College at the early age of thirty-four, and Archdeacon of Chichester before he was thirty-three. At that age the future Cardinal-Archbishop seemed very far from the Catholic Church, for just at that time he preached so violent a tirade against "Popery" that Dr. Newman, who was then preparing to join the Church, declined to see him the next time he called. While holding orders in the Church of England, Dr. Manning maintained the spiritual grace of Baptism, and when this doctrine was denied by Mr. Gorham, and the view of the latter was pronounced tenable by the Church of England, Manning "felt the very ground on which he stood cut from under him," and shaking from his feet the dust of the Church of his ancestors entered the Church of Rome. His rise was rapid. He founded the Order of Oblates of St. Charles of Borromeo, was raised to Provost of Westminster, and became a great favorite of Cardinal Wiseman, who recommended him to the Holy See as worthy of the honorary title of Monsignor. When Cardinal Wiseman died in 1865, Pope Pius IX. raised Monsignor Manning to the vacant See of Westminster, and in 1875 he was created a Cardinal.

Rain Raineth.

THERE are diamonds hung on the spray,
And sea-fog blown from the bay,
The world's as wet as a river,
O thrush, sing now, or sing never,
Spring seems far away.

Sing out, O blackbird, my king,
My heart is sick for the spring,
And oh, the drenching gray weather
With April half through her tether,
And May on the wing!

For I think when the hawthorn blows,
And the lily's in bud, and the rose,
Perhaps one would scarcely remember
To grieve for a day of November;
—— But nobody knows!

And the nests deserted last year
Have a houseful, downy and dear;
The thrush has got a new lover,
(But oh, my kind winter that's over!)
The summer is near!

KATHARINE TYNAN, in Merry England.

True and False Liberty.

"THE word *liberty*," said Dr. Brownson, "is much used and much abused. It is taken in masses, and not seldom in no definite sense at all. Men differ widely among themselves as to what is, or is not, true liberty, and no less as to the proper means of gaining or of preserving it. In some of the senses in which the word is taken the church certainly opposes it, in others she approves and defends it. She opposes liberty in the sense of license or freedom from all law or authority; for she holds, what all experience teaches, that liberty in any good sense cannot exist without law to define and protect it, and that law is inconceivable without a lawgiver, and null without authority that has the right to enact and enforce it. But, on the other hand, she has always condemned tyranny and oppression, and at times has gone so far as to excommunicate and depose the tyrant, and to absolve his subjects from their oaths of allegiance. Nearly all her doctors agree in teaching that the tyranny of the prince absolves the subject, though they uniformly condemn sedition, conspiracy, insurrection, or rebellion against the state as grievous sins as well as political crimes. The church loves, blesses, and protects liberty as she understands it, and the understanding of it, at the very lowest, is as likely to be just as is that of modern secret societies who, in the name of liberty, practise the most outrageous tyranny over their members."

Thoughts on Theories.

MODERN scientists have not made their mistakes in the study of their particular specialties; but have blundered when arrogance, having lead them outside of their domain, tempted them to set up the results of scientific experiments as the standards by which religion is to be measured and weighed. Because scientists have unravelled puzzles, they conclude they enjoy the right to deny mysteries. Because they have their eyes constantly investigating the material thing, they have not the privilege of eventually becoming idolators of matter, and hence of denying all things spiritual. Yet, though science proves, alas! too often, a curse for the scientist and his school, it proves an aid and a guide to faith. Religion directs science, not science, religion. Religion directs science; for science is truth, and truth is not infidelity, even though the infidel prostitutes the dignity of science. If specialists in science would not seek to be masters of theology, then all would be well. The infidel scientist, however, when he has discovered something new in the region of experiment, hawks the news as an opponent of some religious truth; and so by giving the fact of his discovery too much prominence, gives it what Ben Jonson would call, a compliment that damns. Religion blesses scientists; but the hand that gives the blessing is the mailed hand of an old warrior, and will not now brook a false application of the discoveries of science. The old allegory of our school-book did not condemn the shoe-maker for his attention to his last, but held him up to ridicule when he would have leather as the best means of a city's defence. So when scientists would make a wrong application of their trade, and aim at the destruction of faith, then religion, on the part of God, the author of all truth, natural as well as supernatural, says, "Thus far shalt thou, and no farther."

Whatever science has discovered, is, in itself, an aid to faith. The jewels of science are gems for the crown of faith. All science unfolds, confirms faith, and religion generously reciprocates by furnishing the lights of Christian philosophy to science; when, dismayed, it encounters the wherefore of matter and form, sensation and thought, life and death. The Creator who made the church treasurer of the deposit of faith, and made the church greater than the universe to last, aye, to triumph, when the heavens and the earth are folded and burnt as a scroll fit no more to tell God's majesty and glory, could not, nor did He, make the heavens and the earth treasurers of secrets which would contradict the truths of His faith. So the learned few who read of God in the Sanscrit of nature will be, if pride opposes not, confirmed in the faith, or lead to recognize nature's God in the easily-read pages of religion.

We are then introduced to the consideration of a few popular scientific theories, viewed with the lights of faith, and a selection of smart objections which, what Shakespeare would call "words, words, words," present against our creed. Necessarily, they will be culled from the tricky tropes of one, who is, indeed, a colonel of well-marshalled

words. Mr. Robert Ingersoll may be described in his vain purpose, with the stanza which Byron said of Gibbon. He is ever

> Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer,
> The lord of irony, that master-spell.

Science points to faith, and it is a remarkable fact that (what the world has ever called) a star, so much the subject of modern science, should one time with its ray, as with a golden finger, point out the place where lay the King of angels and of men. What a significance, then, should not the story of the nativity have for him, who reads through his telescope the stars of heaven. If read rightly, each one will be found to be a gold-bound volume, treating of God. If the reader sees not God in "the thoughts of God," he may blame his own wilful blindness, and not the stars' brilliancy of illustration. He certainly ought not to return from his research, breathing novel blasphemy like Lalande, who blamed God for not making His Divinity visible to his telescope. Pity Lalande did not blame himself, and make science a telescope capable of seeing ghosts!

Laplace's "Nebular Hypothesis," which holds the evolution of the solar system from "vapor of great tenuity," and calls the sun, moon, and stars, rings which fell off from this original vapor in its process of contracting and hardening, was hailed by the modern school as a reason, to use a Herbert Spencer expression, for the relegation of the Creator, to the regions of the unknown and unknowable. Yet, for all, the theory of the nebulæ shows the Creator in the grandest possible light, powerful in nature to make the wonders of the universe by the breathings of his mouth; *nebulæ*, *indeed*, as was He, in the order of grace, capable of raising up "from the stones, children to Abraham." When infidelity called the nebulæ Creator, it forgot that Christian philosophy could go higher still, and tell the Creator of the Creator (?). It forgot, too, that the illogicalness of its position was made like to that of the ancient geographers, who held that the world was poised on the back of an immense tortoise, but failed to inform us on what the tortoise was poised. Here, then, is Laplace's theory, which most scientists adopt, a gem for the crown of faith.

As infidelity objects to the existence of a Creator, it consequently spurns the idea of Christ's incarnation.

The infidel astronomer, Draper, beautifully says, "Viewed from the sun, the earth dwindles away to a mere speck, a mere dust-mote glittering in its beams." Infidelity takes this for a poetic text, and preaches a unique sermon against the incarnation. It laughs at the idea of Christ making choice of this "speck" as His habitation, when if He were, indeed, an all-wise God, He would be an all-wise astronomer, and if He were an all-wise astronomer, He would never select for His dwelling-place the least among the thousand glories of space. So substantially would infidelity argue. Why did it not go farther still, and condemn Christ for His selection of Bethlehem's cave, making the very least choice in the smallest world of the universe? Are not the facts of science here again, unwittingly, the confirmation of faith? Does not St. Paul say Christ "annihilated Himself" for love of us? and, if so, cannot we understand better what annihilation practised in

Divine condescension, means; when religion and science combine to tell us of the insignificance of the cave in Bethlehem, of Bethlehem in Judea, of Judea in the world, and of the world among the spheres.

Infidelity denies the soul's immortality, but science, nevertheless, to which infidelity turns as a Christian to his creed, gives us a premise, for a conclusive proof, if not a very dogma, of the soul's immortality. Science holds that forces cannot be destroyed. It asserts and demonstrates that organisms only *change* their peculiar habit of being. What the populace would call destruction, is to the scientist only a new garment for the old thing. Science shows that the destruction of an atom would be the destruction of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, and that the destruction of these forces means the ruin of the universe.

"Let Earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky."

If, then, lesser things cannot lose their forms, how much more can man lose that which constitutes him in the peculiar rank of Nature's steward, his soul; or, what it would please science to call, force. Here science would stop; but when the existence of the soul is shown, an existence which lasts after the garment of the flesh is cast off, its immortality is felt, — felt in immortal longings.

"We look before and after and sigh for what is not,
And our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught."

Vain would be these longings if they were never satisfied, but God creates nothing purposeless; therefore they must be satisfied in the limitless hereafter.

So does science refer to creation, incarnation, and the immortality of the soul.

Now let us see a miscellany of objections concerning Christianity. Mr. Ingersoll would fain prove the eternity of matter in order to crush out of His place the eternal God. When Christian philosophy would maintain that Earth *de facto* was not eternal; then sneeringly comes the retort, "your God then had nothing to do before creation; hence existed in a state of laziness." So he would argue against the Creator. But with the Eternal there is no "before" or "after." God, says Dryden is "The Eternal Now" and the Scriptures, "I am who am." Omnipresence excludes the past. The creation of the world required no eternal exertion reaching out laboriously to its object. "He willed and all things were made." Moreover God is infinite intelligence, and Balmes writes Christian philosophy when he says "Intelligence is essentially active. It is activity." Therefore then God is Eternal Activity, the very opposite of laziness; for God's thoughts are God's acts, and His wishes, His works.

Mr. Ingersoll would have the world without a brier, and mankind without a wart, or "a tumor on the brain;" and because it is not thus and so, therefore the idea of God is repugnant to reason. Is it an argument against the Creator that this world is not the most perfect world that God could make? It would be if the Creator so deemed the world, and subsequent facts manifested its imperfections. Is Mr. Ingersoll's unanswered question an argument against the Creator; "Did

God make tumors on the human brain?" If a second cause will be permitted to write such a tumor of a thought on paper, I fail to see why the First Cause of all things, *for wise ends*, could not permit evils which would show forth virtue that would rob the tumor of its pain. Religion teaches us that Earth is only the vestibule of our Eternal Home; hence it does not suppose Earth perfect, nor good enough for a Christian to live in always; although an infidel "might go farther and fare worse."

Mr. Ingersoll quotes Scripture to show God's cruelty in the retaliatory measures of the wars mentioned in Holy Writ. If this be cruelty, God "must be cruel to be kind." Would not Mr. Ingersoll grow more eloquent against God if the "chosen children" were conquered and destroyed by the Canaanites? Mr. Ingersoll would deny to God legislative power which he would concede to men, and seems to forget that God legislated for men, as men surrounded by the peculiar conditions which men and nations have. God did not legislate for Himself.

Underlying all of Mr. Ingersoll's principal objections there is the misuse of the word "God." He keeps the term but not the meaning. Ingersoll's "God" should be spelled with a small g. Ingersoll, if an artist, would make God (?) a statue just the height of Jupiter and then, doubtless, like Caligula of old, fall down and worship himself in this, his great idea. We see a sample of his conception of the Infinite by a finite standard in his blasphemous saying: "When Jehovah, out of the whirlwind asked questions of Job, how much better it would be if Job had asked and Jehovah answered."

Mr. Ingersoll's idea of "creeds" is apart with his conception of Creator. "Creeds," he says, "like life preservers are to be used in time of disaster." Is not this complimentary to "creeds?" If by disaster death-beds are meant, are not they the very sanctuaries of "candor?" If weakness calls for strength, and asks it of a creed, at a time when men *lie least*, is not that to the glory of the creed?

He rises to remark that "The church must accept the truths of the present." The church does not teach science, neither does she fear it. Nor Moses nor Christ sat in the chairs of science. The Eternal Father did not send his Son to teach chemistry or astronomy, geology or botany; neither does the church which the Son "sent." Mr. Ingersoll would destroy the church with his applications and interpretations of scientific discoveries, and then ask her to accept science as he understands it. He would predicate wonderful good-nature of this cruel (?) church.

Again the same writer says of our faith that, for its own preservation it necessarily had "to make of every brain a bastile." The old argument against Catholic liberty of thought is here reiterated in metaphor. If Catholics have the right to answer Ingersollian blasphemy, does not this include thought and suppose the right to think? The Dogmas of the Catholic Church would make a very small book; and yet, there are Catholic libraries filled with Catholic thought. And in the sciences, does Mr. Ingersoll forget Father Secchi of our day, who

has done for science at least as much as any of those who prate of protoplasms and deny the God who constituted them of four gases.

How filth is the product of faith is known only to him who deems originality more easily found in the realm of nonsense. For men gifted with the mere natural logic which sees every effect following the nature of a cause, it is as difficult to comprehend this as it would be a mud-pie made from "first principles."

Mr. Ingersoll sneers at religion as something fit only for a "mental museum." The glory of religion consists in its non-progressive character. Unlike science, man's thought cannot add one "cubit to its stature." When Christ on Calvary said, "It is consummated," it can be affirmed that he referred to the divine religion which He perfected before he gave forth his dying cry. Religion was perfect from the beginning, hence is it non-progressive to the end.

When Mr. Ingersoll objects against the marks of the church, he ought to first learn what the church would wish to have the marks look like. If he would brush up on Suarez, he would be saved the pains of making mathematical calculations to prove the church lacking in its character of Catholicity. Were it the purpose of the church to teach science as it was to school the generations in the ways of Divine Truth, then the proud scientist of to-day would be constrained to say in the language of Shakespeare, my "occupation 's gone."

JAMES H. COTTER.

ZALESKI, OHIO.

What Salt is Good For.

WHEN you give your cellar its spring cleaning add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash.

Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

For weeds in the grass put a pinch or two of salt in the middle of each, and unless a shower washes it off, it will kill the weeds.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

Salt and mustard, a teaspoonful of each, followed with sweet oil, melted butter, or milk, is the antidote for Fowler's solution, white precipitate of arsenic.

For stains on the hands, nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and then washed off in clear water.

For weeds in pavements or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water: put the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it too.

If the chimney or flue catch on fire, close all window and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.

A Canoe-Trip on the Susquehanna.

PART I.

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine-trees," —

get a canoe, and set out on a few weeks' cruise on some of our noble rivers. To him who has yet to make his maiden trip, we unhesitatingly commend the Susquehanna. It combines the advantages of beautiful scenery with a succession of rifts, numerous enough, and of sufficient length and rapidity, to impart the interest and variety of excitement, without incurring any serious risk, even though the canoeist should fall far short of being a strong and skilful swimmer. But the start should be made from Binghamton, and as early as possible in the month of July.

"COOPERSTOWN!" cried the conductor, and we stepped from the cars on to the platform of the village depot. We were a pair of enthusiastic and conscientious canoeists, — Tom and I, — who, having set out for a paddle down the Susquehanna, resolved to do the work thoroughly, and start from the very fountain-head of the river itself. Tom, be it known, though a youth just out of his teens, was a consummate master of river-craft, an infallible interpreter of the varying moods and changing expressions on the face of the waters. His instinct in determining the point in a rapid through which a canoe could pass was never at fault, though only a practised eye could distinguish it from the angle formed by the converging lines of the eelracks, with which, in many places, the river was seamed. He was equally expert at repairing a leak, mending a broken paddle, or making a new one. Brimming over with a contagious enthusiasm for the noble pastime of canoeing, the scenes through which we passed, and the adventures we met with, afforded him a never-failing source of interest and enjoyment. In addition to this, his flow of spirits was inexhaustible, and his temper remained unruffled under the most adverse circumstances. He was the Mark Tapley of the voyage.

We had little leisure to take in or study our surroundings, as it was somewhat late in the afternoon, and we had a paddle of twelve or fifteen miles still ahead of us, through what we knew was a wild and thinly-settled country. Though the district was the scene of Fennimore Cooper's Indian stories, and the novelist himself lay at rest in the village cemetery, we were in too great a hurry to turn aside for a visit to the grave of the man, who, as Mr. Lowell tells us, in the Bigelow Papers, "wrote six volumes to prove he was as good as a lord." The Mr. Lowell of the past doubtless considered this as the very climax of folly; his *alter ego* of the present can only regard it as the height of presumption.

A very pretty little village was this Cooperstown, with its one main street, broad and long and scrupulously clean, and lined on both sides with prosperous stores, which imparted to the place an air of staid and solid respectability. After traversing the entire length of the street, a sudden turn to the left gave us a full view of Lake Otsego, the cradle of the Susquehanna. As it lay there, in the quiet autumn afternoon, without a ripple on its surface, its circle of violet hills dotted with pleasant villas, it abounded in elements of the picturesque, to a degree entitling it to enter boldly into competition with those Swiss and Italian lakes, on which the epithet is most commonly lavished in popular description.

Slowly and reluctantly, as if loth to leave its native home, the young river set out on its journey to the ocean. Through a channel fringed with willows, and hardly wide enough for the free sweep of the paddles of a single canoe, it crept along, turning and twisting and doubling back on itself in a manner which well merited, even from its cradle, its baptismal name of the "snake river." So tortuous were its windings that we seemed to be playing a game of hide-and-seek, one canoeist being unable to see the other twenty feet ahead.

The water was clear as crystal, and we could see far below the huge iron pipes which lay at the bottom, like monstrous snakes, imbedded in sand and pebbles. Away under green archways of shade, formed by the interlacing boughs which spanned the river, — the gnarled roots on both banks lying bare and clinging, for dear life, to the loose soil which the water had not yet wholly swept away.

The scenery hereabouts was exceedingly wild and desolate, and grew still more so as the dusk of evening began to settle down over the river. Strange birds, scared from their haunts, rose up with shrill cries, and kept ahead for many miles down the stream. Not a human habitation was in sight. From time to time, through an opening in the trees, we caught a glimpse of the "happy autumn fields" in the distance, now stripped bare of their harvests, with the tender green of the aftermath peering through the stubbles. But just as soon as the river came in sight of the abodes of men, it turned aside, like a startled fawn, and stole away into the wilderness.

We had made no arrangements for camping out, our purpose being to lay over for the night at some of the little villages along the way. The railroad time-table gave us the names of the towns, with the distances between; but we soon found this to be a very fallacious guide, as the number of miles by water was often twice that by rail. It was now getting to be a matter of some concern to know where we were to spend the night, when at length we reached a dam, on which a solitary fisherman was standing. A few houses lay scattered about on the bank, together with a huge frame building, which we learned was an abandoned cotton-mill.

"Is there a hotel in this place?" asked Tom of the fisherman.

"Naw," drawled the man of the rod and line.

"Any house where we can stop for the night?"

"Naw, the people are all away pickin' hops."

"Can't we stay in the mill over yonder?"

"Ya-as, if ye want to be eaten by rats."

There was nothing for it but to carry our canoes over the dam on to the ravine below. We were now in a rocky channel, with little or no water. "Hold on!" cried the fisherman, "and I'll float you off." With that he opened the sluice, and down rushed the river with a roar, seizing our canoes, lifting them up, and whirling them round and round. By rare good fortune, we did not upset, and soon found ourselves in a part of the stream where paddling was once more possible.

By this time it was quite dark, and we had a run of four or five miles to the nearest railroad town. The trees on both sides screened from view the surrounding country, and shut out the few straggling beams of daylight. We had nothing to guide us but the glinting of the starlight on the water, as we felt our way slowly and cautiously along for a couple of miles. The sound of village bells, which we heard in the distance, cheered us on, and put new life into our flagging energies, and we were already flattering ourselves with the hope of soon reaching our destination, when we were suddenly brought to a violent stop. We were not long left in doubt as to the nature of the obstacle in our course. It was a barbed wire-fence strung across the river from bank to bank. What with the hooks getting entangled in our clothing, and the current drawing our canoes under the wires, the situation was decidedly unpleasant. Bracing his canoe against one of the fence-posts, Tom leaped out, and, finding bottom, hauled the two canoes ashore. Without a word, he opened his valise, and, taking therefrom a light but sturdy axe, named of Nesmuck, he hacked away, in silent rage, at that wire-fence, until its mutilated remains lay at the bottom of the river. Then, hiding our canoes in the bushes, we started down the railroad track for a mile or two, and reached our hotel without further misadventure.

Next morning we were stirring betimes, for a ten hours' trip lay ahead before we reached the town where we proposed to remain over night. We launched our canoes, and, with a farewell glance of grim satisfaction at the wrecked wire-fence, started off. Tom was caterer and cook. A conscientious regard for truth compels me to say, that Tom was a poor cook. There were strong grounds for saying that his coffee was fearfully and wonderfully made. His boiled eggs might have been fired from Gatling guns. His broiled steak belonged strictly to the category of smoked meats. But health and good digestion waited upon us, and the coarse fare was seasoned with that best of all condiments — hunger.

The aspect of the river still remained unchanged. Dense masses of willows, interspersed with the dark green of the wild plum-tree, shut out the view on both sides. A light breeze was blowing, and the chariot of the thistle-down kept rolling ahead on the surface of the water, — fairy carriages they are called in Ireland,—the noise of the wheels being audible to the fairies alone. Not a boat was to be seen moored along the banks,—a sign that we were far from the habitations of men. Once

a large eagle soared up and perched on the branch of a withered tree. So perfectly did he harmonize with the dull, greyish brown of the barkless trunk and branches, and such the attitude of statuesque repose which he assumed, that he was scarcely discernible by the naked eye, and seemed part of the tree itself.

A sudden bend in the river, and it widened out before us into an inland lake. Our progress, slow enough before, was rendered still more so by a carpet woven of the broad, fan-like leaves of the water-lily. It was the yellow water-lily; and innumerable buds peered out among the leaves, with here and there a full-blown flower. No lovelier or more secluded spot than this had we met thus far on the river. The air was laden with perfume. A solitary wild-flower, of a bright vermilion hue which grew on one of the banks, lit up the whole river with a glow of color, and emphasized the beauty of the scene. Southey's lines suggest a fair idea of the lily-leaves, as they were moved by the wind or the undulations of the water:

> "Around their stems
> It rippled, and the lovely flowers that crowned
> The lakelet, with their golden beauty ride
> In gentlest waving, rocked from side to side,
> And as the wind upheaves
> Their broad and buoyant weight, the glossy leaves
> Flap on the twinkling waters up and down."

A rare pleasure it was to look down into the blood-red heart of the water-lily, and see it palpitating with fear, like that of some wild creature caught in a trap. Pushing aside the dark green leaves, spread out on the water like sentient things, we could see far below their long fibrous stems, twined together like the strands of a rope, and anchored so firmly at the bottom as to resist any attempt to remove them by force. Fain would we have lingered with the river, a willing thrall in this prison of lilies, but we, too, like the river, had a journey ahead of us, and our experience of the night before had taught us the necessity of getting under cover before darkness set in. And so, gathering large handfuls of the flowers, and setting then in our glistening tin cups,—apples of gold they were in baskets of silver,—we turned our back on the fairy scene.

It is singular what a sense of companionship springs up between the canoeist and his boat in the course of a long voyage. He comes at last to regard it with as much pride and affection as an Arab does his favorite courser. We know that the canoe is commonly supposed to be somewhat "cranky;" but we think its reputation in this respect is undeserved. It is sure to exact its due penalty in the case of mere awkwardness; but let the canoeist only treat it with a decent regard for the natural laws, preserve his composure and his centre of gravity, and it will rarely or never play him false. How often, when reclining on some shady bank, did we admire its graceful lines, as it lay before us, poised lightly on the water like a wild duck! How admirably adapted by its build to the work which it is intended to perform, and how perfectly it harmonizes by its associations with the sights and sounds of nature around it!

"For the forest's life is in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews,
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

In the long reaches of slow water we found it best to come together and pass the time in conversation, or we paddled along close to the banks, noting the myriad forms of animal and vegetable life which lurked in the secret places. Where the river curved we often sought to gain time and distance by steering straight across the river for the point of some jutting headland, instead of following its winding course. It is questionable, however, whether there was any real advantage in this plan, as the loss of the current must have offset any other gain we might have acquired. To overcome Nature we must obey it. But the good river itself beguiled the way by its choral melodies, now tinkling over its stony channel, now gurgling on its pebbly beach, or in its solemn moods giving forth a deeper murmur, and, again, with a voice like far-off thunder, proclaiming dams ahead! A subtle artist must he be that could catch the fleeting, ever-changing colors on its bosom! Dark green at times from the reflection of the trees; crimson and gold when some lingering sunset is burning on the waters; deep blue with reminiscences of its lake-reservoir; and, again, when running under the great hills, brown as amber, like Dante's Lethe, "Bruna, bruna, sotto l'ombra perpetua."

Binghamton was the objective point of our trip for the first week, from Monday to Saturday. To cover the intervening miles within that time required a steady pull of ten or eleven hours a day. From start to finish, this, the first part of our trip, was a continuous rush, with only brief and rare intervals of rest. This was all wrong. For one thing, it was fatal to all close and loving observation of Nature in her secret sanctuaries. No scene of natural beauty can be fully enjoyed when viewed under circumstances of haste or anxiety. And, after all, the main object of a canoe trip should be health-giving recreation rather than the building up of muscle by violent exercise. We were too much under the dominion of that tyrannus ambition, common to every American on his travels, of covering the greatest possible distance in the shortest possible time. Considerations of distance should enter very little into the canoeist's reckoning; and as for time, he should bear in mind the remark of the Oriental quietist to the fussy European who complained that he had no time: "You have all the time there is." And so, to render himself as much as possible independent of time and distance, the canoeist should be prepared to camp out. Not clocks or watches, but the rising and setting of the sun should be his measure of time; and when evening draws nigh, the invitation to repose which the first shady nook offers should be promptly and thankfully accepted.

During the first sixty miles of the trip the dams were quite numerous, and the current flung back on itself, crept along at a snail's pace.

The barbed wire fences, too, were encountered from time to time; but we had proclaimed a holy war against these, and Tom's sturdy weapon, like the axe of Cœur de Lion, was to be seen flashing in the van of battle, and cleaving a way to victory and freedom! The long stretches of slow, deep water were beginning to grow somewhat monotonous, when, at last, the river straightened out, and we could hear in the distance the brawling music of the rapids. Right glad were we to hear it, as "the poetry of motion" for the canoeist is not when the river loiters in listless laziness, or wanders into wayward paths of its own selection, but when it flows swiftly on, with a smooth, downward sweep, or tears, with an impetuous rush, through a narrow channel, or breaks out laughing into rifts and the canoe dances merrily along.

The opinions of experts differ as to the best manner of taking a rift. When it lies straight ahead we found it best to come up to it under a full head of steam, with strong, quick strokes that keep the bow steadily in front, and lift the canoe almost out of the water, clear of the rocks that may lie near the surface. This seems to reduce to a minimum the danger of catching on the rocks, and of being swung around broadside, when an upset is almost inevitable.

If the river thus far, apart from the scenery, was somewhat tame, perhaps because yet too young to know much of the troubles of river life, it now began to grow rugged with rifts, some of them ugly and dangerous enough to impart a touch of adventure to the trip. There was one in particular where the channel suddenly narrowed, and turned off sharply to the right. The water rushed impetuously straight ahead, towards a fallen tree, deflecting on the opposite bank, where it had deposited a lot of rubbish, old boards, rotten branches, and the like. Tom made the run first, but realizing that the current was too strong, and dreading a collision, he jumped, and swung himself on to the fallen tree, letting his canoe drift away. I followed, and should certainly have come to grief, had not Tom caught the bow of the boat, and headed it towards the opposite bank, when, by strong paddling, I managed to steer clear of the debris, and shoot safely ahead.

The last wire fence we encountered was near Oneonta, on the evening of the third day. We had good reason to remember it, if only for the narrow escape we had from a serious accident. A cluster of wooded islets had divided the river into a number of turbulent rifts which leaped and tumbled along with the most rollicking *abandon*, now meeting and blending their currents, now rushing off in different directions, with the overhanging boughs so close to the water that we had to crouch low in our canoes like jockeys in the saddle at the finish of a great race. So exciting and enjoyable was the run that the temptation to keep on while the rifts lasted was almost irresistible. We chanced to look around, however, and finding that we were just opposite the town, we ran our canoes ashore. It was fortunate that we did so, for a few feet ahead, in the full sweep of the current, and quite indistinguishable in the gathering darkness, was another of the barbed-wire fences. Had we kept on, we would have come full tilt against it, when the consequences could hardly have failed of being disastrous.

What purpose that wretched wire fence served just there, unless to prevent trespass on the part of the fishers, we were wholly at a loss to understand.

By previous arrangement we were to meet two friends of ours at Towanda, who wished to accompany us down the river as far as Wilkesbarre. So we pushed on at high pressure to keep our engagement at the time appointed. One run, between Sidney and Bainbridge, six miles by rail, was made in dead, slow water within an hour, and this was at the close of a long day's paddle of eleven hours. But the one run on the trip which tested our patience and endurance most severely, was that between Windsor and Susquehanna, a lake-like reach of deep water twelve miles long. The wind was blowing a gale up stream as we launched our canoes, and the angry look of the river almost deterred us from venturing on the run. For the first mile or two we paddled along close to shore, making little headway, for we had to contend, not only against the wind and waves, but also against the wash of the water in its recoil from the bank. We soon found that the boldest course was the safest — *in medio tutissimus ibis* — and struck out into the middle of the river. It was no easy matter to keep our canoes steady against the strong wind, as, with teeth firmly set and every muscle strained, we fought our way inch by inch. At last, after a five hours' struggle, we beheld the spires and turrets of Susquehanna, perched like an Alpine village on a lofty height. It almost repaid us for our previous hard work to find the river now broken up into numberless rifts racing madly down hill — a veritable net-work of rifts — intersecting at points just wide enough to afford an outlet for our canoes. But we hit the mark every time, despite the peals of laughter which threatened to render our aim unsteady. "It was like threading needles," Tom quaintly said, as we beached our canoes for the mid-day meal.

At Great Bend we were informed by our host of the hotel, that, if we wished to save ourselves a whole week of paddling, we had only to cross the country overland, and in a few hours we would strike the river within twenty miles of Pittston. We understood now how appropriate was the name which the little railroad town bore of Great Bend.

Tom's native place was Athens, and he was never weary of sounding its praises as the most picturesquely situated town we had met thus far on the river. Nor were his praises much exaggerated. It lay on a tongue of land known as the "Point," between the junction of the Susquehanna and Tioga rivers, hemmed in on each side by ranges of pine-clad hills which seemed to meet just where the two rivers mingled their waters. In the old Indian days, as I learned from Tom, it bore the name of Tioga, which meant "Meeting of the Waters." With the advance of civilization, however, and the more wide-spread diffusion of classic lore and questionable taste, the name was changed to Athens. But the old Indian name still remains broadly stamped on the spot in ineffaceable characters, as the sign-manual of Nature itself. The present name is merely hung out on a shingle.

It was late in the evening when we set out from Athens, as we had resolved to make the run to Towanda by moonlight. The river

was clear of dams and wire-fences, and every one of its bends and rifts was now well known to Tom. His knowledge of the local history and legendary lore of the surrounding country enabled him to invest with a charm of human interest towns and places otherwise wholly featureless and unattractive.

> "Not a hamlet could we pass,
> Rarely a house that did not yield to him
> Remembrances; or from his tongue call forth
> Some way-beguiling tale."

As we rounded the "Point," it became an object of curious interest when told that it was the camping-ground of the Iroquois, in the days when that tribe was the head of the famous confederacy, known as the "Six Nations." All the leading trails from the south converged on the spot, and branched off northward in the direction of Niagara and the Genesee valley. All now are gone, "like some unsubstantial pageant faded," and the sole traces of their presence are the spear-heads and household implements, which the peaceful plough upturns in its course. The vision of Hiawatha has been realized, when he beheld

> "The remnants of his people
> Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
> Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
> Like the withered leaves of Autumn."

And now, heralding her advent by a low, wailing sigh among the trees, the moon rose ghostly and solemn over the hills, smoothing down their rugged outlines, throwing the dark places into deeper shadow, and flooding the opposite banks with splendor. The elves came out from their secret caves and began to tread the mazes of their mystic dance on the water to the music of the "singing beach." In a hushed and awe-stricken whisper, Tom remarked that the neighboring island was the burying-ground of the Iroquois, and that, from time to time, Indian skeletons are discovered in the sandy loam, standing erect and fronting the east. What spectral shapes are those, stately and motionless, and ranged, some distance apart, along the river-bank? Have the Indian warriors risen from their graves to re-visit the pale glimpses of the moon, and gaze on the scene of their former exploits? A nearer approach showed the strange forms to be locust-trees, muffled and hooded in the drapery of the wild vine, which flowed down their stems, in long, trailing garments, to the ground.

In the rifts the water seemed to flow more swiftly and smoothly than in the daylight, gliding on with a sort of hunted look, as if in mortal fear of its pursuer. Here and there, on the banks, were spots of quiet light, near by, lines of trembling lustre, and again a flood of radiance, chequered by the images of trees. And then "the silent, silver lights and darks undreamed of" through which we passed in the long reaches of slow water; and the quiet farm-houses, some fast asleep as their inmates, others still sending up their columns of white smoke; and the deep, black gorges in the mountains full of mystery, — all combined to form a scene of alternate beauty and grandeur, which

fascinated heart and soul. Silence was the most expressive homage we could pay it, as we floated slowly along, letting its beauty steal into the heart, and soothe and comfort it, and fill us with an emotion which we could not clothe in words.

Shooting rifts by moonlight is one of the most enjoyable sensations of life; but, like most luxuries, is apt to be somewhat dearly purchased, especially in the Susquehanna, which, as we have remarked before, is, in many places, seamed with eelracks. In daylight, by carefully surveying the water ahead, and noting the direction in which the current flows, the experienced canoeist will rarely fail to distinguish the opening which leads into a rift. Not so, however, in the dim, uncertain light of the moon, when one is very apt to get entangled in the meshes of an eelrack. When near Towanda, we paddled into one of these too far to correct the mistake in time; but, thanks to our round-bottomed canoes, we scrambled, in some indescribable way, over the impediment, and safely reached the swift water on the other side.

Should any reader of these lines make the same trip, he will escape running aground, or upsetting in a dangerous bit of water, if, when approaching the bridge near Towanda, he takes the second pier from the left bank, and, having passed under, run parallel to the bridge to the other end, and, turning sharp to the left, he will find himself in a rapid which will soon bring him under the brow of the hill on which the town is built. X.

Conclusion in our next.

The City of the Angels.

THE good Fra Julian Graces, who was the first consecrated Bishop of the Catholic Church in Mexico, says F. Hopkinton Smith, in the January Atlantic, conceived the most praiseworthy plan of founding somewhere between the coast and the city of Mexico, a haven of refuge, and a safe resting place for the weary travellers.

Upon one eventful night, when his mind was filled with this noble resolve, he beheld a lovely plain, that was bounded by the great slope of the volcanoes, watered by two rivers, and dotted by many ever-living springs, making all things fresh and green. As he gazed upon the scene before him, he beheld two angels, with line and rod, measuring bounds and distances upon the ground.

After seeing the vision, the bishop awoke, and that very hour he set out to search for the site which the angels had shown to him, and upon finding it, he joyfully exclaimed: "This is the site that the Lord has chosen through His holy angels, and here shall the city be built."

Even now the most charming and delightful of all the cities on the southern slope is this Pueblo de los Angelos. Nothing has since occurred to shake confidence in the wisdom of the good bishop.

A LADY was once lamenting the ill-luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "Look upon the bright side."—"Oh," she cried, "there seems to be no bright side!"—"Then polish up the dark side," was the reply.

Drink in the Olden Time.

THE crusaders were great topers, and to them is due the bringing of spirits. The Arabs had reinvented distilling, but the process is described by Galen and Zozimus, writing in the second and fifth centuries respectively. It is thought to have been known to the old Chaldeans, and from them transmitted to the Scythians — Tartars, who like the Koords, nowadays, were always making inroads towards the Mediterranean. Alcohol is, of course, an Arabic word — probably the same as the Hebrew "kaal," Chaldee "cohal," meaning anything highly subtilized, whether in powder or spirit. In the former shape it is applied to the finely powdered antimony, the "kohl" with which Eastern women paint their eyelashes. With the article, "al," it is the spirit, or, as Lucifer, in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," says:

"The elixir of perpetual youth,
Called alcohol in the Arab speech."

This, by and by, became a formidable rival to the older liquors, of which Giraldus Cambrensis writes: "Their constant habit of drinking has made the English famous among all nations. Both nature and custom make them drunkards. It is a strife between Ceres and Bacchus; but in the beer which conquers and domineers over them, Ceres prevails." Spirits, however, were not made or much drank in England till the sixteenth century. Even abroad for a long time brandy was only used as a medicine, the efforts of chemists, like Raymond Lully, being devoted to rectifying what the Arabian Abucasis had taught them how to produce in a hydrated form. How is it that whiskey (uisgebaugh — water of life) got into use so much sooner in Scotland and Ireland? It cannot be because mountains are unsuited to malt making, for much of Ireland is plain, and the Welsh have never exchanged their ancestral bwrw (beer), such as it is, for spirits. Moreover, good ales are still brewed in Scotland and Ireland, notably at Drogheda; and the old song about King Arthur's Court testifies that, in early times,

"The Scot loved ale called blue-cap."

I suppose the habit of spirit drinking was learned abroad. Scots of the Dugald Dalgetty class brought over that and other bad customs, and they were a numerous class, and from them the colonists of Ulster were largely recruited. Scot-ale (Low Latin, Scot-allum) had, by the way, in the old records, a far different meaning; it is, properly, a gathering where each paid his share, and thence comes to mean a public house. In King John's reign the Council of St. Alban's forbids "Viscounts, foresters, and others to hold Scot-ales where they pleased." A king's officer would hold a Scot-ale within one of the royal forests, out of the range, i.e., of the common law, and thither he would compel men to repair, just as a publican nowadays is sometimes able to prevent a man from getting work until he deals with the "house of call," where workmen assemble and wages are paid.

All the Year Round.

Do we Work too Much?

We have before us an interesting paper on The Hygiene of the Nervous System, contributed to, and reprinted from, the Alienist and Neurologist, by C. H. Hughes, M. D., of St. Louis. Dr. Hughes denounces a tendency he has discovered among Americans to "overwork." He says:

The cause of much of the premature decrepitude and nerve degeneracy and breakdown of our day is in the many inventions man has devised, whereby he robs himself of timely rest. The morning newspaper, often read through before breakfast; the telephone in his house, to call him at any and all times aside from his repose; the electric light, to keep his brain unduly stimulated through the retinæ; the railroad and the sleeping coach, which may keep him constantly on the rail (if he chooses to so travel) for continuous weeks without rest from the noisy and exhaustive cerebro-spinal concussions of this mode of travel: hasty meals, and telegrams, and business, and nightmare sleep, all commingled, wither and wreck lives innumerable, which, under wiser management, might end differently; and the needless noises of the city, the bells and steam whistles, howling hucksters, noisy street cars, yelling hoodlums, that make night hideous with soul-jarring sounds, hasten the premature ending of useful lives. And when, superadded to all this unphysiological strain, we have the assault of a pestilence that poisons, like cholera, how much exemption can such over-wrought organisms expect? How much of resisting immunity can such over-strained and exhausted nerve force oppose to the invading foe?"

The question, How much resistance can an over-strained organism offer to the assault of the gruesome scourge? it is not for the lay mind, but for the medical faculty to consider. There is, however, good reason to believe that Dr. Hughes would find it impossible to prove that this "over-wrought" condition is due to overwork. There are, of course, exceptional cases, but it is not with these we have to do, but with the broad assertion that we are an over-worked people, and that "the cause of much of the premature decrepitude and nerve degeneracy and breakdown of our day" is begotten of overwork. Were we so bold as to express an opinion on the cause, we should say that it proceeded in great measure, if not in nearly every instance, from bad habits, from the immoderate use of liquor, or other stimulants or irregular habits, or both, and in this assertion we could hope to be sustained by business and professional men of long experience, who have had the opportunity and inclination to study their business associates and employes.

Singularly enough, the doctor, after informing us that undue excitement, anxiety, and overwork leave the system peculiarly exposed to, and at the mercy of, the infection, proceeds then to furnish us with evidence to disprove his own proposition. He says:

"During the week of the great St. Louis fire in 1849, the ravages of cholera, which up to that event had reached a mortality of over two hundred a day, out of a population of fifty thousand, almost entirely ceased, so stimulating and invigorating was the excitement of that week to the brains and nervous systems of the people, the psychical exaltation inseparable from the sudden necessity thrown upon so many business men for repairing the sudden damage, and re-establishing their abruptly interrupted business."

If the doctor is sure about this, it would seem as though active employment, both mental and physical, furnished the best protection against cholera, and that the condition of nervous excitement and overwork which he most deplores as inviting the dire malady, in reality presents the most effective barrier against it.

Among the many beliefs, or rather superstitions, which the light of recent investigation and experience has served to dissipate, is that which attributed a continuance of good health to a saving of the vital forces by inaction. A man was supposed to have a certain amount of vitality, with which, as with his bank account, he could be saving or prodigal. Goldsmith, who besides being a poet was a doctor of medicine, and attended lectures in England, France, and Germany, only reflected the general belief in the doctrine when he tells us that he had hopes by a life of ease,

> "To husband out life's taper to the close,
> And keep the flame from wasting by repose."

His contemporary, Dr. Johnson, too, believed that the seven years of unceasing labor that he gave to his dictionary would shorten his life. There is reason to believe, however, that a life of ease would have hastened rather than postponed the demise of the former, and that Johnson's physical ailments would long before have proved unsupportable without the unremitting toil of which he so bitterly complains.

The medical practitioner to-day advises exercise and fresh air where formerly he prescribed jalap, bleeding, and attenuations of aconite and belladonna, and the remedies of nature have been discovered to be more potent in the preservation of the health than any of the agents to be found in the pharmacopœia.

Nature, we have learned, is a careful economist who permits only those faculties or muscles to develop which are used: and as every faculty and muscle has a use, it follows that that condition is nearest perfect where all are employed, and, *per contra*, that inactivity leads to decay.

We hear much of the evils of "overwork," but see little of them in fact. Who has not seen those supposed to be overworked, who, in fact, never seem to be rid of their labors, grow stronger rather than weaker, the pallor begotten of inactivity succeeded by the glow of health, and the eye sparkle with fresh life?

Hard work hurts no one; it would not, perhaps, be saying too much to assert that those who have lived what are called "busy" lives have kept the vital spark longest aglow. John Ericsson, in his eighty-third year, studied from sunrise to sunset. Humboldt, who slept but little and worked incessantly, lived to ninety, Newton to eighty-five, Faraday and Agassiz to about seventy. In France, M. Chevreul, the celebrated scientist, in his ninety-ninth year, was vigorous; and in England that eminent and honored philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, an ever-busy workman, is still engaged in charitable schemes, though a century has passed over his head.

In Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, there are more than

eight hundred men, most of them aged, to whose careers of toil have been added the experiences and dangers incident to a seafaring life.

It is curious, indeed, to note how much those who have led active lives are capable of at that period when we are inclined to regard them as aged.

Though surrounded by a myriad of warriors, the great Agamemnon calls out regretfully to the aged Nestor on the field: "Ah, how I wish that thy stout heart were but supported by as firm a knee!" and the valiant Nestor responds:

"Yet, ancient as I am, I will be seen,
Still mingling with the charioteers,
Still prompt to give them counsel."

Scientific American.

True Catholic Sentiment.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN, of San Francisco, who has recently returned to his diocese reinvigorated after his extended trip to Rome and other parts of Europe, received a warm welcome from the priests and people of his charge. Whilst full of admiration for the older lands which he had visited, yet the archbishop found that here in our own country is to be reaped the great harvest of souls:

"As a Catholic bishop and American citizen," said he, "coming home to the land I love so much, I feel I come to a country where much good may be done for God. While we are free and owe allegiance to no one, let us not forget that there is an after life. Let us remember that our religion is a divine gift; that no matter how lowly we may be, our poor loaves and fishes will be so multiplied, they will be sufficient to feed five thousand, and the remnants fill twelve baskets. So, my good people, pray to-day that your bishop may be so blessed, that he may assist in the work that remains for him to do, and that we be forever great and free. Remember that our religion is of divine origin; it came down to us from God. The strength of our holy religion is not in the gorgeousness of its ceremonials; nor in the grandeur of its cathedrals, nor in the learning of its schoolmen, but in the obedience of our people to the laws of God. They are sober, honest, fearless, and good, and in that is our strength. Pray that we may so live that those who hear us may say: 'They are citizens of the world, but they are those who also have a spiritual life; they are men and women who are the best of citizens, because they obey the rules and follow the tenets of their religion.' All this, I trust, will have the effect of causing thousands to become partakers of our religion in this life, and in the glories of the world to come."

THE young man who would have fruits of his labor brought before the eyes of the people will become an optician.

Don't learn chair making, for no matter how well you please your customers, they will sooner or later get down on your work.

If he would have his work to touch the heads of the nation, we know of no better way he could accomplish such an object than to make combs.

Should he not incline upon high living, but prefer a plain board, then the carpenter trade will suit him.

The quickest way for him to ascend to the top round of his calling is to be a hod-carrier.

Germany's Debt to Ireland.

Rev. William Stang, of the Cathedral, Providence, R. I., has written a very interesting article on the above subject. That our readers may have an idea of this pamphlet, we give the first chapter:

MISSIONARY ZEAL OF IRISH MONKS.

During the coming month of July (1889), the city and diocese of of Würzburg will celebrate, with solemn rites and splendid festivities, the twelfth centenary of the introduction of Christianity into Franconia by Irish missionaries and martyrs. The attention of the whole Christian world will again turn towards the "Isle of Saints," and gratefully recall the blessings which Erin, in her days of glory, bestowed on Continental Europe. Catholic Germany, in particular, will resound with the praises of those saints and apostles, who evangelized and civilized her barbarian ancestors. Germans, who are by nature grateful, have always acknowledged their religious and literary indebtedness to Ireland. One thousand years ago, the learned monk, Ermenrich Von Reichenau, remarked to the Abbot of St. Gall: "How could we ever forget the Isle of Erin, from whence the Sun of faith, the radiance of so great a light, has risen for us?"

A thousand years of strange and sad changes have not cooled the warmth of gratitude in German hearts towards Ireland.

In the month of April, 1844, the leaders of Catholic Germany presented an address to the Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, in which they said:

"It would, indeed, be divesting ourselves [the people of Germany] of all human sentiments, if we were not to entertain the deepest and sincerest sympathy for the ill-treated people of your isle, sighing under the yoke, and still reeking from the streams of shed blood. But want of sympathy on our part would, moreover, involve the blackest ingratitude. *We never can forget to look upon your beloved country as our mother in religion, that already, at the remotest periods of the Christian era, commiserated our people, and readily sent forth her spiritual sons to rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry, at the sacrifice of her own property and blood, and to entail upon them the blessings of the Christian faith.* They thus have made us their, and their nation's, spiritual children, and laid up a store of merits for the people of Ireland, which only base indifference and want of all good feeling could be unmindful of, and which just now presents itself the more vividly to our memory, *the more we behold the native land of those faithful apostles delivered* over to undeserved misfortune by injustice."

When Germany sat in darkness and in the shadows of death, "Ireland was the 'seat of a flourishing church,' abounding in the fruits of sanctity, learning, and zeal." The Old World, with its wealth and wisdom, was passing from the face of the earth, when that blessed Island in the north had become "the storehouse of the past and the birth-place of the future." The religion which Patrick brought had taken a firm

hold of the land, and entered into the flesh and blood of the people, so as to become their very life.

"For several centuries," says Father Thebeand, "after St. Patrick, the island was the 'Isle of Saints,' a place midway between heaven and earth, where angels and saints of heaven came to dwell with mere mortals."

We recall the classic words of Dr. Doellinger regarding the period in which Ireland sent her heroic sons to evangelize the pagan nations of the continent: "During the sixth and seventh centuries, the Church of Ireland stood in the full beauty of its bloom. The spirit of the Gospel operated amongst the people with a vigorous and vivifying power; troops of holy men, from the highest to the lowest ranks of society, obeyed the counsel of Christ, and forsook all things, that they might follow him. There was not a country of the world, during the period, which could boast of pious foundations, or of religious communities, equal to those that adorned this far distant island. Among the Irish, the doctrines of the Christian religion were preserved pure and entire; the names of heresy or of schism were not known to them; and in the Bishop of Rome they acknowledged and venerated the Supreme Head of the church on earth, and continued with him, and, through him, with the whole church, in a never interrupted communion. The schools in the Irish cloisters were, at this time, the most celebrated in all the West. Whilst almost the whole of Europe was desolated by war, peaceful Ireland, free from the invasions of external foes, opened to the lovers of learning and piety a welcome asylum. The strangers, who visited the island, not only from the neighboring shores of Britain, but also from the most remote nations of the continent, received from the Irish people the most hospitable reception, gratuitous entertainment, free instruction, and even the books that were necessary for their studies. Thus, in the year 536, in the time of St. Senanus, there arrived at Cork, from the continent, fifteen monks, who were led thither by their desire to perfect themselves in the practices of an ascetic life under Irish directors, and to study the Sacred Scriptures in the school established near that city. At a later period, after the year 650, the Anglo-Saxons, in particular, passed over to Ireland, in great numbers, for the same laudable purposes. On the other hand, many holy and learned Irishmen left their own country to proclaim the faith, to establish or to reform monasteries in distant lands, and thus to become the benefactors of almost every nation in Europe."

Charity is diffusive; its nature is to expand and to communicate itself to others. Animated with the purest zeal for the conversion of souls; burning with the holiest desire of bringing the blessings of their faith to others, the sons of St. Patrick left their sweet and blessed country to go into the whole world and to preach the gospel to every creature.

St. Bernard, in his Life of St. Malachy, remarks: "From Ireland, as from an overflowing stream, crowds of holy men descended on foreign countries."

This deep-seated love of evangelizing has been graphically sketched by the Count de Montalembert:

"A characteristic still more distinctive of the Irish monks, as of all their nation, was the imperious necessity of spreading themselves without, of seeking or carrying knowledge and faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat paganism. This monastic nation, therefore, became the missionary nation *par excellence*. While some came to Ireland to procure religious instruction, the Irish missionaries launched forth from this island. They covered the land and the seas of the west. Unwearied navigators, they landed on the most desert islands; they overflowed the continent with their successive immigrations. They saw, in incessant visions, a world, known and unknown, to be conquered for Christ." Who has not heard or read of St. Brendan, the Irish sailor-monk, whose "fantastic pilgrimages into the great ocean, in search of the earthly Paradise, and of souls to convert," have exercised a religious charm over the Christian imaginations for twelve centuries? The account of his wonderful voyages was one of the first books printed in the German language. "For the Irish," says Wallafried Strabo, "the habit to immigrate has become their second nature."

Whilst the British would not cross the narrow span of water to bring the blessing of faith to Ireland, the Irish, after embracing the doctrine of the Crucified, would traverse every sea and country to carry the Gospel to heathen nations.*

Probably no other nation of the continent owes so much to the missionary zeal of the Irish monks as Germany; no other country has been so abundantly blessed with the illustrious lives of Irish saints as Germany. To-day, over one hundred and fifty Irishmen are invoked as patron saints in different parts of Germany. Among the earliest of the Irish missionaries, whose names are held in pious remembrance, were Fridolin, Columbanus, Gall, Sigisbert, Trudpert, Kilian, Colonat, Totnan, Virgilius, and Disibod.

We give the concluding paragraphs:

Ireland brought Germany the Roman Catholic faith. In the ninth century, the learned German monk, Ermenrich, in his address to Grimald, abbot of St. Gall: "We have it from ancient authors, that St. Columbanus, St. Gall, and their companions, came hither to convert the pagan barbarians to the faith of Christ."

How could we ever forget the isle of Erin, from whence the sun of faith, the radiance of so great a light has risen for us! Though born in a country towards the East, yet we receive the light of faith from the far West, from the utmost bounds of the earth, from whence, also, this light has shone upon other nations.

Ireland is rich, adorned with the rarest gifts of nature, but she excels yet more by the most extraordinary gifts of grace. There, winter is so mild that the snow remains upon the ground scarcely for

* The Irish not only penetrated the inhospitable and uncultivated parts of the continent, we find them even on the shores of America as early as the eighth century. Grave historians admit that the Irish discovered America seven hundred years before Christopher Columbus colonized that portion of America now known as North and South Carolina, Georgia, and East Florida. Gndlief Gndlaugsan, a Norse navigator, who landed here in the beginning of the eleventh century, found the people speaking Irish, and, in the Sagas, the country is called "Ireland-it-Mikla," that is, great Ireland.

three days. What nature shows in figure is realized spiritually in the Irish church; for, to her apply the words of Holy Writ: "She shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow; for all her domestics are clad in double garments." Her teachers are clothed with the mantle of the Old and the New Testaments, equipped with pure faith and good works, filled with the love of God and of their neighbor, therefore, she shall not fear that her household perish in the cold of snow, which falls upon the earth through infidelity, heresy, and schism.

No snake nor other venomous creature can live on that island; in like manner, no one can be in communion with the Irish church, who, infected with heresy, tries to poison others. And when such false prophets (teachers) come to Ireland from other countries to unite themselves to the church of Ireland, they shall be immediately destroyed by the breath of the doctors of faith; that is to say, they will either be expelled or converted; for the Irish Fathers of the church are like the doctrine of the apostle, to the one an odor of life, to the other an odor of death.

In Ireland, the bark of the trees and all the plants resist any kind of poison, just as the word of God, carried from there all over the world, removes the corruptions of Satan, and pours into the wounds of men the balm of eternal salvation.

Erin flows with milk and honey; and her church abounds in the milk of heavenly doctrine and in the honey of wisdom, which she industriously prepares for high and low; and, as her sunny hills are crowned with purple vines and clustering grapes, so does her church glitter in the blood of her martyrs. The countless birds, deer, and goats remind us of her innumerable saints, who have soared to God, or who have so excelled in prudence or strength of soul as to have overcome the temptations of Satan and escaped his snares of sin. In fact, the church of Ireland is a faithful (true) picture of the Catholic Church, which, in the midst of the ocean of time, is assailed by the attacks of devils, exposed to the storms of godlessness and the persecutions of the wicked; but, being built on the rock, Jesus Christ, she will endure forever. Her pilot is God, her rowers the apostles of Christ, and their successors, the bishop and abbot. Such oarsmen were St. Columbanus and St. Gall, who went out from that corner of the earth and came to us, as also did that holy martyr of Christ, St. Boniface, who came from the same place, to bring to our beloved fatherland the light of faith. And all, who faithfully follow these blessed apostles, will be safely led into the haven of eternal rest.

The reader must get the pamphlet, and read it from cover to cover. It is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York, and sold by all booksellers.

COULDST thou see the beauty of a reasonable soul thou wouldst sacrifice thy life a thousand times to secure its salvation; nothing in this material world can be compared to its beauty.—*Life of St. Catherine of Sienna.*

WHAT makes people so discontented with their own lot in life, is the mistaken ideas which they form of the happy lot of others.

Lesson for Young Men.

Ex-President Cleveland was, for one who has for years held office, a poor man. Though as a lawyer and office-holder, he has made money, his total wealth, before he was president, was invested in a house and lot in Buffalo, assessed at about $4,500. During the campaign it was charged that his earnings were wasted in dissipation and riot. But the season of campaign charges is over, and the truth is now told. Cleveland, owing to the death of his father, and the poverty of his family, was deprived of more than a common-school education, and at an early age had to earn his own living, pick up his education, and, unaided, battle with the world. At twenty-one he was admitted to practise law. Since that time he has made more than sufficient for self-support; he has advanced steadily in official honors, his income increasing continually. Where, then, did his money go? He never forgot his mother, his sisters, and brothers, nor his duty to them. His income was always divided with them for their support, and to the children he gave, as far as his means would permit, a thorough education. If any sacrifice was to be made, his mother must be supported and his sisters and brothers educated — the sacrifice was on his part. Though his father was a minister, and his mother as a widow was entitled to receive aid and support, if necessary, from the church, Cleveland determined his mother or her family should not accept charity, while he was able, even by earnest labor, economy, and self-denial, to support her and educate her family. Further, in later years, when his mother died, and his sisters and brothers, some of them married and widowed, with their orphaned little ones, have been furnished a home and education by the labor and economy of the same devoted brother, who held it to be his first duty to apply his energies and earnings to the relief of his family rather than amassing personal wealth. This is why Cleveland, though his income has for years been in the thousands, is not rich.

Young men, this is a lesson which too many of you may well heed. Are you doing your duty to your parents, sisters, and brothers? What are you doing with your earnings? Are not too many of you not only contributing nothing of your earnings to aid them, but, on the contrary, are still a burden to them? You earn good wages, what do you do with your money? You are young and vigorous, work is no burden to you; your income, if properly spent, is more than ample to support you. Your parents have labored, denied themselves comforts, to rear and educate you. What are you doing to repay them? To make their old age comfortable? To relieve them of the burdens of life? To aid them in rearing and educating your younger brothers and sisters? Are you doing your duty? Are you proving that you are possessed of even a spark of gratitude or love to your own parents and family? If you are your future, even amid adversity, will be blessed with a consciousness of duty done, and earn for you the love and respect of your fellows. If not, although you may attain to wealth and worldly honors, you will be self-condemned before men as heartless, unjust, and untrustworthy. To use a Western phrase: The boy who goes back on his mother will go to the dogs, sure as shootin'.

Incidents of the Great Flood.

B. F. KELLAR'S family of Johnstown, Penn., lost in the flood fifty out of fifty-eight near and distant relatives.

A lady resident in the Conemaugh Valley was saved from the flood, after hours spent in the water, by the repeated efforts of her little water spaniel.

In the floating debris of an humble Johnstown cottage were found nine children uninjured, the oldest not over fifteen years. The father and mother, "Germans," had been swept away and lost.

Death is always looming over us like the dam above Johnstown, and the average man is always about as unexpectant and ill-prepared to meet it as were those whom the waste of waters overwhelmed in the Conemaugh.

The Sisters of Charity and the Franciscans, both of which communities had local houses in Johnstown, seemed exhausted early last week by their efforts in tenderly caring for the sufferers. Relays of assistants were sent forward.

The Dublin municipal council was the first foreign organization to cable its sympathy, with the sum of five thousand dollars, for the sufferers. On motion of ex-Mayor Sullivan, a resolution of condolence with the afflicted at Johnstown, and other places, was unanimously passed.

A preacher in Johnstown delivered a sermon on the flood in which he charged the unfortunate victims with not heeding the warning of God. "They would not hear," he said, "and were drowned and went to hell." It was with difficulty he was saved from the wrath of his hearers. What do people go to hear preachers for anyway? asks the Western Watchman.

Rev. Father Trautwein, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, at Cambria City, is one of the heroes developed by the terrible catastrophe. The story of his work during the awful night of May the thirty-first may not go down to posterity in the history of the Johnstown flood, but it is a story worthy of preservation. He acted all through the part of the heroic priest, forgetful of self in his efforts to rescue and save others. God bless him!

The Sisters of Mercy had an efficient corps of nurses early in the field looking after the sick and wounded. Besides the temporary hospital established in Johnstown, Mercy Hospital, this city received all that could possibly be accommodated. This worthy institution was the first to publicly announce at the citizens' meeting that its doors were open to the sufferers, free of charge. The same course was followed at St. Paul's Orphan Asylum in charge of the same community.

The incidents of the Johnstown catastrophe would fill volumes. The dead have been buried by the hundreds unidentified, scores of little children predominating. The body of one beautiful girl, of refined features and elegantly dressed, was overlooked by her friends, and failing of identification was buried from the morgue. In life many must have sought her for her beauty. In very many cases whole families were wiped out. The body of the "pet of the Cambria works," a "lovely little Irish girl, the child of humble parents," was recovered and in good preservation.

John G. Parker, Jr., a civil engineer employed on the grounds of the Johnstown dam, thus describes its breaking: "The break took place at three o'clock. It was about ten feet wide at first and shallow, but now that the flood had made a gap, it grew wider with increasing rapidity, and the lake went roaring down the valley. That three miles of water was drained out in forty-five

minutes. The downfall of those millions of tons was simply irresistible. Stones from the dam and boulders were carried for miles. Trees went down like you might cut a mullien stalk with a swish of your cane. It was a terrible sight to see that avalanche of water go down that valley already choked with floods.

Among Catholic notes of the Johnstown horror, we observe that Father Davin was brutally assaulted by a Hungarian whom he prevented from robbing dead bodies. The priest would not point him out to persons near for fear that they would lynch him. Father Trautwein absolved a poor Irish girl whose head alone was visible through an immense pile of debris. She made her confession and prepared for death; was afterward rescued. The Sisters of Charity, on the approach of the torrent, repaired to a little room, to which they conveyed the Blessed Sacrament. The flood found them there in prayer before it, and whirled the building away, all but the little ell part which contained the kneeling Sisters.

Rev. Father Tahaney, with his assistant, Father Sheehan, had a narrow escape from death. After the first crash was over they returned to the convent of the Sisters and succeeded in rescuing them from the flood. These two priests for days have worked devotedly in aiding the sufferers, the former rendering valuable assistance as chairman of the local supply committee. Speaking of St. John's Church, which is a total wreck, Father Tahaney says: "I will build another church, gather together the remnant of my two thousand parishoners, and start anew." And he has hopes for Johnstown, which, he says, "will yet rise from the ruins a second Chicago." This is the most cheerful view of the situation so far expressed by any one. We believe it will be realized.

The Catholic clergy of Johnstown labored night and day in ministering to the sick and dying. They only retired when relieved by volunteers from all over the diocese who came to their assistance. Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburgh, who had gone quietly to Johnstown and worked with untiring energy the moment the disaster was announced, spoke of the schools of the Sisters of Charity. "It is not true, as reported," he said, "that that building was entirely swept away. The ell part, containing the chapel, still stands. Early in the day, fearing the rising waters, but not dreaming of the flood that was to come, the Sisters had sent their pupils home. Soon after, warned by the crash and roar of the deluge, the Sisters fled to the chapel in the ell, leaving the main part of the building. There in the chapel they fell upon their knees and prayed, the waters roaring about them. As the flood rushed into the chapel, they were still upon their knees, praying. The waters rose about them. Taking the Blessed Sacrament, they went to the room above the chapel, and, kneeling about it, prayed. The torrents bore a crushing mass of shattered houses down upon the school building, tearing it from its foundation, and hurling it onward with the flood. But, strange to say, that little ell part with the chapel and the sisters in the room above it, kneeling by the Blessed Sacrament, and praying—that remained. The deluge beat against it, but it fell not; while all the rest of the building was whirling along, a shattered ruin, that little part, with its precious contents, remained in safety. All night in trembling and prayer — kneeling about the Blessed Sacrament, in that little room above the chapel — waited the Sisters, and in the morning rescue came. Draw your own inference. The ell part stands there a witness to what I have said." The room to which the Sisters carried the Blessed Sacrament is the weakest part of the structure ; but it was spared. Structures, solid, strong, impregnable, fell ; rich and poor alike died in the impartial flood ; but the fragile veil and wreath of the Immaculate were untouched. This seems impossible ; can we not, therefore, reverently call it miraculous?

SAD INDEED: — The following is a pointed commentary on what we have before noticed in these columns — the want of realism in the religious belief of the average sectarian :

Many of the people of Johnstown have lost all their faith in Providence. Many of them have thrown away their Bibles, and, since the disaster, have openly burned them. They make no concealment of this. During the flood, one of the most upright and devout merchants in town was rescued

as by a miracle. It was with considerable difficulty that he was revived; but as he was lying on the bed, a clergyman who was present dropped on his knees and earnestly began to pray. "Leave me," cried the merchant. "This is no time to pray or to thank God. I never want to see your face again." A lady, who has lost her husband and four children, was gathering together the relics of her home, when she came across the family Bible containing the record of her birth, marri ge, and the births of her children. A stranger happened to pass, and, tearing the records out, she proffered the book to him. The man happened to be a clergyman. "Do you realize, madame, what you are doing?" — "Perfectly," was the reply. "I have no further use for that book. I have always tried to be a consistent Christian woman. I brought up my four girls as strictly as I was; but I cannot read that book any more."

No one, says the Catholic Universe, could have it in his heart to aught but sympathize with the unfortunate sufferers by the overwhelming disaster in the Conemaugh Valley. To lose all that in the mere flesh makes life worth living, our nearest and dearest, the pride and comfort of our lives, is a terrific stroke of affliction. Yet, there is a merciful God above the flood. The Christianity that constantly reminds us of Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; that places us in daily contact with the supernatural; emphasizes a workaday Providence in all our affairs, and ever teaches us to expect little if anything, or naught indeed, from Time, and everything from Eternity,— brings us into very close and clear relations with the scheme of the Creator in man, and its consummation beyond the direst valley of death. The practical Catholic realization of future endless rewards; the comforting purgatorial doctrine that leaves so much to our hopes, so much to the mercy of God, so little or nothing to human judgments — these are relief valves, when otherwise the pressure of seeming misfortune would appear to be unbearable.

Waters wear away the stones, and with inundation the ground, by little and little, is washed away; so, in like manner, thou shalt destroy man.

Thou hast strengthened him for a little while, that he may pass away forever: thou shalt change his face, and shalt send him away.

Whether his children come to honor or dishonor, he shall not understand.

But yet his flesh, while he shall live, shall have pain, and his soul shall mourn over him.

Forty feet is said to be the height of the wave which overwhelmed Johnstown and seven thousand of its inhabitants. Sir Robert Rawlinson, in a letter to the Times, describes the wave which came down upon Sheffield from the Bradfield Reservoir, as having been twenty feet in height. In England, he says, rivers occasionally rise twenty-two feet or twenty-three feet vertical in flood. In Scotland and Wales some rise thirty feet or thirty-five feet in great spates. In South Africa rivers have been known to rise seventy feet, and in Australia as much as one hundred and twenty feet.

One of the first to hasten to the aid of the Johnstown sufferers was Bishop Phelan, the Catholic prelate of Pittsburgh, in whose diocese the ill-fated city was situated. The bishop not only hastened to Johnstown, but he also insisted on entering that city of the dead at a time when it was dangerons to do so. His attendants tried to dissuade him from crossing a rope bridge at one place, where he thought his presence might be of some use; but the devoted prelate refused to listen, and declared that, no matter what the risks were, he would do what he considered his duty.

THE HORRORS OF THE DAY.

Catholic Universe: The Johnstown flood, the Seattle fire, the Cronin murder, have so thoroughly concentrated public attention, that the successive horrors in insane asylums,— two at Chicago and vicinity and one at Rochester, N. Y.,— the barbarous murder of the poor demented men and women, by brutal attendants, have passed from the public mind. Yet these are events of which the newpapers treated in the first days of June. Anything more savage, more unprovoked, more diabolical, than these asylum murders of unfortunate inmates has never been penned. It is proved that politics had everything to do with the control of the asylums and the appointment of the attendants. What a difference between their appalling ferocity, cold-blooded, heartless and unnatural, and the tender ministrations that through love of God and neighbor our sweet Sisters of Charity extend to the insane who are blessed with their care!

Educational Grievances of Catholics.

In a former article was presented to the readers of this Magazine a summary of the arguments setting forth the injustice that is done to Catholics on the educational question, and also the well-grounded claims of the parochial schools to share in the school taxes. It is the purpose of the writer in this article to develop these arguments more fully, and to answer the objections commonly put forward against the Catholic position.

At the outset it may be stated that the number of those fair-minded people, who are ready to recognize the just claims of Catholic citizens and taxpayers, is rapidly increasing. Nor need any one be discouraged by the spasmodic outbursts of a small coterie of extremists, here and there, throughout the country. This display is mainly due to the blind and unreasoning hatred of our holy faith, and the school trouble in Boston, Pittsburgh, or elsewhere, merely supplies the occasion for a few noisy, turbulent spirits to exhibit themselves. The intelligent, thoughtful, and conservative body of our people is desirous of reaching a solution of the educational problem that will satisfy all classes and will work injustice to none.

Taking up the arguments in order, let us examine the grounds upon which the Catholic claims are based. The first two reasons why parochial schools should share in the school fund are: —

1. Because all who pay taxes ought to share in the benefits of taxation.

2. Because to compel payment of taxes and to exclude from participation is political injustice.

To the average American these two propositions ought to appear in the light of self-evident truths. Their substance and meaning are imbedded in the letter and spirit of our Constitution. It is entirely beside the question to say, as is sometimes said, that Catholics are *not* excluded from the benefits of the school tax; that Catholics can share in the benefits of school taxation; and if they exclude themselves that is their own fault. Every honest man understands, at present, that the fundamental principle upon which the public-school system of education is based, excludes and must necessarily exclude, not only the child of Catholic parents, but the children as well, of the believer in supernatural religion. No Christian parent can endorse, in his own conscience, a system of instruction that is professedly non-Christian; a system that takes no account of the existence of a soul or a supernatural life; a system that occupies itself just as little with the mission, history, and teachings of the divine founder of Christianity as it does with the life and doctrines of Confucius or Buddha. The reason, then, why Catholic taxpayers cannot avail themselves of the benefits of the school tax is a reason founded on conscience. And to ignore this is an evasion of the whole question. The treatment Catholics receive, and of all others who are in accord with the Catholic position, is, therefore, a plain violation of the rights of conscience and

the first principles of justice, since they are taxed for something the benefits of which they are practically debarred from enjoying. Is not this political injustice? Is not this a violation of those rights of conscience guaranteed to all under the Constitution?

The next argument advanced in favor of the claims of Catholics runs thus: —

3. Because to offer education either without Christianity, or with indefinite Christianity, to the people of the United States — of whom the great majority are definitely and conscientiously Christian — is a condition that ought to be of impossible acceptance. The answer generally made to this line of reasoning is that Catholics simply want to control the public schools. That what we are aiming at is to teach Catholic Christianity in the public schools; and since this, of course, would be entirely distasteful to non-Catholics, the American people are asked to close their ears to the Catholic plea for justice.

Now, in all honesty and candor, our opponents should understand that we have never thought of such a thing as forcing our religion upon anybody, either in the schools or elsewhere. We have never dreamed of offering "education with Catholic Christianity to Protestants," unless they want that kind of Christianity, as many of them seem to do who send their boys and girls to Catholic colleges and Sisters' academies. Once more let us repeat that all Catholics look for is the natural and divine right of parents to educate their children. And when Catholic parents have discharged that duty satisfactorily, one would naturally suppose that they ought to be, in justice, exempted from the doubtful obligation of educating other people's children. Is not that fair? Our fourth argument may be presented in this form:—

4. Because, to confer the exclusive control and enjoyment of the school funds on the public schools alone is to create a grievance of conscience, which is especially foreign to our constitutional system. A large class of the population,— the Catholics,— who conscientiously refuse to accept education without Christianity, and schools of no, or indefinite, Christianity, are compelled to pay taxes for the support of such schools.

But, say those who are opposed to doing justice to Catholics, "it would be impossible to parcel out the school tax to the different denominations." "If we give Catholics their due share, it will be impossible to refuse others, who may advance a similar claim." In reply to this objection, that a division of the school fund cannot be thought of, because the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and other religionists, would put in their claims for a share of the tax, the obvious answer is, Justice ought to be done, no matter what happens. A system, under which Catholics would be allowed their share of the school tax, is found to work well in the neighboring Dominion of Canada; why not here? Moreover, it is generally understood that all, or mostly all, of the Protestant sects, are satisfied with the public schools as they are at present, and do not complain of any injustice done them. A very simple way out of the difficulty would be, either to return to the Catholic tax-payer his share of the school-tax, or to exempt altogether

from the school-tax those Catholics who are educating their children in the parochial schools.

There is no argument which the average man understands so readily as that which is addressed to his pocket. The money arguments, on this subject, may be summed up in this way:

5. Because the parochial schools save, annually, the public revenues at least ten millions of dollars!

6. Because, if the parochial schools were extinguished, it would cost the people of the United States a vast sum of money to buy sites and build the schools necessary to replace them, and an enormous annual increase in the school-tax necessary to maintain them. These reasons should be apparent to the property holder, who already complains of the weight of public taxation, especially in the large cities of the United States. The enormous sum of money that Catholics save to the people of this country, ought certainly dispose fair-minded persons to look around for an adequate and just solution of the educational problem. How would it be if non-Catholics had to endure such a heavy burden of what is, practically, a double system of taxation? Most likely they, too, would complain, and that rather loudly. And they, too, would keep on agitating, until there was a public recognition of their grievances. Why should not Catholics do the same? Why should they be branded, even by the Fultons and Joe Cooks of the land, as wanting in patriotism and as opposed to Republican institutions, when redress from grievous wrong is sought for? This, surely, is not fair play nor honest dealing. What answer can be given to the following reasons why parochial schools should share in the school fund?

7. Because the parochial schools are the only safeguard of the rights and conscience both of parents and children.

8. Because they embody the freedom of the people to educate themselves in opposition to the pagan and revolutionary claim that the educator of the people is the state.

It is usually admitted that, from the Catholic standpoint, these reasons are valid. If non-Catholics fail to perceive the force of the argument, they are certainly free to set up their own safeguards. If the public school, or state system, is, in their judgment, all the safeguard to conscience that Protestants demand, all well and good. Catholics have not a word to say against the sufficiency of safeguards that others may adopt. They claim, however, the same right to judge of what is necessary to safeguard and protect their own rights of conscience. That is all. In reply to the reasoning here laid down, the writer noticed, recently, the following: "No one, that I am aware of, disputes the right of any parent to educate his or her children in any way he or she deems proper, so long as it is not at the expense of the majority, who may think different. In other words, no objections are made to parochial schools as long as they pay their own bills."

Here we have the barbarous principle that "might makes right," and that other almost equally primitive maxim, that "majorities rule," put forward as an answer. But even these principles cannot be ap-

plied to the case since Catholics do not ask the majority to pay their bills. All they want is simply the privilege of paying their own bills, and no more. As the matter stands at present, it is plainly this: Instead of the majority being asked to pay *our* bills, we, after having paid our own bills, are forced to pay our share of the majority's bills, for which we get nothing in return for our hard cash. Such a proceeding, in the ordinary business of commercial dealing, we call by its proper name. Does it not look, on the face of things, like the grossest injustice, to use a rather mild term?

Again, parochial schools should share in the public taxes, for the following reasons:

9. Because state education is the worst form of education, fatal to the independence of national conscience, energy, and character.

10. Because the effects of a purely secular, or state education, have proved disastrous wherever it has had a trial.

Here are the proofs: That is the worst form of education which is farthest removed from the true idea of what education means. To this category state education belongs. Therefore, it must be the worst form of education. There is, as everybody knows, a clear distinction to be made between education and instruction. According to the definition of the word, to educate means to draw out; to develop the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties of the soul. An education that improves only the mind and memory, to the neglect of the moral and religious faculties, is, at best, but an imperfect and defective system. Yet, this is exactly all our state education aims, or can aim, at doing. The state cannot teach morals or religion. It does not propose to do so in the United States. Therefore, the state system is, as compared with all known systems, the most defective form of education.

That it is fatal to the independence of national conscience, energy, and character, is no less apparent. The general proportion is true, that wherever the state encroaches upon individual rights, there is invariably a weakening, that increases in direct proportion to the degree of usurpation by the state, of those three great elements of national strength. Now, under our public school system, the state absolutely usurps parental rights. It is evident, therefore, that such a system of education must prove "fatal to the independence of national conscience, energy, and character." Besides, is it not patent to every one that conscience does not count at all in the system? And, as for "energy and character," parental government is about the surest and speediest way to weaken and destroy both.

The revolutionary period in American history was characterized by the highest degree of national energy and character. We had national giants in that age. And, strange to say, they did not receive their education in the public schools. Who holds that we are, to-day, as independent in character and energy as were the revolutionary fathers? And yet we are in the full enjoyment of the boasted blessings of our glorious public schools!

But it is asserted that the results of the parochial system are no

better than those of the public schools. It is sometimes urged that the criminal calendar furnishes just as many, if not more, criminals, who were trained under the parochial system, as of those who went to the public schools. This assertion is not true. If it were, it would be one of the most startling revelations of the age. If a system which takes no account of moral and religious training turns out just as good citizens, and a less percentage of those who afterwards become criminals, as does a system which duly provides for the moral education of youth, it is high time for the world to invert its principles. But, of course, the statement is simply absurd — a pure fiction without a shadow of authority to sustain it. The assertion is about on a par with the following, which I find in a recent issue of a paper called the Educational Voice. "Superintendent —— made a visit the other day to the Reform School, and ascertained, *upon close inquiry*, that less than one per cent. of the boys and girls who are inmates of the institution were attendants of the public schools!" There were at the time between four and five hundred inmates. The Catholic chaplain, when I showed him this statement, could not understand how any one could make such an assertion. He assured me that of these boys and girls who attended any school, fully ninety per cent. went to the public schools. Credulous, indeed, must be that portion of the public to whom such statements are addressed. I suppose this public-school superintendent would find little difficulty in asserting that less than one per cent. of those fine gentlemen who pass over to Canada with their neighbor's hard-earned cash were regular attendants of the public schools!

The only reliable statistics on this subject are to be found in the United States Census of 1860. Then there were few parental or parochial schools in New England. It is for this reason that this census of 1860 affords a correct basis for comparison. Taking Massachusetts, at that date, as a representative of the public-school system, and Virginia as the representative of the parental system of education, what is the record? Massachusetts had, according to the census of 1860, one criminal to every 649 of the population, while Virginia, which down to 1860 left the educational control of children to their parents, had one criminal to every 6,566 inhabitants! Referring to these figures, the late Richard Grant White observes that the record evidence "Proves the case against the public-school system as clearly and undeniably as the truth of Newton's theory of gravitation is proved by the calculations of astronomers," etc. And, strange to say, the attempt is being made at the present time in Massachusetts, to coerce parents into sending their children to these same public schools, rather than allow them the God-given right of choosing their own schools. Glorious record, certainly, this is, for the great old Commonwealth of Massachusetts! Now for the last two reasons given, why parochial schools should share in the school taxes:—

11. Because no good reason is apparent for excluding parochial schools from a share of the school taxes but that they are Christian and Catholic.

12. Because the efficiency of the parochial-school system is fully equal to that of the public-school.

The "good reason" why parochial schools are excluded is, say the

unthinking, because "it is unlawful" to divide the funds. Well, suppose the laws were changed and that which at present is unlawful, unfair, unjust, and, I may add, un-American, were made lawful. How would that work?

Let us take a parallel case. Suppose it was unlawful, under the majority principle, for Roman Catholics to worship their Creator according to the dictates of their own conscience, as at present provided, would we be bound to silently submit to this injustice and wrong, simply on being told by some blind persecutor that it was "unlawful" to do otherwise? Should Catholics tamely endure the wrong and injustice, not moving hand or foot to redress themselves? And are not the educational grievances of Roman Catholics almost on a par with the case I have supposed? People sometimes get so accustomed to doing a wrong to others that they fail to see the error of their ways. I am afraid we have come to that dangerous condition of mind in America, on this school question.

That Catholic schools furnish instruction to pupils in secular matters fully equal to that given in the public schools, is now generally recognized by all who have examined the results and efficiency of both systems. It has been the fashion, in certain quarters, to decry the parochial schools; and Catholic parents led away by the empty clamor against these same schools, have, here and there, sent their children to the public schools.

At present parochial schools are within the reach of most of our Catholic children, and any one who sees daily the large, nay, even the crowded attendance at these parochial schools, is satisfied that parents not only recognize their duty as Christians, but also believe these schools to be equally efficient as the public schools in secular training. The constant demand for additional school-room; the large number of elegant, new buildings being erected all over the country; the ill-concealed feelings and angry outbursts, such as witnessed in Massachusetts against the liberty of parents to educate their children in the way they deem best and proper, and most conducive to good citizenship,— are proofs conclusive that priests and people are determined to put in force the legislation of the council of Baltimore on this important subject of education.

It is not denied, however, that there are some Catholic parents who, for sufficient causes, do send their children to the public schools. There are others, again, but they are the exception, and are by no means representative Catholics, who, in face of plain Christian duty, persist in sending their children to the public schools. These are the exceptions that prove the rule. Hence the reason stands. But, after all, this is no sure or certain test of the efficiency of the schools — the choice of the parents. Very few parents visit the schools; a large number never think of comparing the efficiency of one system with the other; most parents are influenced by other considerations in selecting a choice of schools for their children.

The proper way of testing the superiority of one system over the other would be an honest competition between the pupils, in equal

grades, of the two systems. We have no means of applying this test. I understood that, within the last year or two, one of the Catholic pastors of Pittsburgh publicly challenged the authorities of a neighboring public school, the most efficient one, I am led to believe, in the county, and the challenge was not accepted. Honest investigation goes to show that, in the fundamental or elementary branches, and these are what the majority of the pupils need, the parochial schools are fully equal, if not in advance of the public schools in efficiency and thoroughness of work.

In great Britain and Ireland statistics prove, what here we have not the means of showing, that Catholic schools and colleges more than hold their own against the state and non-Catholic schools. I have before me a summary of the results of the "intermediate examinations" in Ireland, held last June. The result is, that without any external advantages, the Catholic students succeeded in carrying off no less than 420 prizes, as against 295 for students of the state or public schools and of all other schools and colleges. The substantial value of the prizes awarded Catholic students amounted to $18,790 out of a total of $32,905.

The necessity of religious and moral training in the schools has been strongly insisted on by the Royal Commission of elementary education in England, in its recently published report. Here is an extract: —

"While the commission desired to secure for the children in public elementary schools the best and most thorough instruction in secular subjects, they are also unanimously of opinion that their religious and moral training is a matter of still higher importance, alike to the children, the parents, and the nation. To secularize elementary education would be a violation of the wishes of parents, whose views in such a matter are entitled to the first consideration. The evidence does not warrant the conclusion that religious and moral training can be amply provided otherwise than through the medium of elementary schools." Those who think that home and the Sunday-school are able to supply, and do supply, all the moral and religious training needed, will do well to scan closely the last sentence of this extract.

Catholics are not alone in condemning the bad results of a non-religious system of education. In a recent issue of the Churchman, a Protestant Episcopal paper, the writer calls attention to the practical outcome of a purely secular system of instruction in these words:

"It is noteworthy, although it is perfectly natural, that absconding clerks and other defaulters, are mostly men who have received such learning as they possess from the public schools. That the public schools do turn out a large number of smart men is indisputable; but their neglect of moral teaching and training, which is confessed by their best friends, makes them quite as likely to turn out smart rogues as competent citizens. . . . It is greatly to be feared that the indirect effect of the methods of teaching in our schools is distinctly and unequivocally immoral. In nearly all secular schools the one thing which is always kept before the mind of the scholar, is the indispensable necessity of getting on. The stimulus of emulation is constantly applied. Year after year

children are impressed with the thought that the first duty of life is to get ahead of other people. Why should one wonder if the practical outcome of many years of such training should prove to be disastrous to morality? Teach a child that success in getting on is the supreme object of all his efforts; teach him little or nothing of the conditions of right success; practically ignore duty as the guide of every step in life; and then, why should you wonder if the result of your fine system of education proved to be the making of a successful (or unsuccessful) rogue?"

When has a Catholic drawn up such a weighty indictment as this against the public schools? If, then, these be the fruits of a godless system, Christian parents are justified in entering their solemn protest against such education. Catholic citizens and tax-payers have a right to demand that the glaring wrong and injustice done them be removed, either by exempting them from the school tax, or allowing them to share in the public school funds for the reasons set forth. No state, as no individual, can suffer because justice is rendered to those who have a strict and clearly-established claim to it, as has been shown in the course of this article. Americans, certainly, ought to be as ready as the pagan Romans were, to recognize the meaning of the phrase, *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum:* —Do justice, even though the heavens fall. It pays in the long run. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

The Eggs of the Eel.

ALTHOUGH the eel has been known to naturalists for more than twelve years as an egg-producing fish, it has not yet been discovered how and where these minute eggs are laid. Mr. Frederic Mather, of Cold Spring Harbor, New York, has given some attention to the subject recently, and though he has not been able to determine the point just named, he has certainly enlarged our knowledge concerning this singular fish. In October the eels go down to salt water to breed, and in the spring the young eels ascend the brooks and rivers in swarms. As they are then some two inches long, and the size of a darning needle, it is evident that they must have been hatched several weeks previously to have grown so much from such a small egg. Mr. Mather asserts that the number of eggs in a six-pound eel in November, in what is known to the fishermen as "eel fat," but which are really the ovaries, is fully nine million and the way he gets at this enormous total is this: Under the miscroscope the egg measures eighty to the linear inch, and taking one ovary and dividing it by means of the most delicate scales known to science he halved, quartered, and further divided the mass seventeen times, until he had a section small enough to count the eggs in it. This section represented 1—131,072 of the total number, and three sections were laboriously counted under the microscope. One of the sections contained 68 eggs, making the total to be 8,912,896 eggs. The second held 77 eggs, equivalent to a total of 10,092,544 in the whole; while the third section contains 71 eggs, which represented a total of 9,306,112 eggs. Mr. Mather disposes of some of the theories held concerning the reproduction of eels, notably that which supposes them to be hatched by fresh-water mussels. The idea that the lamprey is the female, and the silver eel the male, he characterizes as absurd.

For Money.

THE anti-Catholic bigots make a great noise when a member of the Catholic Church falls from grace, and immediately endeavor to bring him into their particular fold. They have succeeded in this sort of thing several times of late. This, however, cannot be construed as a victory, for the fallen one is, at this stage, and long before, out of the Catholic Church, and free to the highest bidder, so it would seem. How different with the Catholic Church! The latter sets no nets to grasp the fallen one from another church; nobody runs after him when his fall is rumored or made known. The Catholic Church is open to them, and, if they wish to enter, they have the privilege of consultations with a priest; and, if the doctrines produce a favorable impression upon the proselyte, such as to convince him that the step he is about taking is a wise one, the applicant is allowed to enter, after being baptized, and thus becomes a convert to the church. Many cases there are where converts have risen to high positions in the church, not only as lay members, but high dignitaries, such, for instance, as Cardinals Newman and Manning, and many others. A person cannot become a priest in a day; yet it would seem that a renegade Catholic becomes a minister at once, and the first thing that is known of his change in religion is when he tells his hearers from the pulpit, which he often occupies while connected with the church, for a Protestant can open a church, if he likes, and become its minister and pastor. Catholics are content to receive their religious instructions from priests, — not from "Jack of all trades." So as to make matters more startling, the new anti-Catholic preacher is often advertised as an "ex-priest" of the Roman Catholic Church. The Catholic Church pays no attention to these vilifiers, and the revolutionary and bombastic preachers accordingly go along, lying as only such hypocrites can, when they are seeking a living by means of their narrow wits. The truth of the matter is, that few, if any, of these self-styled performers ever were Catholic priests, while some of them never were Catholics. When the celebration of Washington's centennial inauguration was being observed, in New York, recently, the streets were lined with hawkers and venders, selling all sorts and kinds of badges as a souvenir of the great event. This was the only time that money could be made on such articles, and, consequently, while the thing was at fever heat, they sold their wares like hot cakes. In one respect this is suggestive of the condition of things in Boston and vicinity of late. The anti-Catholics have been engaged in telling libellous stories of the Catholic Church, priests, sisters, and charitable institutions. Large crowds filled halls to hear the defamers, and, while the feeling was hot, the movers kept piling on the fuel to make the fire one big, long blaze. Old lumber would soon burn out, and, before the struggling embers had entirely died away, new logs were heaped upon the debris. After Fulton and his ilk had filled the large halls as long as they could, and Miner and his clique had to resort to some other methods of filling their pews, new recruits were mustered into service.

Not long ago Rev. J. P. Daily addressed an audience in a hall in Marlboro', Mass. He was said to have been, at one time, a Roman Catholic priest, and now, as a Baptist preacher, he would explain to his hearers why he left the Church of Rome. The fact becoming known to a gentleman, a resident of New York, elicited the following interesting facts:

"Is this the John P. Daily who was born and brought up in this city? He was ordained for Wheeling, W. Va., about fourteen years ago. But he performed duty as a priest only a few months, owing to intoxication, which obliged the bishop of Wheeling to withdraw his faculties. He became degraded to the lowest depths, as is well remembered by those who had the pain of knowing who and what he was here. Is this the John P. Daily who impoverished his parents, broke his old mother's heart, and sent his fond father to an untimely grave? If it is the same John P. Daily, he must have regained, in part, at least, his intellectual powers, and recovered from his habits; otherwise, he could not have satisfied even the Rev. J. D. Fulton. If this is the same J. P. Daily, I can say that everything possible was done to reform him and shield him from publicity. A word would never have been said about him, did not the Rev. J. D. Fulton, through the press despatches, try to gain glory by this triumph of his zeal. The reverend gentleman and his ilk must be badly in want of material for preachers, when they pick up such weeds, thrown over the wall of the garden of the Vatican. We pity poor Daily for the public expose which this Rev. Fulton has forced upon him. If this be the Rochester J. P. Daily, and if he is going to lecture on the usual topic, 'Why he left the Catholic Church,' we commend to him the above points for his discourse."

This unfortunate man was, doubtless, a Catholic priest; but, as will be seen from the above facts, he did not leave the Catholic Church voluntarily; the church was obliged to leave him. A burden to all, this worthless man sees a market for his wares, and stoops to assist others, for monetary considerations entirely, in abusing a church, it would seem he had always dishonored, even when he was within her sacred precincts. This sort of preaching, and the characters of the men prominently engaged in the work, is a pretty low state of things, and the disgust it evokes from respectable non-Catholics is well described in the following editorial paragraph, taken from the Marlboro' Times:

"The mundivigant and immundicious Fulton couldn't get a church in Portland in which to discharge his disgusting diatribes, and had to hire a hall; but we see the Baptists of this town are going to allow him to pollute their new sanctuary. The fact is, that since the advent of the erotic and unclean Littlebreeches, the moral tone of our churches has sunk so low, that it wouldn't surprise anybody to hear that Bose Cobb had secured one of them in which to hold one of his characteristic orgies."

ANOTHER CASE.

The writer of the following (says the Catholic Universe, Cleveland, O.) is the Very Rev. Vicar-General of the Diocese of Erie:

"St. Patrick's Cathedral, Erie, Pa., April 29, 1889.

"Manly Tello, Esq.,

"Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, yesterday received, I wish to state, that Vanderborg has, in my opinion, been playing it strong on the country Baptists. Vanderborg never officiated as a Benedictine, or as anything else, in this diocese. A few weeks ago, a sickly-looking specimen of a clerical dead-beat paid this section of the country a visit. He claimed then to be a Redemptorist, and

an ornament to the Redemptorist college at North East. He was a blasphemous scoundrel, and shrewd enough to adopt a new name wherever night overtook him. Whether this chap fell on the Baptists in the night time, and took the name of Francis Vanderberg, I am not prepared to say; but the inclosed note from one of the Benedictine Fathers will plainly show that Vanderborg is not a tyro in the business of telling lies. We know nothing at all about the man.

"Respectfully yours, THOMAS A. CASEY, V. G."

Subjoined is the note from the Benedictine Fathers:

"Rev. Francis Vanderborg, who announces himself as member of the Benedictine Order, surely does not belong to any monastery of this order in the United States. Besides, no F. Francis Vanderborg, nor any F. Francis, has ever been stationed at St. Mary's Church, on Ninth street, Erie, Pa., or at any other church. P. CYRIL RETTGER, O. S. B.

"ST. MARY'S CHURCH, Erie, Pa."

Cardinal Gibbons Advocates High License.

Cardinal Gibbons is an earnest advocate of high license. He says:

"I am decidedly opposed to prohibition as a means of preventing intemperance, because it does not prohibit. Experience has shown, in those states where prohibition has been tried, that it is not an effective means of preventing the vice of drinking. There are many ways of evading the law, and often the law officers connive at the evasions. Prohibition is to be discouraged, because it confounds the drunkard with those who use liquor in moderation, making out a sin where there is no sin. The only places where prohibition might be enforced are thickly settled country districts. I am very strongly in favor of high license as a means of checking intemperance. I regard high license, with moral sanction, as the most effective way of diminishing the drinking vice. In order to make high license effectual, only a limited number of licenses should be issued for each ward, and they should be given only to persons of good reputation, men who stand before the community moral and upright, and owners of property. The licenses should be accompanied with strict legislation, and the violation of laws respecting these licenses should be severely punished. Among the punishments should be the withdrawal of license, never to be restored, to the one who violates the law. I am in favor of a severe police Sunday law, prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sundays, and would have that law rigidly enforced. The saloon keepers in Baltimore say they sell more liquor on Sunday than on any other day. This is a crying shame, and somebody is responsible for this state of things. It is useless to make the most stringent laws for the observance of Sunday, and the prevention of the sale of liquors on that day, unless the police are brought to enforce the laws. The indifference shown the Sunday laws, and the neglect to enforce them, brings those laws into contempt. Either enforce Sunday laws, or take liquor licenses away."

THE tears which flow, and the honors that are paid, when the founders of the republic die, give hope that the republic itself may be immortal. — *Daniel Webster.*

NONE of us know the power of temptations which may assail us, or the degree of strength we shall have to resist them; we can neither fathom the influence of inherited tendencies, nor foresee how future events are to shape our course. But we can all form a fair general idea of what is right to be done; we can all cherish a conception of a pure, virtuous, and beautiful character, of just, generous, and noble conduct, and strive to conform our daily life to our highest ideal.

Giordano Bruno—Heretic and Hero.

THE most popular man in Italy to-day is he who can devise a new insult for the Papacy. The Pope is a sovereign; his person is as inviolably under Italian law as is the person of Humberto. But there is a wide margin between practice and profession in that unfortunate country. The Italian parliament is engaged chiefly in framing laws to cripple the energies of the church, and molest her august head. The press of Italy gives up most of its space to abuse of the clergy, and the rabble have only that one subject of the Holy Father to curse and gesticulate about when preparing their pot of macaroni.

The three occasionally unite in some vulgar parade of hostility, as they did the other day when a statue was unveiled to Giordano Bruno. This statue erected in the ancient capital of the Popes is designed to make illustrious the name of a man, who, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, was executed for heresy. A statue to Judas Iscariot, or to the devil himself, would have pleased the official rabble in Rome just as well; but the insult would not be as direct and pointed as in the present instance. We cannot understand the full nature of the outrage, if we do not know the history of Bruno and the part the authorities of the church took in his condemnation. Suffice it to say, that all Catholic Europe, and all the decent Protestants in it, for that matter, deeply sympathize with Leo XIII. in his present affront. Francis Joseph of Austria has sent His Holiness an autograph letter of condolence, and other princes have signified their disapproval of the indignity.

We would feel aggrieved if our Canadian friends erected a statue to Benedict Arnold; still they would have a perfect right to honor a man who served the cause of British rule in North America. The Irish would feel extremely irritated, if the Tory government of England attempted to erect in Phœnix Park, Dublin, a statue to Richard Pigott. The French of Alsace and Lorraine would feel incensed if the German Reichstag should erect a statue to Marshal Bazaine. To erect a statue to Giordano Bruno in Rome is a greater outrage than any or all of these. Bruno never did anything for Italy, but to abuse her people.

He was never identified with the national aspirations; he did not love Italy, and did not live there when he could support himself anywhere else. He is honored with a statue because he was a dissolute and disobedient monk, reviler of the church, a contemner of the Deity, and a socialist, atheist, revolutionist, and good-for-nothing generally, and, therefore, a type of the present Italian patriots.

Giordano Bruno was a quick, choleric youth whom misanthropy drove into the cloister. He then developed into a cynic, a philosopher, and a liar. He left his convent and strolled over the world, mingling with the mad-cap cut-throats who grew so luxuriantly in that miserable age. He went to Paris and wrote against the Aristotelians in a vein that would do honor to Ingersoll. He went to London and

wrote some philosophical work on religion, full of words and curses against all revealed truth. He prospered for a time in France and England, for there was an enormous consumption of that sort of literature in those days. He had to flee from Paris, and in Wittenberg he lectured for a time in the University, until his outrageous utterances compelled his expulsion. He went to Braunschweig, flourished for a time by his ribald addresses against the church, then was compelled to take up his abode elsewhere. He chose Frankfort. Here he wrote a system of philosophy in Hexameters. But his stay was cut short by an order of the council to quit the city without delay. He might have found shelter in other cities of Germany; but, for some strange reason, perhaps because he was tired of life, he returned to Italy and walked right into the jaws of the Inquisition. He was tried in Venice; again in Rome, and, after two years of delay, he was finally degraded from the sacred ministry, given over to the civil power and excuted. Schilling, the German philosopher, ranks Bruno among the high priests of modern philosophy. If it is ever right to kill a blasphemer, a disturber of society, a corrupter of public and private morals, it was right to kill Bruno. In this age we would let the blasphemous fool rant and rage. But opinions were not the same in the sixteenth century.

Western Watchman, St Louis.

The National British-American Association

MET in convention in Boston recently, at which the appointment of Patrick Egan as Minister to Chili was commented upon, and a request was sent to the Governor of Nebraska to urge President Harrison for his (Egan's) recall.

GOVERNOR THAYER'S LETTER IN REPLY.

LINCOLN, NEB., June 17.

JOHN LOW, ESQ., SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION, Boston — Dear Sir: I have received a printed circular signed by you, addressed to me as governor, headed A Protest, and addressed to the members of the British-American Association and fellow-citizens. From this protest I quote the following language:

Our organization holds that the appointment by the President and confirmation by the Senate of the United States, of one, Patrick Egan, of Nebraska, to the position of Minister to Chili, is a public act that calls for reprobation and protests, as it is insulting to the sense of decency of all true citizens, and a degradation of administrative statesmanship, for the following reasons:

First — This Patrick Egan is one of those whose conduct is now under investigation, by a special commission of British judges, as to participation in what every civilized state brands as a crime against life and property, and, if guilty, should receive condign punishment.

Second — The position of minister to one of the most advanced states of South America should be filled by the best representative ability the nation can afford, and not made a payment for party service to a mere political Arab. Especially is this patent, when we remember the humiliating circumstances of the rebuke this nation received through a commission appointed to that same country under the administration of President Arthur.

Third — This appointment is insulting to the national dignity and ability of the sixty millions of people comprising this great Republic, for it virtually pro-

claims to the world that all of its sons to the manner born, and otherwise, there was not to be found one among them all so well qualified to represent this great American nation in the progressive state of Chili, as this fugitive from the power of British justice.

Why a document containing such sentiments should have been addressed to me is beyond comprehension, for I certainly have never given any intimation of entertaining such views, and I could not have believed, before the receipt of this protest, that there were intelligent persons, making claim to respectability, who would proclaim such atrocious sentiments. They are insulting to every citizen of the Republic; they are abhorrent to every sense of justice and fair play. They are degrading to humanity, and are a dishonor to the country, and I denounce them and their authors with unmeasured indignation, and they should be held up to public reprobation.

Who constituted you and your associates judges of the motives and actions of men? By what authority do you arraign the President and Senate of the United States for the appointment and confirmation of Patrick Egan as Minister to Chili? Thank God they are not responsible for such intolerably insolent bigots as you and your associates have proven yourselves to be by the language used in this circular.

I have known Patrick Egan ever since he located in the city of Lincoln, years ago. He has always proven himself to be an upright and honorable man; a good citizen in every respect. You can no more tarnish his reputation with your vile slanders, than the foul bird of night can assail the eagle. To vent your rage and your venom at Mr. Egan's appointment, you have seized the weapons of a defeated, despised, and unprincipled slander; yea, of a vile London fish-wife, and you call him by opprobrious names, which fact always furnishes evidence that the party using them is completely worsted in support of a bad cause.

You say Mr. Egan is a political Arab. I say he is an honorable and honored American citizen, and I take pleasure in reminding you that he is envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the great Republic of the United States to the foremost Republic of South America. You say he is a fugitive from the power of British justice. Oh, you mistake; you should have written "British injustice." You say the conduct of Patrick Egan is now under investigation by a special commission of British judges, as to participation in what every civilized state brands as a crime against life and property. Have you so soon forgotten how completely and how overwhelmingly Patrick Egan shattered one of the most dastardly and damning conspiracies to blacken his own and the good name of Parnell that villany ever concocted, which exposure sent one of the conspirators to death, and left the others to the condemnation of the civilized world? The sentiments and tone of your letter smacks more of the London Times' influences and of the dark ages, than the enlightenment and liberal tendencies toward free government of the nineteenth century. I doubt not that if you lived in those times, the rack, torture, and the inquisition would have been your instrumentalities for speeding liberal principles and securing Home Rule. You designate yourselves as members of the British-American Association. We are all American people here; we are no 'alf and 'alf people; we respect Britons when they respect themselves and observe the very homely adage of "minding one's own business."

Please bear in mind that you are living in the nineteenth century, under the influence of enlightened American civilization, in a country where freedom has been proclaimed throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof; where the enjoyment, without dictation from any source, of political and religious freedom is guaranteed to all; where man is believed to be innocent till he is proven guilty; where justice can be relied upon generally to be impartial, although Chicago's coroner and a coroner's jury spent weeks in trying to fasten the murder of Dr. Cronin upon Alexander Sullivan rather than in trying to ascertain who is guilty of the awful crime of his taking off; where a man is not hounded and persecuted because he seeks to obtain free speech and home rule for his native land. I respectfully advise you to find some other calling than the circulation of the protest to which I have adverted.

Respectfully,

JOHN M. THAYER.

From the Daily Globe, Fall River, Mass., June 22.

If those beneficent founders of American liberty, who, in framing our national constitution, conferred the greatest freedom of speech on the inhabitants of this country, had had a prescience that such a despicable band of narrow-gauged, imported bigots as the British-American Association would arise in future generations to turn their blessing into a curse by vilifying and insulting respectable and respected citizens of this country, they could well have been pardoned for refusing to write the words that expressed that privilege.

The privilege of free speech contemplated by the framers of our constitution was a totally different thing from that contemptible weapon into which it has been distorted by those who constitute the British-American Association, and who falsely claim to represent the opinions and sentiments of the great mass of British-American citizens. It was intended by the fathers of this country as a license for the free and fair expression of honest convictions, and not as a vehicle for the perpetration of unlicensed abuse.

We doubt if any portion of our American citizens will more vigorously repudiate and condemn the abusive and disgraceful expressions which found vent at the meeting of the British-American Association in Faneuil Hall the other night, than those of British birth who have foresworn all British allegiance and become firmly attached to the land of their adoption.

We doubt, also, if in the days when Know-Nothingism was in its zenith, and sent its baleful shadows far and wide over the land, Faneuil Hall was ever used to cradle more ignoble purposes than those that were given expression in it by these British-Americans.

When from the very rostrum, that, one hundred years ago, were sent forth the blazing words of liberty that fired the patriotism of a nation and melted the chains of British supremacy, are now projected sentiments of bigotry and intolerance, religious, political, and social, one may be pardoned for asking if the past century has not been one of retrogression rather than of progression.

One of the inalienable rights of individuals, which has its rise in the very sources of justice, is, that every man shall be considered innocent of offences charged against him until he is proven guilty. What is true of individuals is true of organizations, of society at large, and of whole nations and peoples. Yet these so called British-American Associates reverse all this, pronounce the unconvicted guilty, and pour forth upon their undefiled heads all the vile scourings of their malignant abuse.

Amidst the applause of the limited audience which desecrated the sacred cradle of American liberty that night, one J. Henry Williams, Secretary of the British-American Association, and well known in politico-fanatic circles, made the foul and monstrous assertion that the Benevolent Order of Hibernians had been guilty of a series of dastardly crimes in Pennsylvania, for which twenty members had been hanged, and that "Parnell and his associates were hand in glove with Alexander Sullivan and other murderers of Doctor Cronin."

What evidence does J. Henry Williams give that the Ancient Order of Hibernians was implicated in the Molly McGuire murders in Pennsylvania? None. What grounds does this fanatic Williams present for saying that Parnell and his associates are implicated with "Alexander Sullivan and other murderers?" None. What right has this intolerant and intolerable Williams to charge Alexander Sullivan with murder, when there has not been a single piece of evidence worthy of credence to connect him with the assassination? No right at all. He belches forth his vile statements from the bowels of his malice, and, instead of injuring the objects of his abuse, he only covers himself and those who stand by him with contempt and ridicule.

One speaker at the meeting, Henry Cheatle by name, President of the Illinois State Association, in his ignorant, brutal frankness, plainly exposed the unhealthy nature of these would-be British-American politicians who would mount to political prominence by the cultivation of religious and race prejudices. He stated: "No condemnation of the Cronin murder has appeared in any of the Irish papers, including that published by your Boston Pilot man. I don't know his name, and I don't want to. If I did I would forget it as soon as I could."

It is just because these men don't know, and don't want to know what they are talking about and condemning, that they are so prolific of abuse. If they showed a disposition to arise from the slough of their ignorance and bigotry, and cultivate a little knowledge of people, and things about them, there might possibly be some hope for them.

From the Boston Daily Globe.

A PROOF OF IRELAND'S GRATITUDE.

The sympathy of the Irish for the American people, in our times of tribulation and suffering, has been attested over and over again. Not in recent years only has this been the case; it has been freely extended to us since the early colonial period. As early as 1676, when many of the New England settlers were rendered destitute through the havoc caused by the bitter war waged with King Philip and his allies, the people of Dublin sent five thousand dollars' worth of supplies to the port of Boston, which were distributed among one hundred and sixteen impoverished families residing in the town.

Again, during the direful winter of 1778, in Valley Forge, when Gen. Moylan made known the sufferings of Washington's army to his friends in Cork, they privately and quickly despatched a ship to Boston, with a cargo of clothing and provisions for the patriots, which was forwarded to its destination, and served to alleviate materially the terrible privations of the soldiers, on whose endurance the very life of the young republic rested.

The warmth of Irish public opinion in favor of the Union, during the darkest days of our Civil War, were expressed in ringing resolutions, adopted amid cheers for the Union, at a monster mass meeting assembled in Dublin, and had a potential influence in deterring Lord Palmerston from joining the French emperor in recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the recent awful calamity in Johnstown, Penn., should have evoked sympathy of the sensitive and grateful Irish nature.

Immediately on receipt of the terrible news the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Sexton, convened a special meeting of the corporation, to take such action as was fitting under the circumstances, to give expression to the feelings of the people of the capital city of Ireland. Appropriate resolutions of condolence were adopted at the meeting, and the Lord Mayor was requested to forward without delay twenty-five hundred dollars as a first instalment towards the relief of the sufferers. The cities of Belfast and Cork followed the laudable example set by the capital, and contributions are still coming in to all three from the principal towns throughout the country.

Ireland in the throes of her deadly struggle with evicting landlords, backed up by a vindictive Tory government, pauses to sympathize with the stricken people of Johnstown, and in the fulness of her heart out of her own poverty to aid them. It is, indeed, a kindly act and will not be forgotten by Americans. The Dublin Freeman's Journal gives expression to the feelings of the Irish people on this occasion as follows:

All that poor Ireland can do for great America is not much in the way of money; but, be it much or be it little, it will be accepted in the spirit of aid from kindred to kindred. We owe the great republic of the West a debt that it will be difficult ever to discharge. We should never let an opportunity pass of at least showing that we remember our obligation, and that we would repay it tenfold if we could. We feel sure that the men whose lead the people always follow, will take their accustomed place to-day, and head the movement of sympathy and succor with their usual readiness and generosity. The sum need not be a very large sum. America understands the circumstances of Ireland too well not to be able to take the will for the deed. But she must get substantial proof that our sympathy is not a mere wordy condolence . . . The hand of America has often, and, indeed, is always, stretched out in encouragement and assistance to Ireland. America shall now be touched at the readiness and spirit with which Ireland will show her desire to make some small repayment, and give an earnest and a token of her sympathy and her succor. This is all that is asked of her, and that, we go bail, Ireland will nobly do.

Sympathy begets sympathy, and kindness tends always to repay itself among nations as well as individuals. An incident like this shows what never was in doubt, however, that American friendship for Ireland is fully appreciated and heartily reciprocated.

The Grand Old Man.

At the great fashionable summer resort of Torquay, where forty thousand people assembled to hear him, Mr. Gladstone commenced speech by saying:

I have seemed to myself to witness not the presence of a party, nor merely to hear the acclamations of a party, but to witness and to hear what proceeded from the entire population of the district. (Cheers.) I asked myself on seeing these endless crowds that lined the miles of our procession — I said to myself — where are the Tories? (Laughter and cheers.) I began to suspect with reference to the result of the late election, that there must have been some gross mistake in adding up the figures. (Hear.) But whether that is so or not, you will take, I believe, as well as hope, good care that no such mistake shall occur again. (Cheers.)

The significance of these speeches, and the popular enthusiasm which they evoked, can hardly be over-estimated. It clearly indicates how the tide is running among the British constituences on the Irish question. Mr. Gladstone claims, on the basis of the gains made by the Home Rulers in the by-elections, that, if a general election were held to-day, he would be returned to office with a majority of one hundred and seventeen. Judging by his late reception in the two greatest strongholds of Liberal Unionism, his claim would be more than made good.

Young Wife — "My dear, you were the stroke oar at college, weren't you?" — Young husband — "Yes, love." "And a prominent member of the gymnastic class?" — "I was the leader." — "And quite a hand at all athletic exercises?" — "Quite a hand? My gracious! I was champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and, as for carrying,— why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and —" — "Well, love, just please carry the baby for a couple of hours. I'm tired."

Ordinations in the Archdiocese.

THE annual ceremony of ordaining students to the priesthood and minor orders was solemnly and impressively carried out at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on Saturday, June 22.

Priesthood — Revs. Thomas F. Brannan, Edwin J. Dolan, John J. Downey, John J. Farrell, Matthew J. Flaherty, John J. Graham, Francis P. Hannawin, Jeremiah J. Lyons, James P. McGuigan, Daniel M. Murphy, John T. O'Brien, John J. Ryan, Daniel P. Scannell, John P. Sullivan, Thomas C. McGoldrick, archdiocese of Boston; Revs. James B. Lawless, Francis P. Havey, John D. Kennedy, Charles A. Leddy, diocese of Hartford; Revs. Michael G. Mullane, Michael T. O'Brien, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Farragh A. Brogan, Kansas City.

Office of Porter and Lector — Cornelius F. Hennessy, Joseph S. Sheerin, Francis Walsh, James A. Walsh, archdiocese of Boston; Thomas S. Duggan, diocese of Hartford; John P. O'Neil, diocese of Manchester.

First Tonsure — Joseph G. Anderson, Edmund T. Butler, John A. Butler, Jonn A. Degan, Joseph J. Dermody, Francis X. Dolan, Daniel F. Horgan, Cornelius M. O'Connor, James F. Stanton, archdiocese of Boston; James J. Donnelly, John P. Leary, diocese of Springfield; John T. Kennedy, Michael J. O'Connor, diocese of Hartford.

Deaconship — Rev. John B. Labosierb, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. John Loftus, diocese of Hartford.

Office of Exorcist and Acolyte — M. J. O'Keefe, archdiocese of Boston; Peter J. Malone, diocese of Providence; Patrick J. O'Leary, diocese of Hartford.

Minor Orders — Charles F. Aiken, Patrick H. Casey, Alexander J. Hamilton, John B. Kelleher, archdiocese of Boston; Francis P. Reilly, diocese of Springfield; Matthew J. Traynor, diocese of Hartford; Augustine A. Dowling, diocese of Providence.

Deaconship — Revs. Francis P. Harvy, John D. Kennedy.

APPOINTMENTS AND TRANSFERS.

Rev. John J. Farrell to the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Boston.
Rev. Thomas C. McGoldrick to St. Mary's, Winchester.
Rev. Francis P. Hannion to the Immaculate Conception, Newburyport.
Rev. John J. Downey to St. Cecilia's, Back Bay, Boston.
Rev. Matthew J. Flaherty to St. Mary's, Newton Upper Falls.
Rev. Thomas F. Brannan to St. Joseph's, Medford.
Rev. Edward J. Dolan to St. Anne's, Gloucester.
Rev. Daniel P. Scannall to St. Anne's, Somerville.
Rev. Daniel P. Murphy to St. Mary's, Lynn.
Rev. J. P. Sullivan to St. Michael's, Hudson.
Rev. John T. O'Brien to the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro.
Rev. John J. Ryan to St. Paul's, Cambridge.
Rev. James P. McGuigan to St. Columbkille's, Brighton.
Rev. Jeremiah J. Lyons to the Immaculate Conception, Salem.
Rev. John J. Graham to St. James', Haverhill.

Rev. William Fennessy from the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro, to St. Mary's, Dedham.

Rev. Michael J. Doody from St. Mary's, Dedham, to St. Peter's, Cambridge.

Rev. Thomas Moylan from St. Columbkille's, Brighton, to St. Mary's, Lynn.

lea Rev. John F. Heffernan from St. Mary's, Lynn, to St. Columbkille's, Brighton.

Rev. Daniel C. Riordan from St. James', Haverhill, to St. Stephen's, South Framingham.

Rev. John W. Galligan from St. Stephen's, South Framingham, to St. James', Boston.

Rev. E. P. Byrnes from the Immaculate Conception, Salem, to St. Mary's. Ayer.

Rev. N. J. Merritt from St. Mary's, Newton Upper Falls, to the Gate of Heaven, South Boston.

Canada's New Senator.

Mr. Edward Murphy, of Montreal, has been appointed to the seat left vacant in the Dominion Senate by the death of the Hon. Mr. Ryan. Mr. Murphy is a Conservative, and is seventy-one years old, and a native of county Carlow. He came to Canada when only six years old. His commercial pathway to honor began, when, at the age of fourteen, he became clerk in a hardware store. In 1859 he became a partner in the firm of Frothingham & Workman, whose hardware business his exertions have largely aided in making the most extensive in Canada. As far back as 1840 he was an ardent worker in the cause of temperance. In the Repeal times he was an ardent follower of O'Connell. In 1861 he was commissioned by the Dominion Government to superintend the census in Montreal. As a representative Irishman he is highly esteemed by our brother Celts, and natural allies, —the French Catholics. His friendship for them is appreciated by their giving him the important trust of *Marguillier* (church-warden) of the parish church of Notre Dame. Over thirty years ago he was chiefly instrumental in achieving for hard-working clerks the boon of a Saturday half-holiday. In 1873 he organized the Montreal branch of the Home Rule League, and his branch gallantly and generously supported that movement. He is vice-president of the Natural History and Numismatic Antiquarian Societies of Montreal. He was for many years a Catholic school commissioner, and is now a member of the harbor commission. For the foregoing facts, I am endebted to an article in The Harp, some years ago, written by J. J. Curran, now M. P. for Montreal Centre. The Senate of Canada is to be congratulated on the addition to its ranks. As long as Senators are appointed by Vice-Regal Summons, the selection of men like Mr. Murphy will be a matter of pride to Irish Catholics. Their appreciation of such a judicious selection will not be withheld from the Premier who advises it, be he Liberal or Conservative. But God speed the day when the Senate, and every other political body, is made amenable to the will of the people, by having brought home to them the fact, that modern government must be government by the people, of the people, and for the people. Unhappily, the last clause contains a view that is rarely, if ever, entertained by the present Senate of Canada. J. W. O'R.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

The Boys We Need.

HERE'S to the boy who is not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land, and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."

Silencing the Donkey.

I HAVE no doubt that the donkey believes himself, when braying, to be executing a vocal solo of the highest excellence, and that, according to the poet, "he sings both loud and clear."

As some of my readers may be incapable of appreciating the song, I will mention a device whereby the Turks induce the too vocal donkey to be silent against his will. Just as, before a cock crows, he finds it necessary to stretch out his neck to the utmost, so the donkey feels himself compelled to begin his performance by holding his nose in the air and his tail parallel with his spine.

When, therefore, a Turk wishes to silence his donkey, he ties a tolerably heavy stone to the end of the animal's tail, and departs with an easy mind. When the donkey feels inclined to bray, and begins the usual preliminaries, he finds himself debarred from placing his tail at the requisite angle, and, in consequence, is unable to do justice to the bravura with which he is purposing to favor the world. So he postpones his song for a future opportunity, and peace falls upon the neighborhood.

The Habits of Ants.

SATURDAY, July 14, 1888, while the sun was shining brightly, I was walking on a road running north and south, and which, at a point that I had reached, skirted a garden wall. I soon observed at my left, toward the wall, a whole legion of brown ants of quite a large size that were moving with a quickened pace, and in good order, in the same direction. The column was about eight inches in width and nearly sixteen feet in length. It started from a piece of ground a little higher than the roadway and covered with grass and weeds. From this it descended by a foot path inclined more than forty-five degrees, at the centre of which it turned abruptly at right angles in order to follow the road. I quickened my pace and reached the head of the column, which was very sharply defined, and followed it attentively in order to see what could be the object of the expedition, for it was clear that it was a question of the carrying out of a well-determined plan. I had already remarked with surprise that, during the march of this army, several ants, seeming to have changed their mind, were retracing their steps and traversing all the ranks; but I soon saw them turn about again, after advising with some of their companions which they had sought. Having reached the large garden gate, the head of the column stopped, and all the new-comers grouped themselves in a circle of wide diameter. It was evident that the ants had united in a council of war, and that they were debating upon some plan of prudence to follow. The circle, in fact, soon opened, and the ants began to pass under the leaves of the gate, no longer in a serried column, but scattered over a wide space, and walking more slowly and with deliberation. I saw them move in the direction of a grass plat, and here I lost sight of them. I was feverish that day, and out of humor, and I walked along gloomily, thinking of what I had just observed. I thought it was some unfortunate colony that had exiled itself from its domicile in order to seek more propitious skies. I was thoroughly deceived. I had just witnessed a premeditated pillaging expedition.

Returning by the same route in the course of half an hour, I saw my ants triumphantly starting for home, each holding in its mandibles a large ant's egg, doubtless of another species. Each was proceeding on its own hook, and endeavoring not to lose its prey. Was it, in fact, prey that they had just sought for their table, by a barbarous refinement of taste? Or was it, rather, eggs that they wished to have hatched in their own domiciles in order to convert the young ants into slaves, of which, by a just retribution, they in turn would become the slaves, by losing the habit of working? Was it an odious act of rapine and violence that I had just witnessed, or must we admit that ants thus deprived of their progeniture willingly resign themselves to their fate and are predestined thereto? At all events, the defence, if defence there had been, could not been very energetic. The pillagers were not pursued, and not a wounded individual appeared among the victors.

The first part of the drama had saddened me, but had left me with a false notion; the end saddened me more yet. I consoled myself, however, by saying to myself that if these slave-making ants are not better than their similars among men, they at least understand their true interests better. They do not maltreat their victims very much, since they eventually become the humble vassals of the latter. And then, thought I, too, perhaps the naturalists who have well observed these captures of one race by another have not awaited the end. Ants of a large brown species exist that capture eggs, and it must be, then, that either they are not robbed of their entire progeniture, or that the slaves some day or another go back home, dividing in their turn the victors of the day before. Perhaps one of these days I shall see a procession of smaller ants proceeding quietly toward their original abode.

Since the epoch in which Descartes, by an inspiration (this time inauspicious) of his genius, tried to reduce animals to the state of machines, and in which Malebranche, his fanatical disciple, carried this idea to the point of extravagance, and since the epoch in which Buffon, in contradiction to his pompous tirades on the qualities of the dog, horse, etc., endeavored to prove that all is instinct and mechanism in the animal, a considerable progress has been made in this line of questions. No more than any astronomer to-day disputes the plurality of the worlds does any naturalist longer dispute the manifestations (often very elevated) of intelligence, reasoning, and other psychical faculties not in the animal kingdom taken in a lump, as done by many persons in order to deny the fact more easily, but in certain species and certain individuals of such species. Man being considered (by himself, be it understood) as the highest type of animate and living nature, it might be thought that these inferior beings, which, in certain respects, are comparable to him, would be the very ones that, by their organization, resembled him most. Although, in fact, that is the case, generally speaking, we nevertheless meet with exceptions that seem to us true enigmas. What more different from our own than the organization of an ant? And yet, in the scene that I have described, we find ourselves in the presence of acts in which instinct as a prime mover is no longer merely in the background, and which suppose reasoning, prolonged observation, and means of communication between individuals that no one would have suspected *a priori*.

The two ant hills that I speak of — those of the pillagers and the pillaged — are very distant from each other, and one of them is in an enclosure. I follow the same path daily, but I never observed ants traversing it before. Instinct may say to the large brown ants that there exist other ants capable of doing what they themselves do not wish, and know not how, to do; but here the revelations of instinct stop. In order to satisfy it, the *incapable* ants must plainly have had explorers to go to a distance to look for a colony of workers, to boldly enter the latter's quarters in order to see when the laying of eggs would take place, and then return home and report the time thereof to their companions. Such information must have been communicated quickly to the entire colony, and the order to move must have been perfectly

understood, since the head of the column was advancing in good order and with a quick pace. Moreover, this legion must have had guides that were very sure of their business, and of the objective point to be reached. The ants that turned back and quickly traversed all the ranks, to see if everything was proceeding according to rule, probably knew that among their kind, as among our own, intelligence and the sentiment of duty, are not the same with all. The council of war held in the circle before the attack of the camp to be pillaged, is a proof of a well-reasoned prudence. No unwise head in command said: "All is ready."

In what precedes, I do not intend to teach the reader anything new. He will find in the well-written work of Brehm some remarkable observations on the habits and aptitudes of ants. The reason that I have entered at some length upon this subject is because I had never seen a succession of acts more varied displayed among these little creatures, and all combining to lead the spectator to the same forced conclusion. To have seen nothing but mechanism and blind instinct in the scene that I witnessed, I should myself have had to be endowed with scarcely anything else than these two motors. The reader will certainly join me in this conclusion.

G. A. Hirn, in La Nature.

What it Costs to Raise a Boy.

"My father never did anything for me," recently remarked a young man who a few weeks ago finished his school life, and is now seeking a good business opening. Judging by the words and the complaining tone in which they were uttered, the member of the firm who heard them is prone to believe that the young man's idea of "doing something" is an outright gift of one thousand dollars in a lump, or the purchase of a partnership in an established concern. The young man, to the knowledge of the writer, has never done one month's actual work for others in his entire life. His life has been passed in the pleasant pastimes of the home circle, in reading, hunting, fishing, ball-playing, yachting, and other employments not particularly beneficial to others. He is a type of that class of boys whose parents are sufficiently well to do to keep servants to attend to the household drudgery, and whose fathers follow vocations in which no use can be made of the boy's spare time. Like most boys of his class, he looks upon his board and clothes for twenty years, together with his pony, jewelry, bicycle, etc., as matters of course. The writer, while the complaining remark was still ringing in his ear, had the curiosity to make a conservative compilation of what it costs to raise an ordinary boy for the first twenty years of his life, and here it is: one hundred dollars per year for the first five years, five hundred dollars; one hundred and fifty dollars per year for the second five years, seven hundred and fifty dollars; two hundred dollars per year for the third five years, one thousand dollars; three hundred dollars per year for the next three years, nine hundred dollars; five hundred dollars per year for next two years, one thousand dollars. Total, four thousand one hundred and fifty dollars.

This is a moderate estimate of the financial balance against the boy who complains that his father has never done anything for him.

How she Attracted Notice.

THE owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employees, in the middle of June. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen, and women, cash-boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country seat owned by their employer. Tents were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, a band of music was stationed in the grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy day. The salewomen, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evenings, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash-boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion.

There was one girl, whom we shall call Jane, who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store, and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino.

"But that is a winter dress! You'll melt, child. There'll be dancing and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown, or else don't go."

Girls of fifteen like pretty gowns. Jane said nothing for a few minutes.

"I shall wear this," she said firmly; "and I think I will go. Mother wishes it."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in that!"

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came, bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself and set to work to help the others find it. On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls, and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, was ready to pin up torn gowns or to applaud a "good ball;" she laughed and she was happy and friendly all the time. She did not dance nor play; but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went.

On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd business man, beckoned to his superintendent.

"There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

The next day Jane was promoted into one of the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good humor and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" were the best capital for her in her business. She had in the courage too, to disregard poverty and to make the best of life, a courage which rarely fails to meet its rewards.

Pussy and Snake.

THE experience of fear has enabled domestic animals to discern the presence of the enemy, while invisible to man, says a writer in the August Harper. Your horse rears and plunges in the darkness, trembles and sweats. Do not try to ride on until you are assured the way is clear; your animal has perceived far ahead two scintillating points, two moving sparks of fire. Or your dog may come running back, whining, shivering; accept his warning. The animals kept about country residences have learned to fight for their lives. The hen battles hopelessly for her chickens, the bull tries to gore his supple enemy, the pig gives more successful combat; but the creature who fears the monster least is the brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, and then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and begin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. How the emerald and the topazine eyes glow then—they are flames. A moment more and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the strong stroke of the armed paw that smites the horror aside, flinging it, mangled and gasping in the dust. Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring; the enemy still active, has almost instantly reformed his coil; but she is again in front of him, watching —vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the lashing stroke; again the beautiful countering; the living death is hurled aside, the scaled skin is deeply torn, one eye-socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But now the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupefied; before he can attempt to coil, pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head fast to the ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her—in vain! he will never lift his head; an instant more, and he lies still; the fine white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebræ just behind the triangular skull.

TWO strangers were talking on the cars, and one was a portrait painter. After some time the other inquired the painter's business. "I am an artist," he replied modestly. "Ah," said the other, "what do you draw?"—"Faces."—"And I am an artist," continued the other. "Ah!" exclaimed the painter, with a smile of interest, "and pray, may I ask, what do you draw?"—"Teeth," said the other; "I am a dentist." Then the artist got up and left the seat.

WE heard of a case of real distress that happened in church. The collection was being taken up, and one lady in anguish whispered to another: "What shall I do? I have no change less than a ten-cent piece!"

Lynx in the Berlin Zoological Garden.

THE Egyptian lynx (*Lynx chaus*) in the Berlin Zoological Garden, from which the accompanying illustration was drawn, is about the size of a wildcat. The color of its rich fur is a pale gray, with a shimmer of brown, but without any decided ground color; the cause of this peculiarity being the marking of the separate hairs, which are yellow at the root, have a black ring in the middle, and have white, gray, or black tips. His head is like that of a large cat, and his ears, which are grayish-yellow on the outside and reddish on the inside, bear the characteristic mark of the lynx, little brush-shaped tufts of hair; the jaw and teeth are very strong.

The *Lynx chaus* inhabits most parts of Africa and Southern and Western Asia; but is found chiefly in the countries bordering the Caspian Sea, Persia, Syria, Nubia, and Egypt, in the last of which it is often hunted. Modern explorers and tourists in Egypt seldom miss a hunt for this game. The lynx is one of the animals which, thousands of years ago, were embalmed and buried in sacred places by the Egyptians. Brehm writes of the swamp lynx: "He is no rarity in Egypt, but is not often seen. In those countries there are no large forests in which a beast of prey can conceal himself, and, therefore, it is necessary for him to find other hiding-places. The hyena usually has its den in the clefts of the wilderness, but often lives for a long time in a reed-bed; the jackal and fox hide in reed grass or grain, and the lynx also lives quietly in similar places. His favorite haunts are the Nile-watered grain fields; but he also inhabits the great plains, which are more or less thickly covered with tall, sharp reed grass (*Poa cynosuroides*). Like all wild cats, the lynx creates great havoc among the birds; he also catches rats, mice, and young hares, but his principal food consists of the members of the feathered world, which he kills without regard to the beauty of their plumage, or other good qualities. He creeps noiselessly upon his prey, and often springs into the air to catch it. He steals doves and fowls from farm-yards, and, consequently, is feared and hated by the fellahs. Young lynxes have been tamed.

HOME reading should not be confined to the reading of books of devotion. A happy medium should be observed by which the young minds should not only be instructed in the faith, but also entertained and amused by the judicious use of works of fiction, etc.

A Story Boys Should Read and Remember.

It is a well-known fact that much of the dissipation, and nearly all of the intemperance of the present day, is due to the American habit of "treating." The young man who smokes and drinks, is seemingly not satisfied unless he can induce his companion to do likewise; and so it follows that not only does a man drink or smoke two or three times more than he would if alone, but many persons who lack the moral courage to say no, are led into vices where they would not go if left to themselves. It is a reprehensible habit, as well as a foolish one, and the next time you are asked to smoke or drink, you may retort by telling the following true story: —

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite, and a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance, who called out:

"Hello, Perry! I was just going in to get a drink. Come in and take something."

"Thank you," said Perry. "I don't care for anything."

"But," persisted the other, "come in and take something just for sociability's sake."

"I want to be sociable," answered Perry. "I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right," growled the friend. "If you don't want to be sociable I'll go without drinking."

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the sociable man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

"I am not feeling well to-day," said he with a pleasant smile, "and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor-oil. Will you join me?"

"What!" exclaimed the other. "In a dose of castor-oil?"

"Yes; I'll pay for it."

"Ehue!" cried the sociable man, with a very wry face, "I hate the stuff."

"But I want you to tak a glass of oil with me, just to be sociable, you know."

"I won't do it."

"Indeed! my friend," said Perry gravely, "your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The sociable man saw the point, and it would be money, health, and morals saved if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.

The parents who would read good books before their growing up family, would not only inform their minds but also interest them in the home; and besides that would be training them up to make similar homes for themselves. By the aid of a good library in a parish this could be easily done.

The Drummer-Boy.

MANY of our readers are probably familiar with a touching little poem of the late war, called "The Drummer-Boy"—a story of a brave little lad who, as the poet tells us, served under General Lyon, and was rescued by him after a battle.

The facts of the boy's history, as related not long ago by a trustworthy comrade, are even more pathetic and significant than they are made in the poem.

When General Lyon was on his march to Wilson's Creek, a Tennessee woman, dressed in deep mourning, brought her son, a lad of twelve, into camp. She was starving, she said, her husband was dead, and the boy wished to enlist as a drummer.

The lad watched the officer's doubting face eagerly.

"Don't be afraid, captain! I can drum!" he cried.

"Give him a trial," the captain ordered.

The fifer, a gigantic fellow, looked on the puny boy contemptously, and broke into an air exceedingly difficult to accompany with the drum; but so well did the child succeed, that even the captain applauded. "Eddy" enrolled as a drummer, and became the pet of the camp. He was the especial favorite of the fifer, who, when the march led them over creeks or larger streams difficult to ford, would hoist the boy on his shoulders, and, fifing and drumming merrily, they would lead the way for the line. At the battle of Wilson's Creek, General Lyon was killed and his forces routed. Toward morning one of his soldiers, lying wounded by the stream, heard a feeble rat-tat in the woods.

"That is Eddy beating the reveille," he thought. He crept to him, and found the lad, with both feet shot off, thumping on his drum.

"Don't say I won't live!" he said. "This gentleman said he'd fix me until the doctor would bring me all right again." He nodded to the body of a Confederate soldier, who, although dying, had dragged himself through the grass to the child, and had tied up his legs with his suspenders to check the flow of blood from the arteries.

Later in the morning, while the comrades lay helpless together, a body of Southern cavalry rode up.

"Look to the child," said the Yankee soldier.

Two of the men, grizzled old soldiers, who were probably themselves fathers, sprung to the ground and lifted the boy tenderly. As they carried him, he tried to tap his drum. With a triumphant smile, and still smiling, he died before they could reach the camp.

Eddy's drum tap still echoes with meaning from those dark and terrible days; for it tells us of the bravery and tenderness which filled alike the hearts beating under blue coats and gray.

A GOOD library from which books could be loaned to read in the evenings at home or on Sundays, would help to keep our young people at home and away from bad associates or places.

BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IT takes long and patient training in Christian doctrine to give children a true knowledge of our holy religion; and, therefore, do we build schools, where that training can be given in its fulness.

CATHOLICS have no hesitation in saying that their schools are not only equal to, but in advance of the public ones. The way our boys and girls at the different commencement exercises conducted themselves, would have more than convinced any fair-minded person of their superiority over public school children.

THE vast majority of the people in this country do not read Catholic papers, and one of the reasons why they do not is that they have never been trained to read them, when they were young. Those who have charge of Catholic children should see that every Catholic child reads a Catholic paper; and afterwards they will have the satisfaction and the joy of knowing that they have helped to educate a sound and an intelligent Catholic people, who will read Catholic books and papers and be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

CHILDREN are naturally influenced by what they see and hear. In the school-room, as they gradually reach the age of discernment, they are taught the truths of the Catholic faith, and are instructed in the practice of their religion. At home, which should be but another class-room, with the parents as teachers, this instruction ought to be continued. Many parents who have fallen into neglect of their duties, do insist on their children living up to the teachings of the church, and never pause to think how inconsistent they are in not setting them a practical example themselves. Should such children in time follow in the footsteps of their parents and become neglectful of their duties, to the parents alone will belong the blame.

PARENTS in our times must observe that their children are determined to read papers and books, and it should be their greatest care that they read nothing that would do them harm. Hardly a week passes by that there are not sample copies of flash and sensational papers thrown out on city streets and at the doors of our homes to lead our young people into the reading of suggestively impure stories, and after that to filthier publications; and except the parents are watchful and seize those papers and destroy them, they will be a party to the destruction of their children's bodies and souls. As an offset to temptations of this kind, they should furnish their children with books from the parish library and take a good Catholic paper into the house. In that way they will cultivate a taste for Catholic and true literature in their children, and arm them against the enticements of bad books and papers. They will also give their children knowledge which will be useful and is necessary, and make them both cultured and accomplished.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1889.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The October issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will contain a lengthy biographical sketch of the lamented Archbishop Hughes, together with a portrait of the deceased and an engraving of the statue.

Boston College.

OF the sixteen graduates of the class of '89, thirteen intend studying for the priesthood. George V. Leahy, the valedictorian of the class, and considered the brightest scholar ever graduated from this institution, intends studying for the Jesuit order. This young gentleman is a brother to our young friend, John F. Leahy, Esq., a member of the Boston bar. There is another brother, recently graduated from Harvard University, who is said to be smarter even than either of the above. If this is so, why they beat any trio in the country that we know of.

Important Articles for September.

A SERIES of papers, written especially for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, will begin in the September issue, entitled Canada and her Neighbors. We are not at liberty to make known the name of the author; but we can assure our readers that, from his position, he knows what he is writing about.

Irish Literary Men of New York.

MR. JOSEPH W. GAVAN will furnish to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE papers on the Irish literary men of New York, which, we are sure, will interest not only our numerous patrons in New York, but throughout the country.

GLADSTONE thinks that one hundred additional new members of Home Rule will be returned to the next Parliament.

GET your neighbors to subscribe for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

A Bronze Statue to Archbishop Hughes.

THE clay model of the bronze statue of Archbishop Hughes, which is to be placed in the grounds of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., has been finished by William Rudolph O'Donovan, the sculptor. In the clay the statue stands eight feet. The Archbishop is shown clad in his house dress, and he stands as if addressing an assemblage. The right arm is extended, as if in gesture of explanation, with the open hand palm upward, while the left hand holds open, with the thumb between the leaves, a small book. On the head is worn the skull cap, or zucchetta. The sculptor has made excellent use of the long, light, silken cloak of the Archbishop. It falls almost to the ground. The folds are artistically handled, and the texture is admirably indicated. The wavy appearance of the cloak gives the impression that it feels the influence of the breeze. The statue will stand on a rectangular pedestal of granite, eight feet in length. The plinth will be one foot deep, making the total height of statue and pedestal seventeen feet. Over the inscription, on the front of the pedestal, will be the ecclesiastical armorial bearings of the Archbishop, and over the inscription on the back the insignia of the Jesuit order. On the right and left sides will be a cross. The statue will cost fifteen thousand dollars. It is being erected by St. John's College Alumni Association, the president of which is the Rev. E. T. Slattery, pastor of the Church of St. Catharine of Genoa, in Carmansville. Archbishop Corrigan will unvail the statue on Oct. 2.

Editorial Gossip.

FIVE cities in Kansas have elected women for mayors, while the city governments are composed very largely of women. The meetings in the council must be rich, and not unlike a cat concert with scratching thrown in.

AMONG the young men ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Williams last month, who knows but that some of them may yet be a bishop, archbishop, cardinal, or even a Pope. Let us hope that such high honors may be in store, if not for these, for some of our future priests turned out of St. John's Seminary at Brighton.

IT is often rumored that Gladstone intends visiting this country. We would all be glad to see him; and know full well that his reception by the American people would be the greatest ever given a visitor to this country, surpassing even the reception given the brave Lafayette when that famous Frenchman, and lover and defender of America's rights visited this country a second time. The grand old man is getting along in years, and he had better hurry up or it may be too late.

THIS is a great year for sons of their fathers. Young John Bright has joined the procession, although it is doubtful if he will ever work up in the ranks as his father did. It is an excellent thing to have your father president at some time or other of this country. Ask Robert T. Lincoln and Fred D. Grant, if this is not so. Harrison's grandfather was president, "but Benjamin got there just the same." The man without so prominent a father is the biggest man after all, if he distinguishes himself. When a great name has been saddled to a young man, great things are expected of him, and no matter how high he rises, it will be said of him, that he was not as great a man as his father; possibly not even credited with being a chip of the old block. This, we trust, will serve as a solace and consolation to those young men whose fathers did not reach the presidency, or save the country in devious ways from absolute destruction.

WIGGINS says the sea is drying up. It would be a great relief to the people if Wiggins would only dry up.

IT is nick and tuck between Brackett and Crapo for the governorship of Massachusetts. A dark horse may win after all, for neither will give way to either.

PEOPLE often ask if it is the proper thing to ask an undertaker how business is. This question was recently asked of a New York undertaker, and in an off-handed way he said: "My business is dead," and resumed his work of tacking in a coffin lining.

"UNEASY rests the head that wears a crown," is again prominently illustrated in three of the living emperors. Alexander of Russia is constantly in dread of being blown into another world; Joseph of Austria is melancholy over the terrible ending of his son Rudolph, the heir to the throne; and William of Germany is the victim of an incurable disease.

WINDOW advertising has grown in recent years to be a great thing, and the fixing and dressing of a show window has grown to be a great art. In the large dry-goods stores the window dressers are said to receive large salaries for their work. In addition to this, other places have gone a step farther, and their efforts have met with great success. Large crowds may be seen in front of restaurants looking at a cook frying griddle-cakes; at cigar-makers making cigars; pipe-makers making pipes, and other tradesmen engaged at other occupations. Dead stores, called such on account of the failures made by others in various lines of business, have been made live stores, on account of the attraction from the window, which, like a magnet, drew customers within. It has grown to such a state that we would not be surprised at any time to find the horse-car directors erecting a band stand on the top of the car, and a band playing so as to attract people to patronize the car, and have the ride made all the more interesting for the music that is wheeled along with them.

THE funny news and effervescent paragraphs that appear from day to day in the columns of the Chicago News, are from the brilliant pen of that prince of humorous writers, Mr. Eugene Field. Here is the gist of one of his recent funny sayings: He tells of visiting an old man whom he found to be bald and toothless, and after elaborating on this fact, he concludes by saying the strangest thing about all this was the fact that the man said he was born that way.

MARY ANDERSON can hardly be called "Our Mary" any longer. When she was taken ill, recently, she had to go to Europe for repair. Was it home-sickness? We are inclined to think it was, or in other words, sickness of home. Now, if Sullivan would only go to Europe, and stay there, there would be no tears to shed. We could give up "Our John" willingly, but we part with "Our Mary" reluctantly.

IT costs twenty-five dollars' fine or thirty days in jail to sell boys cigarettes in Ohio. There is very little profit on these poisonous rolls, and it would hardly pay a man to break this law, if it is put into effect and kept there.

THE word "chestnut" has been used so much, and so many reasons given for its origin, that it may be considered one on us to attempt to explain it at this time. Few, however, are acquainted with its birth, so we will therefore take the risk to give the most plausible story, and this it is: When a man told a story too old and familiar to be funny, some one said to him, "jest not," meaning that the story had no longer any point of interest, and to tell it was to jest with his hearers.

THE archbishop of Dublin sent five hundred dollars to the sufferers at Johnstown. The Queen of England sent her sympathy. Kind thing the Queen! We hope she had "dead head" rates for cabling. Victoria is not giving away anything substantial, and pray, what good did the conveyance of her sympathy do? "Spoken consolation irritates the wound and reveals its depth." Victoria should remember this in future.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was criticised for his supposed ill treatment of soldiers and their families. Cleveland, it is true, was not a soldier, but this did not cause him to look lightly upon their rights, if such they might be termed. Gen. Harrison is a soldier although history does not record any great event of this distinguished man's service in the battle-field. Notwithstanding all this, we notice that a soldier's widow was recently removed from an Indiana post-office to make room for a Republican "heeler."

W. C. T. U. stands for Women's Christian Temperance Union. A German saloon-keeper says the letters mean "women constantly torment us." Correct either way.

THE venerable showman, Barnum, is constantly paraded before the country as the children's friend. He is also pointed to as a living example of what pluck can achieve when surrounded by the most abject adversities, and his prescription for success in life is often considered as a powerful remedy. But when we remember that his earliest show was the dime museum, we can hardly place him in a position for the young man of the present and future to imitate.

THERE are five girls in a Kentucky family, and their names are Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Florida, and Virginia. These make pretty names for girls, and also have the effect of making these young women proficient in the history of the states whose name they bear, for we all know that we look up a person or country, when the name of either has been saddled to us.

A SUBSCRIPTION bar is to be opened at Berlin, where for one hundred and fifty dollars one can drink for a whole year. There will also be subscriptions by the month. This is a convenience to the thirsty, but has an evil tendency. A place in Boston, now closed, used to have a piece of rubber hose run from the hole in a whiskey barrel, and the customers were allowed one draw for five cents. The hose would be placed between the lips, great preparation made, and then a draw until the individual reddened in the face, and the veins and muscles almost stepped out from their coverings, so fiendish was their brutal appetites.

WARD McALLISTER, who thought there were but four hundred persons in New York eligible to attend the centennial ball, should have been, and doubtless has been by this time, reminded that Washington was the father of his country, and not of only four hundred of his countrymen.

To make a book really successful, the author should not allow any prejudices to lodge through his work. A book written to meet a popular demand often succeeds; when it is written to satiate a private grudge, it is very sure to be short lived. Take Fulton's book, for instance. What a dire failure that filthy publication was! In the apothecary store where these books were prominently displayed for a long while, so long that they grew to be an eye-sore, another article has been substituted in their stead. It is soap — large cakes of soap. The window needed cleaning, and probably this article may serve to eradicate the nauseating odor that has fastened itself to the place.

MRS. E. W. HALFORD and her daughter were riding in a train of cars that was caught in the Johnstown flood. John Hughson, a porter, distinguished himself by his efforts in their behalf. The husband and father of these two thus saved is President Harrison's private secretary. A few days ago this porter was appointed a skilled laborer in the Treasury Department. To get anything from this administration it is well to be a relative; if you cannot be that, be on the alert to save from danger one of the big guns of Harrison's domestic or official family. This is the kind of service Benjamin recognizes as civil service reform.

CINCINNATI'S veteran "newsboy," has retired from business with the comfortable surplus of sixty thousand dollars, and intends buying a cattle ranch in Colorado and settle down. He is thirty-nine years old, and if he had continued selling papers until the figures of his age had been reversed, he would still be called a "newsboy." What does this imply? Simply that a man should not engage in an occupation that belongs to a boy, and as we never heard of a "newsman," a man should not sell papers unless he is so crippled and feeble that he cannot conduct anything else, and is obliged to do something for a living. If in this condition, and at this occupation, he should not be called a "newsboy." We should respect his age, and be sorry for his affliction.

GRANT defeated Greeley for President, but the latter is likely to have a monument first. The wisest man of all is he whose monument is built in the hearts of his countrymen.

FEMALE barbers are meeting with little success, and we are glad to hear of it, for this is a business that should be left entirely with men. Gentlemen will not go to them, and thus they are given little encouragement. It is annoying to be cut by a man, and perhaps more so to be cut by a woman. This latter may be an additional cause for their non-success as wielders of the shears and razor.

SOME people never get over being absent-minded. During a shower one day last month, a well-dressed man was seen hurrying along the street trying to reach his destination as dry as possible; but the pelting drops were pounding his silk hat and coat, without any more regard for him than if he were the sidewalk or street. Under his arm this man carried an umbrella. All at once, apparently, the fact that he had an umbrella came to his mind, and then as he raised it, and violently murmured, no doubt in a manner more forcible than elegant, the rain ceased.

IF a person has a right to applaud, certainly a person has a right to hiss. But the latter is taking mean advantage to show disgust, and generally comes from a person possessing low manners, and the structure of careless nursing. There may be times when hissing is pardonable; but in a theatre, a person caught hissing should be ejected from the house. If you wish to applaud, well and good; but if you are displeased, keep quiet. Do not hiss under any account. Have some regard for the actor. He or she may be bad; but they all are trying to do their best, and if that doesn't suit us, we should, at least, have some regard for their feelings. They are human. Some people, no doubt, think them superhuman.

BELFAST, Ireland, has sent five hundred pounds to the Johnstown sufferers.

The Sultan of Turkey has contributed two hundred pounds.

Queen Victoria, 0. 0. 0.

METHODIST and other sectarian papers and conventions have been discussing the question of "Our Duty to Catholics." Their first duty to Catholics is to tell the truth about them.

Father Damien and the Lepers.

A MOVEMENT, which bids fair to be very successful, has been started to found a memorial of the self-sacrificing heroism of the late Father Damien. It is proposed to establish a hospital at Molokai, where all the aid of modern science may be brought to bear to eradicate the disease of leprosy among the people for whom Father Damien gave his life. Some idea of the extent to which the terrible disease prevails may be formed, when it is stated that the number of lepers in the world is computed at at least half a million. Official statistics show that India alone possesses one hundred and thirty-five thousand. In China the disease is common. There are two villages near Canton containing nearly two thousand persons who are suffering from it. Japan is infested with it, and every reader of the newspapers knows how prevalent it is in the Sandwich Islands. At Trombay, Bombay, there is a Catholic asylum for lepers. Whether the disease is curable seems uncertain, but there is scarcely any doubt that it is contagious.

A Good Law.

THE Legislature of Illinois has taken the initiative in passing a most stringent law, which has for its object the discontinuance of the circulation of flash sensational papers which make a trade of giving details of the most revolting crimes. The new law enacts that it is unlawful to sell, lend, or give away, or otherwise distribute to any minor any book, magazine, pamphlet, or newspaper devoted to the publication, or principally made up of criminal news, police reports, or accounts of criminal deeds, or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust, or crime. A law similar to the above should be enacted and inforced in every state in the Union.

Franklin and Ireland.

IN 1770, six years before our "Declaration of Independence," our great philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, then the agent and representative of the American colonies, visited Dublin. He was received with the highest honors by the Irish Parliament. In writing of this occurrence, he says:—"I, found them disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them. Our growing weight may, in time, be thrown into their scale, and, by joining our interests with theirs, more equitable treatment from the British Government may be obtained for them as well as for us."

A BRANCH of the great Irish Order of Mercy is at Mayence, Germany, where twenty native Sisters conduct a large day school for poor children.

IT will be a comfort to many timid persons to remember that deaths by lightning, in this country, average only about one in a million of the population annually. Invention will reduce this average, but cannot give entire immunity.

A Learned Young Priest.

THE New York Sun of a recent date said: A piece of intelligence, that is unusually interesting to many young men in this country, has not received the publicity it deserves. We refer to the fact that only a week ago the Rev. F. Z. Rooker, of Albany, received in Rome the degree of doctor of divinity, with the appointment of that admirable theological school, the American College. Father Rooker is the only son of Mr. Myron H. Rooker, of the Albany Press. He has now been in Rome as a student for nearly six years, and the degree which has just been conferred upon him has been attained through laborious studies and rigorous examinations. He is a man of extraordinary talent, of most agreeable manners, of sincere piety, and solid learning. If his life and health are spared, he can scarcely fail to attain to a very high distinction in the Catholic Church.

MR. WINSTANLEY, a Protestant Home Ruler, has been selected for nomination as the next lord mayor of Dublin. The nomination is equivalent to election.

COUNT ARTHUR MOORE, of Mooresfort, county Tipperary, has sent a cheque for one thousand pounds to Ushaw College, his Alma Mater. He had previously, it will be remembered, bought for thirteen thousand pounds Mount Heaton, Roscrea, and presented it to the Cistercian Monks in connection with Mount Melleray.

Boston Colored Catholics.

IN the lower part of the old Cathedral on Washington street, Boston, on June 7, the St. Peter Claver Conference, St. Vincent de Paul Society, fittingly opened its meeting-place. After a feast the president, Robert Ruffin, said: "Starting only a few months ago, we number now more than fifty, and are increasing. We found that it was necessary to form such a conference, as there were many colored Catholics floating about this city without knowing one another. I find that there are over twelve hundred colored people in this city who have been baptized Catholics; and I feel sure, that, before long, we will have a church of our own."

The Church in the New Territory.

IN the new Oklahoma territory there is a Benedictine monastery known as the Sacred Heart Mission. The Sisters of Mercy have also a convent and a school there. The monastery was founded twelve years ago, and there are now in it sixteen monks, eight students, and twelve brothers. Very Rev. J. Thomas from Paris is the Father Superior. There is a very good school for the Indians conducted by the Fathers. Some of the pupils are from Texas, other from New Mexico, and the rest are from the Territory. At the convent there are eight sisters, and they have about twenty girls attending their schools. The parent Order in France has largely supported these missions, but they have also received a large amount from voluntary gifts. The Drexel sisters, of Philadelphia, have been their most generous patrons. The monastery and convent are situated right in the heart of the country, being fifty miles from the railroad.

GREAT as are the achievements of science and invention, they are surpassed by the humblest works of the Creator. All the science and capital on earth cannot give life. The meanest worm that crawls on the ground attests a power beyond the attainments of humanity.

CARDINAL MANNING was, for months, confined to his house, and there were, at one time, fears that he would never be able to cross his threshold again. His recovery is largely due to his extraordinary temperance in eating and drinking. "What you should do," said Sir Andrew Clark (the famous physician) to a celebrated statesman, the other day, who was complaining of gout, "is to imitate the conduct of Cardinal Manning at the splendid banquet of the Royal Academy. He went through the entire evening with a glass of water and a crust of bread."

Methuen Americans Indignant.

LAWRENCE, Mass., June 21. — At sunrise, to-day, Millionnaire Searles hoisted the British flag over his grounds in Methuen, and there it swung till dark. No American color bore it company, and popular indignation was roused to a high pitch. The course of the millionnaire incensed people who could not define the cause of the act. The fact that to-day is the anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession may be responsible for the flag raising.

Where were the Clan-na-Gaels?

WESTERN WATCHMAN: — A crazy Trappist monk escaped from his monastery in Canada some time ago, and joined the Salvation Army. He has just published a letter to the world recanting his apostasy and declaring the Salvation Army a band of lunatics. He wants some priest to give him a penance that will last him all his life to atone for the injury he has done the church. He should be let off with five Hail Marys for the injury done the church, but should get a daily discipline for associating with lunatics.

Stand by the Church!

WILLIAM O'CONNOR, the champion oarsman of America, is a practical Catholic. His race at Washington took place on Saturday, May 18. The Friday before his backers insisted on his eating meat, but O'Connor sternly refused, saying: "I can beat him without meat." He attended Mass almost every day during the time he was training at Washington. Ed. Hanlon, the ex-champion oarsman of the world, was a good Catholic in his youth also. When he became famous as an oarsman he forgot his religion, and, later on, he lost his strength, as well as the confidence and respect of faithful friends, says United Canada.

MR. EDMUND DEASE, writing to the London Tablet, referring to the recent death of the late Archbishop Ullathorne says: "Dr. Ullathorne took me into the chapel in the Bishop's house, and standing near the door, he said to me: 'It is a remarkable and consoling retrospect in my life to remember what I am going to tell you. It has been my privilege and happiness to receive into the church, within these walls, seventy-five clergymen of the Angelican communion, who, renouncing the tenets of the established church with all its emoluments, accepted at my hands the faith and poverty of the Catholic Church.'"

For the Lepers.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, have just issued a cabinet portrait of the leper priest of Molokai, Father J. Damien de Veuster. The photograph, of which this is a faithful copy, was sent by Father Damien himself to one of his friends, and bears his autograph signature. This picture is offered to the public in the belief that it will be prized as a memento of the martyr priest, not only by Catholics, but by the millions, who, irrespective of creed or race, admire devotion to suffering humanity. The proceeds from the sale of the photograph, the price of which is twenty-five cents, will be given to aid the Leper Mission, over which for sixteen years Father Damien was a ministering angel.

WHEN a rector breaks down from disease, he hunts somebody to curate.

An Indian Religious.

A YOUNG Indian lady has just been received into the Benedictine Order at Zell, Dakota. This young lady is a typical Sioux, no blood of the white man coursing through her veins, says the Dakota Catholic. Five years ago at the age of twelve, she was placed under the care of the Benedictine Sisters, at Fort Yates, where, for four years, she diligently pursued her studies. The last year of the five was spent in the same manner with the Sisters of the Holy Childhood, at Avoca, Murray county, Minn. At length, having shown a marked vocation to the life of a religious, she was brought by Rev. Francis Craft, to Zell, the place of her choice, where, having served the customary time as a postulant, she received from Rev. Father Bunning the holy habit, and became a novice of the Order of St. Benedict. She is the first full-blooded member of the Sioux tribe to enter the religious state.

DURING the past year the Municipal Council of the Irish National League of Philadelphia contributed eighteen thousand dollars to the cause of Ireland. Ten thousand dollars of this amount went to the Parnell defence fund.

Whence Come the Flies.

FROM where do all the flies come? The question is often asked, and seldom receives as satisfactory an answer as has been given by a contemporary: The common fly lays more than one hundred eggs, and the time for egg laying to maturity is only about two weeks. Most of us have studied geometrical progression. Here we see it illustrated. Suppose one fly commences "to multiply and replenish the earth" about June 1; June 15, if all live would give one hundred and fifty. Suppose seventy-five of these are females; July 1 would give us, supposing no cruel wasp or other untoward circumstance to interfere, 11,250 flies. Suppose 5,625 of these are females, we might have July 15, 15,843,720 flies. For fear of bad dreams, I will not calculate what might be Sept. 15.

THERE were more lives lost in the Johnstown disaster than in the most bloody battle in the late rebellion.

THE nineteenth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will be held at Cleveland, commencing on Wednesday, Aug. 7.

THE Philadelphia Record, in referring to the calamity of the Conemaugh valley disaster, very appropriately remarks: There was quite a difference between the Queen's cabled sympathy on Saturday and the solid five-thousand-dollar lump of sympathy cabled from Dublin the very same day.

THE notorious Fulton had not been in England any time before the Protestant ministers there found him out, and refused to have anything to do with him. Chapel doors were slammed in his face at every turn. This was too much even for one of his adamant "cheek," and he concluded to seek pastures new. He is now going to Rome. The doctor will have great difficulty in finding audiences on the other side, as most European communities have not yet acquired a taste for the sort of sensationalism that he makes his specialty. There is, doubtless, plenty of bigotry existing against Catholics at many points in the Old World, but non-Catholics there have not yet learned to identify sensuous vulgarity with legitimate religious contention.

HERE is a shoe shop. One man in the shop is always busy through the day, — always industrious. In the evening he goes courting some nice girl. There are five other men in the shop that don't do any such thing. They spend half of their working evenings in dissipation. The first young man, by-and-by, cuts out these others, and gets a boot and shoe store of his own. Then he marries the girl. Soon he is able to take his wife out riding of an evening. The five laborers, his former companions, who see him indulging in this luxury, retire to the neighboring saloon, and pass resolutions that there is an eternal struggle between labor and capital.

AFTER ten years of confinement in the Vatican, the Holy Father, feeling the necessity of a change, will occupy this summer a pavilion in the Vatican garden.

The Longest Day.

IN London, the longest day is sixteen and one-half hours. In Stockholm, the long day lasts eighteen and one-half hours. St. Petersburg has a long day of nineteen hours, and a shortest day of five hours. At Tarnea, in Finland, the longest day stretches to the length of twenty-one and one-half hours, and the shortest is only two and one-half hours. At Wayburys, in Norway, the long day lasts from May 21 to July 22. In Spitzbergen, the long day is three and one-half months. In New York, the longest day is June 19, and the time between the rising and setting sun is fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes. At the north pole, there is a single day six months long, and a night of equal length, during the year.

IT is said that there is nothing for the American Minister at Vienna to do. If this is so, Col. Fred Grant will fill the bill acceptably.

Presentation.

St. MICHAEL'S HALL, at the corner of East Fourth and F streets, South Boston, was crowded to overflowing by the parishioners of Gate of Heaven Church, the evening of the 27th of June. The occasion was a farewell presentation to Rev. James Lee, who leaves to take charge of a parish in Revere. When escorted into the hall the worthy priest was greeted with enthusiasm, and proceeded at once to the platform, where he was received by a committee consisting of Hon. L. J. Logan, Hon. J. A. Collins, Vincent Laforme, commissioner of public institutions, H. F. Naphen, the lawyer, F. A. Crawford and Michael Hoynes. When the applause had subsided Mr. Laforme arose, and, after a brief and fitting address, presented Father Lee, on behalf of those present, with a check for $1,905. Father Lee responded in a few words, and, after an affectionate farewell, the meeting adjourned.

House of the Angel Guardian.

AMONG the several changes made in the House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, during the recent visit of the Superior-General, was the appointment of Brother Jude as Superior of the Community. Brother Joseph, who has so successfully conducted the institution for the past six or seven years, has been obliged to retire from active participation in its work by a very painful abscess.

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

THE forty-sixth annual Commencement of the Holy Cross College, Worcester, attracted to the College Hall on the morning of Thursday, June 27, the usual large and interested assemblage of patrons and friends of the institution. Bishop O' Reilly presided. The degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. Richard J. McHugh, Manchester, N. H. The degree of Bachelor of Arts on John T. Bottomley, Lee, Mass.; William E. Synan, Fall River, Mass.; Edward J. McDonough, Portland, Me.; James T. Ward, Warren, R. I.; James T. Smith, New Hartford, Conn.; Owen M. McGee, Worcester, Mass.; George E. Belisle, Worcester, Mass.; Edward H. Sheehan, Fitchburg, Mass.; Robert F. Fitzgerald, Bridgeport, Conn.; John H. McKenna, Providence, R. I.; Jeremiah W. Baggott, Providence, R. I.; Edward J. Flood, Ashley, Pa.; Michael J. Owens, Brockton, Mass.; J. Alban Butler, Halifax, N. S.; David P. Ronayne, Worcester, Mass.; William F. Donahoe, Worcester, Mass.; John A. Fitzgerald, Worcester, Mass.; Joseph E. Underwood, Worcester, Mass.; Francis J. Varnum, Charlestown, Mass.; James S. Sullivan, Worcester, Mass. Exercises will be resumed on the first Wednesday of September.

Dillon in Australia.

THE greatest demonstration ever held in Australia, in connection with the Irish cause, was that to welcome Mr. John Dillon in Melbourne. Thousands were unable to obtain admission, though the largest hall in the city was requisitioned. Mr. Dillon addressed the meeting, and received a magnificent ovation. Over one thousand pounds was subscribed for the Irish cause. Mr. Dillon was afterwards obliged to address a vast open-air meeting of those who could not find room in the hall. Dillon is coming to the United States before his return.

THE Conemaugh calamity is not chargeable to science or invention, but to gross neglect of both.

A MOVEMENT has been started to found a memorial of the self-sacrificing heroism of the late Father Damien. It is proposed to establish a hospital at Molokai, where all the aid of modern medical science may be brought to bear to eradicate the disease of leprosy among the people for whom Father Damien gave his life.

Baltimore.

CARDINAL GIBBONS recently ordained a number of students of Sulspice's and St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore. Among others on whom the tonsure was conferred, Charles Randolph Uncles, a colored student of St. Joseph's, who will be the first colored priest ordained in America.

Highland Park Hotel has been donated for the Apostolic Colored College, and will be known as Epiphany College, where students will be prepared to enter the seminary. The services at the Cathedral were very impressive, and the music of the highest order. The Cardinal conferred tonsure by cutting, with a pair of scissors, four locks off each candidate's head in the form of a cross. Then the candidate was vested with cassock and surplice and the final blessing bestowed.

The elevation of colored men to the priesthood is in pursuance of the decree passed by the last Plenary Council to send colored missionaries to the South to work among the colored people. The Cardinal is of the opinion, that men of their own race will have more influence among the negroes than white priests. The elevation of Uncles is the first step toward carrying out the decree.

A LADY writes to ask us the age at which a girl should marry. Whenever you can get a good opportunity, dear lady. No matter about the age.

THERE are fifty colored students studying for the Catholic priesthood in Rome.

WE trust that Bismarck will speak out in condemnation of the Cronin murder, so that the world may know where Germany stands. One of the indicted murderers is named Kunze.

The Fourth of July

WAS anything but glorious in the number of killed, wounded, and disabled, from playing with fireworks. Many family homes have been turned into mourning in consequence of fireworks exploding throughout the country. The Boston Daily Herald says: The Fourth of July was one of the noisiest on record, and the night before it was the scene of more than the usual amount of mischievous pranks, a portion of which would have been called malicious on any other occasion. The police failed to do their duty in preventing the noise and burning previously, for the celebration was almost as disturbing before midnight of the evening of the 3d as it was after it. Are we to fix the responsibility for this on the police, or on the police commissioners?

A later issue of the Herald says: as things are tending it will soon cost this country more lives to celebrate its independence than the South African republics spent in shaking off the English yoke. What with explosions, drownings and drunken murders, the last Fourth of July was a more deadly day to Americans than Majuba Hill to the Boers.

A NEW hotel at Nantasket this season will be the Irvington, under the management of Mr. William J. Walshe of the Ludwig Opera Company. Mr. Walshe is an old hotel man, having had charge of the Goodnow at the Point of Pines, the Sagamore House, and the International Hotel, of Boston, for several years. The new house will be first class in every respect, and will make a specialty of family trade. The prices are moderate, and the rooms and attendance will be of the best. Parties contemplating a season at the shore would do well to communicate with him at once.

LOOK at the wrapper on your MAGAZINE and after your name you will find the date to which you have paid your subscription. If in arrears, get a money order at your post-office and forward to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Monument to the Late Col. Cass.

NOW that twenty-seven years have passed over his grave, his surviving comrades of the old Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers and friends are about to erect a beautiful and imposing monument to his memory in the Public Garden of Boston. The monument will be placed in the first circular plat on the walk leading from the corner of Arlington and Boylston streets. The monument is nearly completed, and will be placed in the place assigned in the early fall.

Wanted,

THE January, February, and March numbers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. We will pay twenty-five cents in postage stamps for either of the above issues.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has received a beautiful present from Pope Leo XIII. It is a large golden and richly-jewelled ostensorium, and was sent to the cardinal as a souvenir of the Pope's jubilee. Its place will be upon the main altar of the cathedral. It will be used especially on the occasions of great celebrations, and splendid ceremonies. One of the events will occur the coming fall, when the centennial of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States will be celebrated in this time-honored religious fane. The ostensorium is twice the usual size of those in daily use upon the altar in Catholic churches, and is about three feet from pedestal to apex. It is new, having been made for the jubilee. Such a present is regarded as a mark of high esteem on the part of the Pope.

IN Chicago, after the first of this month, no alien can be employed by the city in any capacity. There is not another city in the country that could pass so stupid a law, says the Western Watchman.

A SON of Gen. Sherman was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, Sunday, July 7, in Philadelphia.

NOTES ON RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. In four volumes. Vol. III. Containing sketches of the Order in Newfoundland and the United States. By a member of the Order of Mercy, author of Life of Catherine McAuley, Life of St. Alphonsus, Life of Venerable M. Hofbauer, Glimpses of Pleasant Homes, Happy Hours of Childhood, Angel Dreams, by the Seaside, etc.

The Ave Maria says of this book: This volume, the third of a series of four, contains an account of the labors of the Order of Mercy in Newfoundland and the United States, and will be found, we think, even more interesting than the two which preceded it. Great care has been bestowed on the work, and laborious researches undertaken to gather facts and verify details. The result is a story of sanctity and self-sacrifice which has few parallels in modern times. The figure in the book round whom the main interest centres is the Foundress of the Order, the saintly Catherine McAuley,— a lady to whose heroic virtues and remarkable natural gifts the late Dr. Brownson paid a well-merited tribute. The tale is told how this zealous Mother sent out a number of her community to Newfoundland; the privations they underwent, the difficulties they had to struggle against, the success which crowned their labors, are, in turn, developed. Then follows a sketch of their work in the United States: how, at the summons of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, they came over in the good ship Queen of the West, and began their labors in the Diocese of Pittsburgh; how the first fruits were reaped with joy and gladness; how in years of suffering and progress schools were built, pupils educated, and tender ministrations of charity performed. In the Eastern, Middle, and Southern states,— in New York and Chicago, in the wilds of Arkansas, at Fort Smith, and Little Rock, at Hot Springs, and Helena,— nay, even in the far, far West, at the Golden Gate of California, — through perils by land and by sea, through fire and tempest, through plague, pestilence, and famine, through wars and rumors of wars, bigotry was combated, hardships endured, and labors accomplished that brought forth a hundredfold in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting. *Sic itur ad astra!*

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Instrumental: "Musical Bells," by E. Mack.

"Good Cheer," Marche Brilliante, by C. C. Stearns. "Alice, Where Art Thou," for violin and piano, by Ambrose Davenport. "Little Fishermaiden Waltz," arranged for guitar, by Geo. W. Persley. "Lady Betty," (Old English Dance), by Seymour Smith. "Sounds from the Ball," by E. Gillett: air for piano and violin, by Ambrose Davenport. "Marguerite," Romanza, by C. A. White; air for violin and piano by same. "Maritana," Fantasia Brilliante, by Sydney Smith. "Rockland Schottische," by J. W. Walker.

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Over in East Boston.

From the East Boston Argus-Advocate.

HOTEL GUEST — Give me a gin cocktail.

BAR TENDER — Have you registered, sir?

H. G. — I have.

B. T. — Been shown to your room, sir?

H. G. — Certainly.

B. T. — What room, sir?

H. G. — The bar-room.

B. T. — God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

CARDINAL MANNING, alone, has built, in less than forty years, one thousand two hundred churches, founded forty monasteries, three hundred and twenty-two convents, nine seminaries for priests, ten colleges, two thousand parochial schools, three hundred commercial unions, and ten institutions of charity.

MOST REVEREND JAMES CLEARY, bishop of Kingston, Ont., has been nominated to be bishop of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, to succeed Most Reverend Pierce Power, deceased.

A Heroic Priest.

DURING the wreck of the Spanish steamer, Remus, off the Philippine coast, a Jesuit missionary, Father Pabloy Romon, showed remarkable self-denial. He was a passenger on board, and beheld all the distressing scenes that generally characterize a shipwreck, but did not make the least effort toward self-preservation. He did all that he could to insure the safety of others. When called to repeatedly from the boats to save himself, he refused and stayed kneeling on deck, saying he would be among the last to leave the vessel. The vessel soon after sank, carrying him into the deep.

An Irish Centenarian.

MR. CORNELIUS DRISCOLL died at St. John, N. B., on Thursday, June 13th, having attained the remarkable age of one hundred and five years. Mr. Driscoll was born at Baltimore, Ireland, in the year 1784, and has lived in New Brunswick for close upon sixty years. He was married in Ireland, and three of his children were born there. He has now, one son, Florence Driscoll, living in St. John, and three daughters who reside respectively at Portland, Me., Providence, R. I., and New York. Mr. Driscoll was in comparatively humble circumstances; but he was a temperate, steady man, — one of the class which best exemplify, and practically show, the traditional virtues of Irishmen. He was very temperate, hardly ever touching liquor, and never using tobacco in any shape. It is only for fifteen years past that he has been unable to perform his customary laborious avocations, and, up to a few months ago, he always attended to small jobs around his house. Toward the last he suffered great pain; but his mental faculties were bright and undimmed to the last. God rest his soul! and may God send us more Irishmen like him. Two of his brothers who remained in England are said to have lived to the age of ninety years. His father was not remarkable for longevity; but, according to the family tradition, his grandfather also lived to the age of one hundred and five years. Mr. Driscoll leaves behind him twenty-four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

J. W. O'R.

THE CATHOLIC, of Pittsburgh, Penn., has been published for a period of forty-six years. Mr. Jacob Porter, who has been connected with it since its incipiency, still retains his connection with the paper. In future, it is to be published by a company, of which Mr. Jeremiah Dunlevy is president, and Mr. E. S. Giles, manager. The new volume commences with new type, new president, new manager, new effects, etc. We wish our venerable contemporary lots of new patrons.

Obituary.

CLERGYMEN.

We record, with deep regret, the death of the Very Rev. Charles Macauley, D. D., of Maynooth College, Dublin. The deceased professor was in delicate health for several years past; but, up till March last, he continued to discharge his laborious duties. Then it was that he was attacked with a violent hemorrhage of the liver, from which he never recovered, and passed away on Sunday, 2d of June. Dr. Macauley was one of the last of the old and honored staff of professors that shed such lustre on the great National College, — being the bosom friend of Drs. Russell and Crolly, whose names are still, and will long be, as household words with priests and literary men of every creed and class. On Tuesday the funeral took place at Maynooth College, with which he was connected for the past forty-two years. It was very largely attended, and the number of mourners from far distant districts testified to the great esteem and veneration with which the good professor was regarded by his friends and former pupils.

The Rev. Father John Carroll, the oldest priest in Holy Orders in the United States, and probably in the world, died on June 20, at St. Mary's Hospital, in Chicago, where he had been for the last five years. He was born June 30, 1796. He was ordained to the priesthood June 29, 1819. Father Carroll was born in Queen's county, Ireland. He was educated by his uncle, the Right Rev. Dr. Bourke, afterward Bishop of Halifax. After years of labor in that diocese, he was appointed its Vicar-General, and, in 1860, at the invitation of Bishop Foley, he took up his permanent residence in Chicago. He was active in the prosecution of his parochial and missionary work, until the latter part of last year, and the celebration of Mass between the festivals of Christmas and New Year's Day, closed his extraordinary record as an officiant at the altar.

The Very Rev. Dean Dillon, who died in Dublin, Ire., June 9, was the founder of the Southern Cross, of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, S. A. He left Ireland for South America over a quarter of a century ago, and, from that period up to the time of his return to Ireland last year, in quest of health, he resided in Buenos Ayres, where he occupied a prominent position, and was a great friend of the Irish emigrants to the Argentine Republic. He was comparatively young, being only forty-eight years of age in April last. His death is deeply regretted, both in his native land and the land of his adoption. May he rest in peace !

The venerable Mgr. Donahoe, of Milwaukee, died on June 16. After fifty-two years of labor in the Lord's vineyard, "he sleeps well." Very Rev. Patrick J. Donahoe was born in Kingstown, county Dublin, Ireland, in 1810. He commenced his studies for the priesthood in his native land, and finished them in this country at the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, where he was ordained by Bishop Francis P. Kenrick. In 1852, he went to Milwaukee, and, from that time up to July, 1880, officiated at St. John's Cathedral, as parish priest, under the late Archbishop Henni. On the death of Vicar-General Kundig, he was appointed his successor; but, owing to ill health, resigned the active duties of the office, and retired to St. Mary's Hospital for rest, where he had since resided. Sunday, April 20, 1884, he was elevated to the dignity of Domestic Prelate of his Holiness, Leo XIII., with the title of Monsignor, by Archbishop Heiss. On Sept. 8, 1887, he celebrated his golden jubilee.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of the Rev. Gerard Hopkins, S. J., Fellow of the Royal University, and Professor of Classical Literature in University College, Dublin. The deceased gentleman was forty-four years of age, and in the prime of his intellectual vigor, when death cut short his labors. He was born in 1844, in Essex. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1862, and took his degree in 1865. His religious sense was deeply offended by the teachings of Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, and

his alienation from the church of which Dr. Jowett was a pillar, increased to such an extent, that he finally quitted it, and became a Catholic. He is the third distinguished scholar and professor of whom death has deprived the University College within a few months. It is but a short time since it was our melancholy duty to chronicle the deaths of Rev. J. J. O'Carroll and Professor Ornsby.

THE Rev. Patrick Farrelly, of Galena, Ill., died in that place on the 14th of June, aged seventy-seven years. He was a native of county Cavan, Ireland.

The Cronin Murder.

ALL remains in doubt as to the perpetrators. Martin Burke, John F. Beggs, Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan, Frank Woodruff, Patrick Cooney, and John Kuntze, were indicted at Chicago, on June 29, for the murder.

Boston College Alumni.

THE Alumni Association of Boston College held its annual meeting and banquet at Young's Hotel, Monday evening, July 1. Thirty-six graduates sat down to the banquet, over which Dr. W. G. McDonald, '77, presided as toastmaster. Rev. T. J. Brosnahan, S. J., spoke for "Alma Mater;" "The Church" was spoken to by Rev. William F. Powers, '82; "The State," by E. A. McLaughlin, '77; "The Medical Profession," by Dr. W. A. Dunn, '77; "The Press," by E. F. Burns, '80, of the Globe; "The Law," by Richard Sullivan, '78; Hon. Edward J. Flynn spoke for "The Association," and F. M. Maley, '89, for "Our Younger Brothers." During the evening Thomas J. Hurley, '85, rendered several vocal selections. The officers elected were: President, Rev. T. J. Coughlan; vice-presidents, E. J. Flynn and Francis J. Barnes, M. D.; secretary, James B. Machugh; treasurer, Dr. W. G. Macdonald; historian, Hugh J. Malloy; executive committee, Rev. J. W. Broderick, class '77, Rev. Dr. Talbot, '78, James S. Manahan, '79, E. F. Burns, '80, Rev. William O'Connell, '81, Dr. J. I. McLaughlin, '82, C. E. Mongan, '83, P. J. Farley, '84, Thomas J. Hurley, '85, Owen J. Doherty, '87, F. J. Keaney, '88, E. P. O'Hara, '89. Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., sent a letter of regret. The guests were Revs. M. C. Dolan and T. J. Brosnahan, S. J., P. F. X. Mulvy, S. J., and Mr. James M. McLaughlin.

Farewell to the Rev. P. E. McCorry.

THE Rev. P. E. McCorry, who was appointed pastor of the church of St. John the Evangelist, Goshen, recently, bade farewell to the parishioners of the church of St. John the Evangelist, on First avenue and Fifty-fifth street, to which he has been attached for the past five years. At all the Masses Father McCorry preached a short sermon, and he officiated at the Solemn High Mass at which the Forty Hours Devotion was begun. In the afternoon delegations of parishioners called on him at the pastoral residence, and in the name of the different societies of the parish, presented to him sets of resolutions. Father McCorry has been a priest ten years. The first five years of his priesthood were spent at St. Jerome's Church, in Alexander avenue and 117th street. He is succeeded at St. John the Evangelist's by the Rev. Patrick Kelly, of St. Patrick's Church, in Mulberry street. The above Rev. gentleman is the son of our contributor, Mr. Peter McCorry.

THE Rev. John H. Greene, editor of the St. Joseph's Advocate, of Baltimore, an illustrated periodical published quarterly in the interest of the work of the Josephites, an order of Catholic priests devoted to missions among the colored people and Indians in this country, has accumulated from the net earnings of that publication and donations a nucleus of two thousand dollars for a colored male orphan asylum. Rev. Father Greene says it will be the first orphan asylum exclusively for colored boys in this country or in the world.

THE Leads Mercury hears that some of the proprietors of the London Times intend to raise a suit in Chancery against Mr. Walter for the purpose of making him personally answerable for all the expenses incurred in the case against the Irish party.

MR. JOHN H. PARNELL, who has splendid fruit orchards near West Point, Ga., made his first shipment of peaches to New York on Monday, June 3. He reports the peach crop fine as to quantity and quality. Mr. Parnell is a brother of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the distinguished champion of Home Rule for Ireland.

Stock of Brain Power Wanes.

THE following reply from William E. Gladstone has been received by a newspaper syndicate in this city, to an offer by the syndicate to pay that distinguished gentleman twenty-five thousand dollars for twenty-five articles on subjects of current interest.

"At my age the stock of brain power does not wax, but wanes, and public calls upon my time leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is, therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

Boston College.

THE graduating exercises at Boston College were interesting and satisfactory. The president, Rev. Robert Fulton, conferred the degrees as follows: The degree of Bachelor of Arts, on Daniel J. McSweeney, Boston; Denis P. Crimmins, Malden; Edward P. O'Hara, Boston; Francis W. Maley, South Boston; Francis J. Skulley, Wakefield; George V. Leahy, South Boston; Hugh J. Cleary, Edgeworth; James H. Leary, Charlestown; James J. McCarty, Roxbury; James J. Murphy, Peabody; John H. Harrigan, Charlestown; John J. Driscoll, South Boston; Lawrence J. Glynn, East Cambridge; Michael F. Crowley, Chelsea; Philip J. Lee, Lowell; Thomas F. McCarthy, Somerville; Thomas J. Condon, South Boston; Thomas J. McCormack, Mount Pleasant. The degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on Francis M. Brogan. George V. Leahy was valedictorian.

GENERAL COMPETITION PRIZES.

For the best thesis in Christian Doctrine, a purse of one hundred dollars, the gift of the College, was awarded to Thomas J. Condon, South Boston.

For the second thesis in Christian Doctrine, first Division, a purse of thirty dollars, the foundation of Mr. Tully, Esq, was awarded to Robert N. Daley.

For the third thesis in Christian Doctrine, Second Division, a purse of twenty dollars, also the foundation of Mr. Tully, was awarded to John T. Dobbyn.

For the best English composition, a purse of fifty dollars, the gift of the Alumni Association of Boston College, was awarded to George V. Leahy, South Boston.

For Declamation, a purse of twenty-five dollars, the gift of the class of '71-72, was awarded to William A. Murphy.

For reading, the Fulton prize, founded by the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, a purse of twenty-five dollars, was awarded to Francis W. Maley, South Boston.

THE people of the United States are contributing gloriously to the distressed in Pennsylvania. No people in the world are so generous as the American people in their contributions.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct'89

Important to the Clergy.

Having agents in all the principal book centres of Europe, amongst which are Leipsic, Paris, London, Rome, and Madrid, Mr. Schoenhof has excellent facilities to procure books not in stock promptly and at lowest prices. *Works for church libraries free of duty.* Send for Catalogues. Subscription Agency for Foreign Periodicals.

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tmy'90

THE following appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette:

Monsignor Persico, who made an investigation of Irish affairs in behalf of the Pope, inserted in his report of the result of his mission a statement that he feared the Irish Nationalists would kill him if he returned to Ireland, and declared that he held proofs that that was their intention.

Six months ago Mgr. Persico denied this stupid canard over his own signature.

Patrick Miles Standish (?)

IT is sometimes contended that that famous figure in our early colonial history, Miles Standish, was a brave son of Erin, and that his full name was Patrick Miles Standish.

A gentleman, who has been reading the "History of the Town of Dorchester, Mass.," prepared by a committee of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historic Society, and published in 1859, calls The Globe's attention to two depositions made by the illustrious Standish in the year 1650, touching the title to Thompson's island, in Boston harbor. These depositions are printed on page 162 of the book referred to, and are both subscribed with the signature, "P. Miles Standish."

As these depositions are matters of court record, having been deposed to before the whole General Court in the year 1650, they present strong *prima facie* evidence that Standish had two front names, and that the first of them was Patrick. The Boston Daily Globe cheerfully presents this question as one eligible for the summer amusement of persons with an antiquarian turn of mind.

HERE is something for our American bigots to howl about, says the Western Watchman. After a lapse of ten years in litigation, President Harrison has been called upon to sign a patent for the Cœur d'Alene Mission claim in Idaho Territory, containing six hundred and forty acres, in favor of Joseph M. Cataldo, Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission of the Society of Jesus.

Emigration.

THE emigration from Liverpool this year was not by any means so large as was at first thought. It was generally believed that the exodus equalled, if not exceeded, that of the first four months of 1888. In the four months which concluded on the 1st of May, the emigrants who have left the Mersey for the United States and Canada by the steamers of the various lines engaged in this branch of the Atlantic trade, numbered only 48,393, while in the corresponding period last year they were no fewer than 64,379, Thus, so far from this season's emigration being exceptionally large, the departures were 17,986 less than last year from Liverpool.

MR. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M. P., is about to publish a novel with the terse title of "Dolly." He expects to make over ten thousand dollars by the sale of the book to American and Australian syndicates. We hope so.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantel clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

$5,000 INSOMNIA.

INSOMNIA, namely Sleeplessness, has caused, and causes more misery, hopelessness, and utter despair to its victims, than any other ailment that flesh is heir to. Insomnia is not only a source of extreme misery and danger in itself, but is the fountain-head and forerunner of numerous other diseases. Dr. Berkley Howard, late of London, now of Boston, who has himself been a severe sufferer from this terrible malady, has discovered a perfect cure in his own person for insomnia, and prescribes it to his suffering patients with entire success. The remedy is purely vegetable, and is free from all the deleterious ingredients usually found in such remedies, namely, opium, chloral, chloroform, ether, etc. After using this remedy for a short period natural sleep will ensue, and all treatment can cease. Dr. Howard's well-known merits in Europe, and his present success here, is ample guarantee for a trial of this valuable remedy. Dr. Howard will, on demand, deposit the above-named sum against a like amount from any quarter whatever, as a guarantee for the efficacy of this hypnotic, and abide an impartial verdict. This is not a patent medicine, and is prepared only by Dr. Howard, and sent direct from his office as ordered. Address, inclosing stamp, for particulars, DR. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., opp. Museum, Boston, Mass., or seen at Office, daily.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1889. No. 3.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Canada and Her Neighbor.

I.

NEIGHBORING families usually take an absorbing interest in each other's affairs; an interest which, having ordinarily but idle curiosity for its motive, too frequently degenerates into impertinent meddling or vulgar interference. It is much the same also with those larger families which we call communities and nations. Contiguous nations at peace with each other, demean themselves almost identically, but, however, with this one commendable difference, that, inasmuch as international concerns must be by their transcendent natures more majestic and elevated than the mere petty relations of personal and individual intercourse, there is more scope for the exercise of gentleness, considerateness, and prudence, although, unfortunately, the grounds for misunderstanding and discord are neither limited nor removed. The truth of the foregoing proposition is manifested in the deportment of the United States and Canada towards each other. Whatever politicians and diplomatists may say or do, — and they at times say or do many startling things, — and despite several most grave and momentous disagreements between them, it is certain the people of these neighboring countries regard each other with a deferential, but warm esteem, which is rapidly growing into the strongest friendship.

The passion engendered by the war of 1812 has been allayed by the soothing hand of Time. The enmity aroused in this country by the support afforded to William Lyon McKenzie and the Patriots of 1837 by the people of the United States is forgotten. The vicious antagonism which Canada, as a British colony, was forced to adopt against the United States during the great rebellion, is, let us hope, forgiven. The Fenian Raids were palliated and extenuated by the previous Alabama outrages. I assume no Canadian could now be found to reproach or upbraid the American people for their numerous

armed incursions into Canadian territory. On the other hand, enlightened Americans do not nurse a blind and unreasoning hatred of Canada and all things Canadian, because we allowed the St. Alban Raiders, who, unknown to us, made this country a *tête-du-pont* of attack, to cross our confines with hostile intent.

Let the dead Past bury its dead. The two peoples are sufficiently just, or at least practical, to cheerfully admit that all the wrong which was committed in the past, cannot be charged exclusively against one side. In fact both countries had, and still have, no little to forgive and forget. This remark applies with triple force to those trivial and unseemly international bickerings which arise periodically out of questions connected with fishery rights or wrongs, and commercial relations. Thus, in spite of frequent belligerent intervals and continuous annoying frontier imposts and regulations, indeed partly owing to the splendid examples of courage and chivalry which they drew out on both sides, Canadians and Americans have at length learned to regard each other with that toleration, respect, and appreciation which are the true basis of enduring affection. This condition of things is at once very gratifying and very right. While Providence has placed our respective countries side by side in His cosmographic plan, and dowered them with ores and fruits which are everywhere interchangeable; since He caused the same blood to course through our veins, and an identical language to issue from our lips, we should not, and cannot, be held apart forever by a row of customs-houses and a geographical line.

That there is more than one trait in the character of each people little understood, if at all, at present, by the other, is quite obvious. We too frequently picture in our minds the ideal Yankee as a gaunt, grim, taciturn and expectorating individual, with a heart in his pocket, and his pocket in his breast. On the other hand, Americans picture Canadians as vulgarly Cockney, wearing mutton-chop whiskers, and using a conversation void of idea and inflated in language. Both conceptions are ludicrously wrong and misleading. We should, consequently, mutually banish such weak and deformed imaginings from our international meditation and literature.

Nor do our mutual misunderstandings and mistakes cease with a mere blunder about personal appearance and individual intelligence. We Canadians are frequently at a loss to comprehend why a people so devotedly attached to a republican form of government, who are proud heirs of all the term republican implies, as are the Americans, should be so morbidly anxious to possess, and over ready to bestow, verbal baubles in the shape of empty titles. This is a nut we cannot crack. We hear of esquires and honorables, of right honorables and squires, of generals and colonels and judges, not to mention deacons, who are an order in themselves, in the great Republic. We hear of society, "a superior class," with its retinue of liveried servants, in the land of Lincoln. We hear of clubs in the centre of New York city as exclusive as those of London, and we hear of an "upper ten" under the name of a "Four Hundred," who, with more than questionable success, ape the airs of Old World aristocracy. We are amazed when

descriptive items of this sort meet our eyes in the journals. Of course, it might be plausibly suggested that Americans traffic in undignified titles, loll in gorgeous club-rooms, and roll in magnificent carriages, for much the same reason that Madame Virago pummels her henpecked husband,— just to demonstrate their ability in such matters.

Americans frequently assert, and even insist, that we Canadians have gained for ourselves a bad pre-eminence in the matter of subservient loyalty. The criticism loses much of its force when made by a people who so often fall into a flutter of excitement, and make much social ado over the arrival of an English lord or noble, who not unfrequently turns out to be somebody's butler or cook travelling in disguise. Anyway, the justice of the charge entirely depends upon the meaning which is attached to the word. There is loyalty and loyalty, as there is a legitimate currency, and a currency which is spurious. If it be asserted that the majority, or any considerable portion of the Canadian people, display either an undue affection for, or a sycophantic subservience towards, England, the assertion is altogether devoid of truth. England has almost always treated us with a kindness which she steadfastly and stubbornly withheld from many countries under her rule. She has never, within the memory of the present generation, given us a single grave cause for complaint or remonstrance, and gratitude urges us to display an acknowledgment of her exceptional amity. Beyond a lively and proper sense of rare favors received, Canadian loyality, with the native-born present generation, has no more foundation than the baseless fabric of a vision. Had England been unjust we would have been restive; had she been tyrannous we would have been rebellious; but as she has been upright and friendly in all her recent transactions with us, we are complacent, if not perfectly content.

I willingly concede that in the minds of persons of the older generation, especially those of English origin and members of the Church of England, an unreasoning, but by no means unnatural, love for the "mother land," has been at all times uppermost. Most of the obtrusive and noisy, as well as selfish and wicked, loyalists are gone to their graves, and their loud-mouthed, spurious vaporing is buried with their forgotten bones. Our British inhabitants of to-day are totally unlike the generation that has passed away. With them the sentiments of love for, and allegiance to, England are yet strong; but when the interests of England and Canada clash, I believe their opinion was very truthfully expressed by one of our great party organs, when it made use of the famous dictum, "If our interests cannot be made to run parallel with those of England, then so much the worst for England." But, at the present moment, even among Englishmen in Canada, affection for the "mother country" not unfrequently struggles with what Mr. Blaine has aptly called, the "natural gravitation" which necessarily exists between two homogeneous and absolutely contiguous bodies like Canada and the United States.

To the younger generation of Canadians, those who are youths to-day, but who will be men and women to-morrow, loyalty means patriotism. The feeling does them honor; the only pity is, that it is

not more widely felt and powerfully encouraged. What young Canadians feel may be succinctly stated in a few lines. They were born in Canada and they love their country; they make their laws and they respect them; they take a pride in all that is good among the native institutions of which they are the firm and stalwart pillars. The home and liberty loving nation, that bled at Bunker Hill and conquered at Gettysburg, can, and doubtless does, comprehend and appreciate this fine spirit of *amor patriæ*, and admire the people who possess it, although their country is as yet only a Crown colony! So Canadian loyalty as it is generally understood by our people, is not, after all, an unhealthy feeling. True to his God, to himself, to his family, to his fellowmen, the Canadian citizen approaches the altar of his country to place thereon the twin offerings of a loyal devotion and a patriotic affection. That is the meaning the great mass of the people of Canada attach to the misused and greatly misunderstood term, loyalty.

As a people, we have practically ceased to peer across the Atlantic for either example or encouragement. Being firmly convinced, that, in the pathetic words of Longfellow, "Home keeping hearts are happiest," we do not allow our best affections to stray, like lost children, to the shores of distant Europe. We believe England expects nothing from us. Assuredly, we expect nothing from her. To use the phraseology of our lumber camps, we have learned how "to paddle our own canoe." Our destiny must be worked out by ourselves alone, and England, to do her justice, is not adverse to the arrangement. We would lean on a bruised reed, indeed, if we were to rest our political or national existence on the uncertain support of a power divided from us by the sundering Atlantic, and one that has innumerable inexorable enemies that snarl like wolves at her door. The very ignorant or very intrepid individual who would advocate such a course in the presence of any considerable body of representative Canadians, would run imminent danger of being summarily consigned, in language more emphatical than devotional, to the sultry side of paradise over against Lazarus.

Although our nationality is, like our elm, a plant of extremely slow growth, we have, nevertheless, already accumulated a variety of really inspiring assurances. We are blissfully aware that we have started in the world with a heritage of modern liberty and civilization, unencumbered by the feudalism which still fetters and clogs, and will long continue to press on the energies of our European mother-lands. These alone are invaluable possessions, if we only could learn how to put them to proper use. It is due more to the persevering intrepidity of our Canadian sires than to the benevolence or graciousness of England, from whom they were obliged to wrench their liberties in that memorable constitutional struggle that lasted from 1822 to 1841, that we now possess the essence of a permanent constitution, — free legislation, self-taxation, ministerial responsibility, personal liberty, and trial by jury. No matter what political changes may be in store for Canada, and I believe they are many, great, and close at hand, she will never surrender those precious constitutional fundamentals. Canadians are

content because they enjoy great liberty. Had Canada been treated as Ireland was by England, as Poland has been by Russia, or as Bulgaria by Turkey, the Dominion would have become ere now either an independent republic or a part of the United States.

Just and friendly treatment on the part of the mother country towards her New England colonies, would, in all probability, have preserved them, as a part of the British Empire. Had England not determined upon keeping her American colonies in a dependence, which her colonists considered to be both foul and dishonorable; had the Navigation Acts, which they deemed especially detestable, never been enforced, had George III., in his would-be absolutism, not unjustly taxed these, at the time, still loyal colonists, Patrick Henry might never have delivered his famous speech, the "Boston tea party" might not have converted the old bay into a gigantic tea kettle, the gun of Concord might not have been boomed around the world, and Washington might never have been called upon to lead armies to victory and his country to independence. Who can say what might have happened did all those things *not* occur?

> "For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Undoubtedly, we have voluminous testimony, that, in the words of Mr. Jefferson, "the ball of the Revolution received its first impulse not from the actors in that event, but from the first colonists." Many Americans believe they are indebted to the Revolution for little more than the title and fashion of their republican institutions. In their opinion, the spirit of republicanism had been intensifying among the colonists in each successive generation, and that they had long been republicans in fact and in habit. Well, all this may be true, or it may not. I rather incline to the latter opinion; for, while recognizing the isolated position of the Americans, and their positive and unmistakable love of freedom in the abstract as puissant and mighty inducements to revolt, yet the fact remains that the colonists actually did not revolt until provoked thereto by great and long-continued injustices. Until the last moment of peace had passed away, very many of them were opposed to war, while numbers of United Empire Loyalists then and subsequently left their homes and their country to settle in the Canadian wilderness, or to swell the ranks of the armies of England and help cut the throats of their countrymen. I prefer to believe that circumstance influences countries as well as individuals. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends," says the great poet. The infant in his cradle, the youth dreaming golden romances, the man struggling amid t e stern realities of life, the family, the tribe, the nation, — all are influenced and more or less governed by circumstance.

It is, then, easily conceivable that different circumstances may have produced different results in Canada. In good truth, those who wish to clearly and thoroughly understand our present position as a people must keep steadily in view the great landmarks of our comparatively brief history. These are few in number and not without in-

terest. The French regime came to an end when the struggle of a hundred years fought out on the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean, and the Spanish main, on the gold coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisburg, on the slope of Abram and the valley of the Ohio, was closed so far as this country is concerned, by the capitulation of Quebec, and the subsequent cession of New France to England.

The new regime of English rule did not open very auspiciously for the British conquerors. They were only a small minority of the inhabitants of the newly acquired territory, and this fact, coupled with some secondary considerations, led them to frame a constitution so favorable to the French, that no article in it could remind them they were a conquered people. Still, the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting pretensions of the French and the British in Canada was very great, and has continued varying, but, in the main, painfully increasing sharpness and asperity down to the present. Had this early legislation prescribed the use of one dominant language throughout the British dominion in North America, as Bismarck did in Alsace and Lorraine, it would have averted much subsequent trouble and inconvenience, and have made the Canada of our day more united and homogeneous. But the French were naturally tenacious of their language, and the British, with more cordiality than wisdom, conceded the point in dispute.

The good understanding thus brought about, coupled with the blatant bigotry of the American Commissioners to Quebec, secured the loyalty of the French Canadians during the trying period of the Revolutionary war. The severe but salutary lessons learned at Saratoga and at Yorktown were not forgotten by England. She enacted the familiar but unhallowed part of tyrant towards her American colonies and she lost them. She would not substitute justice for injustice, and kindness for tyranny in order to preserve her Canadian colonies. In a word, Canada profited by the bitter experience which England gleaned in her war with America. After the Revolutionary war Canada made considerable advances in wealth and population. The two new provinces of Upper Canada and New Brunswick were created, and to them have since been added, at different dates, and by questionable enticements to be subsequently described, the other provinces which form the Dominion. Separate governments were granted to each, and after responsible government was conceded in 1841, when the union of Upper and Lower Canada took place, no government that could not command the support of a majority of the assembly, that is to say the elective branch of the legislature, in carrying out its policy, could remain in power. The heroes of 1837 fought and bled for responsible government, and such of them as were not executed or transported had, when the union was affected, the satisfaction of all their cherished hopes at length realized. What a satire on human consistency, foresight, and wisdom! Many men were hanged and many more exiled for contending for reforms which, when conceded ushered in a reign of peace and contentment. The Feudal Tenure under which the common people of Quebec were little more than serfs, had long been abolished, not, however, without protest and confusion. In

1867 the Confederation of the Canadian provinces was consummated, and on the first day of last July, the people of the Dominion, by the tooting of brass instruments, the firing of cannons, the bursting of pyrotechnics, and the casual injury of fingers and contingent destruction of edifices, celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of what is termed a united Canada.

The historical expanse scantily covered by those few paragraphs is broad, and, like the age in which we live, mainly characterized by a great amplification and extension of popular liberty, and a vast increase in the public wealth. This advancement, upon which our content chiefly rests, was caused partly by the industry and frugality of our own people, partly by the improvement which took place in the colonial policy of England, and partly by the phenomenal growth of the United States. Such, in brief, are the circumstances, the strokes of fate, which have made us what we are. While peace and a degree of prosperity reign in the land, the Canadian people, we may be certain, will lean in silent contentment against the sunny side of their exceptional weal, without a thought beyond the hour and their immediate surroundings. But, unfortunately, peace and prosperity are conditions that do not abide forever with any country. According to the laws of natural compensation a lustrum of abnormal prosperity, such as we are now enjoying, is usually followed by a period of unwonted depression. Just such an acrid contingency occasioned Canada once before to sigh for political wedlock with Uncle Sam with all the melting and tentative ardency of a forlorn spinster withering on the arid stem of single blessedness.

While our connection with England is suffered to continue, we must be prepared to be made at any moment and without warning, the unoffending worry of powerful nations determined upon revenging themselves on us for injuries received by them from our rather pugnacious and predatory "mother country." On the other hand, the possession of Canada is a menace and a source of danger to England, and exposes her to constant friction with the United States. At this moment the continent of Europe is nothing more than an armed camp, a vast powder magazine. A single spark of adverse chance dropped like a fiery particle upon the highly inflammable mass of accumulated passions, would cause such an explosion as would rend empires and kingdoms like rocks and stones, leaving their distant and isolated colonies exposed to invasion, depredation, and destruction.

Let us suppose that Russia should suddenly resolve to carry out the behest of the dying Peter the Great, by pouncing upon England in India or in Norfolk. The attack would be the direful prologue to a bloody drama that would strain both empires in every nerve. Canada, as a British dependency, would, in common with Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, the Cape, and a host of other British possessions, inevitably become a point for special attack and sustained invasion. Would the people of Canada willingly risk their all for the oft-quoted sentiment of loyalty? Most assuredly they would not. Canadians are brave but they are not foolish. When faced by such an appalling

exaction, the determination of the majority, would, I feel convinced, be similar to that of the swain in the old song, who, though in love, was not demented, strange to say; and who, although willing to do almost anything for his charmer from "swearing for her," to "lying for her," and from "lying for her" to "drinking the measure dry for her," drew the line positively and philosophically at "dying for her." Canadians may live with, and, to a certain extent, for England; but they would not die for her any more than English people would for them, if called upon to draw their swords in defence of Canadian liberties.

Or, let us suppose, the United States were to claim great, and according to the estimate of our politicians, extravagant and unjust fishing privileges, and insist upon their right to enter and use what our government held to be Canadian waters. Such an event may, and probably will, soon happen. Let us further suppose the dispute were to pass from diplomatic *persiflage* and bluster to open hostility, and four or five hundred thousand armed Americans were to march inward by different routes converging on Montreal in the East, and Toronto in the West. What would then happen? An American invasion would be a sad disheartener to Canadian loyalty, or rather, the sickly Crown sentiment that passes by the name. It would tear all the sawdust out of the inert loyalty doll. The capture of Toronto, which might happen on the second day after the Americans crossed our borders, would put an eternal end to its noisiest but least significant manifestations. Montreal would, probably, compromise before old Mount Royal was battered down about her ears like an ill-fitting night-cap. The men of Nova Scotia and Manitoba would repel such an invasion in the manner that the legions under Marshal Ney checked the march of Napolean on his return from Elba. In other words, an American conquest is of all things the best that could happen for these provinces, so that their people would not oppose it, if they did not actually give it all the aid in their power. As for Ottawa, the legislative capital, I venture to believe the moment the head of the invading army hove in sight, nay, long before an American soldier appeared upon the scene, we would behold an instantaneous lowering of union Jacks throughout the city, and the air would be surcharged with the malodorous fumes of cremated banners and flags.

Indeed, I have more than hypothesis to go upon. When the victory at Plevna, near the close of the Russian-Turkish war, opened the way to Constantinople, and England took her stand at the gate of the city to protect her Turkish ally, all the world thought a declaration of war would be the next move of Russia. While the question was swinging in the balance of an awful doubt, two divisions of the Russian navy appeared off our coast, the one outside the town of Victoria, in Vancouver Island, and the other outside the harbor of Halifax, in Nova Scotia. How did our bold loyalists demean themselves in the crisis? Why, they fell into a blue funk from the outset, and if the word loyalty was not expunged from their lexicons, it was, at least, studiously banished from their lips. More than one inhabitant of this

dominion, who, prior to the danger, was loud in his detestation of the United States, and as firm as a mountain in grateful allegiance to England, then found it convenient to recant with ashy lips his whilom objections to "the Yankees" and their "horrid republican" form of government, and often went so far as to affirm, with some trembling of the knees, that, after all, England was thousands of miles away, and the distance might have lent a certain unreal enchantment to his former view, and that lately, on close examination, the people of the United States, in common with a certain sable personage, turned out to be actually not nearly so bad and vile as they were painted.

So much, then, for Canadian loyalty and loyalists. I have discussed the matter at some length, not on account of its intrinsic importance, for it does not possess a great deal; but because it is a topic greatly misunderstood and overrated by people of other countries, more especially by those of the United States. It is an exotic of uncouth and dubious existence. Its appearance at the present time is pretty much in inverse ratio to the general instruction, intelligence, and sound judgment of the fraction of the population among whom it prevails. The spirit of the times is opposed to it. While our connection with England continues, we sit on a living volcano, and this appalling conviction is seldom absent from the minds of all Canadians who are not too ignorant to form judgments or too indolent for meditation.

Toronto, Ont. OLAF MANN.

Transmission in Geese.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Revue Scientifique* vouches for the following story: For about twenty years he was in the habit of visiting, two or three times each year, a farm where was kept a flock of geese, numbering from thirty to thirty-five, in the early part of the winter, and, in the spring, four or five left for breeding purposes; these also generally being killed a few months later, after the new broods had attained their growth.

In the month of July, 1862, on a feast day, the farmer and his men being absent, the geese were forgotten, and were attacked by dogs, which killed the most of them. The next evening, at twilight, the farmer thought they must have been attacked a second time. He found them flying about in their pen, much frightened, but the dogs were nowhere to be seen. The next day this terror reappeared at the same hour, as it did on the following day, and from that time on. The correspondent of the *Revue* had forgotten this fact, when, ten years later, he chanced to be on the farm one evening, and heard the cackling of the apparently frightened geese. When he asked for an explanation, he was told that this had been kept up from the time they had been attacked by the dogs, that there had been no repetition of the attack, and that the flock had been renewed, in the meantime, at least three times. If this story is well authenticated, we have a case of the transmission of terror, to the third generation, in a family of geese.

A VERY grave young man might flourish as an undertaker.

Thomas O'Hagan.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., Ph. D., is one of the rising *litterateurs* of Canada, and he bids fair to take high rank amongst those who have reflected credit by their intellectual achievements, on their Irish extraction. Mr. O'Hagan was born in 1855, near Toronto, the capital of the Province of Ontario. In his childhood his parents removed to the County of Bruce, which was then newly settled, and was still, for the most part, a wilderness. His early education was obtained in the public school at a time when schools of its class, in a new settlement, were far from efficient. He made there such rapid progress that, at the age of fifteen, he was able to qualify as a second-class teacher.

From 1870 to 1874 he attended St. Michael's College, in Toronto, one of the schools maintained by the Basilian Order, where he was noted for his devotion to study, and especially for his fondness for language and literature. Latin, French, and German were his favorites among foreign tongues; but he never neglected that most potent of all instruments of culture, the English language, and the noble literature of which it is the embodiment. During his Academic course he was a frequent prize winner in Latin and English, and even at that time he displayed a fondness for, and a proficiency in, composition, which augured well for future literary fame.

In 1874 Mr. O'Hagan entered the teaching profession, and during the succeeding nine years he held the Principalship of some of the leading Roman Catholic separate schools of his native Province. During a considerable part of that time there was carried on an agitation for certain amendments to the Act which authorized the establishment and maintenance of separate schools, the object being to enable the supporters of these schools to avail themselves more fully of the advantages the law was intended to confer upon them. In this agitation Mr. O'Hagan took an active part, and he acted in 1878 as president of the first and only convention ever held by the separate school teachers of Ontario. The desired amendments to the Act were conceded by the legislature a few years later; but the successful issue of the agitation was largely due to the work done in its earlier stages by Mr. O'Hagan.

From 1883 to 1888 Mr. O'Hagan held Classical and Modern Language Masterships in several of the leading high schools of Ontario, and the students of his classes, many of whom are now attending Toronto University, will long remember his clear, bright, and happy methods of instruction.

While engaged in teaching he read the work prescribed for the Arts course in Ottawa University, which conferred on him, in 1882 and 1885, the degrees of B. A. and M. A. respectively. On the former of these occasions he took honors in English, Latin, French, and German, and was selected to write the Graduation Poem. His "Profecturi Salutamus," which was composed for this occasion, was afterwards warmly praised by the poet Whittier. His master's thesis had

for subject the poet Longfellow, and it merited and received high praise alike for literary excellence and sound criticism. At the last annual commencement of Syracuse University, N. Y., Mr. O'Hagan won by examination the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the English department of the post-graduate course, and was personally complimented by the Chancellor Dr. Sims, on the excellence of his papers.

Mr. O'Hagan's literary activity has been incessant. His volume of poems entitled A Gate of Flowers, has won for him an honored place among Canadian poets on the universal testimony of veterans of the literary art like J. G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, J. M. LeMoine, Sir Daniel Wilson, J. G. Bourinot, G. M. Grant, Lord Dufferin, C. G. D. Roberts, Louis Fréchette, W. Kirby, Charles Mair, George Stewart, and Alexander MacLachlan. He has been a voluminous contributor to the periodical press, the following journals, with others, being included in the list of those for which he has written: The Canadian Illustrated News, Canadian Monthly, Educational Monthly, Educational Weekly, Ave Maria, Catholic Record, Toronto Globe, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, etc.

While teaching he was instrumental in founding many literary societies in towns in different parts of the Province, and always infused some of his own literary enthusiasm into the young people whom he gathered around him. To his other accomplishments he adds that of being a graceful elocutionist. He was trained in the Philadelphia and Chautauqua schools, and his services as an exponent of the humorous and pathetic in literature are in wide demand.

Mr. O'Hagan commenced, during the past year, the study of law, taking his course in the office of O'Sullivan & Anglin, a well-known law firm of Toronto, the principal of which has a wide reputation as a versatile writer of historical and legal monographs. He is taking concurrently the course for the LL. B. degree, and if past achievements are a fair basis of prediction, he will certainly win increased distinction in his new field.

Personally, Mr. O'Hagan is a true, genial, and warm-hearted friend, whose urbanity and rare gifts of conversation make him a favorite in social circles. As yet, that celestial rapture, which Emerson says, falleth down from heaven, has not led him to the marriage altar. Needless to say, especially to readers of his poems, that while Mr. O'Hagan is thoroughly Canadian, he has a warm place in his patriotic heart for Ireland. Few are better acquainted with her blood-and-tear-stained history, and fewer still, have for the Irish cause that profound sympathy of which only the poetical temperament is capable. One who has achieved so much before reaching the age of thirty-four, has evidently ahead of him a useful and distinguished career, the development of which will be watched with kindly interest alike by his fellow Canadians and his fellow Irishmen.

WM. HOUSTON, in King's College Record.

HERE is a naive declaration from the prospectus of a weekly paper: "The staff, with the exception of the editor, has been very carefully selected and deserves to secure success."

Mexico.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Herald, signing himself "F R. Guernsey," wrote a long letter to that newspaper recently, taking the following for his text: "Two Catholic readers of the Herald desire to ask its Mexican correspondent, if he regards it either right or good policy to send Protestant missionaries to Mexico, a Christian country?"

"Also, is not Mexico an older seat of civilization than the United States?"

The correspondent takes in hand to answer these questions from an impartial standpoint, and as accurately as he is able.

He should have added, that such questions were very ridiculous, and very absurd. Certainly they were not questions that Catholics would expect a correct answer to from such a correspondent.

What do Catholics care where Protestant missionaries go? Did not the late (and early) Van Meter, of New York city, go to Rome to convert the Pope? Poor Van Meter died, and the Pope remained unconverted, enshrouded, in fact, in the Egyptian darkness that envelops the Vatican. Worse, still; the very mission-ground in New York, that cost the poor man such labor to purchase, passed into the hands of the Jews, and, finally, into the hands of the Italians, who have now a church where Van Meter's mission-house formerly stood!

What a missionary change was here! If poor Van Meter had staid at home, the Italians would have come to him, and have saved him the trouble of going to Italy.

As to Mexico being an older seat of civilization than the United States, every child knows it to be true. But what of it? Is not Rome more ancient in her civilization than either? And is not the City of the Soul as open to the assaults of the secret sects as Mexico, where they have done all they could do to destroy their country, thinking that thereby they destroy the Catholic Church?

Why are those sects so blind as not to see that the gates of hell, for nigh two thousand years, have been trying that game, and have failed? The hinges, that is, the secret sects, are not more powerful than the gates, and have less chance of success.

The secret societies may have an apparent success, temporarily; but no power, visible or invisible, can ultimately harm the Church of Christ, for His promises are as potent to-day as they were in their fulfillment on the Day of Pentecost.

As a proof of our correspondent's impartiality, he tells us: "The governing class are the reverse of religious; the priest is mocked, the Protestant missionary regarded as an amiable lunatic, chiefly engaged as an underminer of Catholicism, which the educated Mexican Liberal regards as the greatest enemy of his country's progress."

A few lines further on the correspondent says: "As far as I have seen, the missionaries are not disposed to make a bitter onslaught on the Catholic Church . . ." In both of these cases we have the correspondent's mind upon the matter.

"The Protestant missionary regarded," and "as far as I have seen," are both the outcome of the correspondent's mind.

Here is, what must be presumed to be, an intelligent gentleman, first coolly assuring us that the Protestant missionary in Mexico is simply an amiable lunatic, engaged in *undermining* Catholicism, and, in the very next breath, informing us that the same missionary is not disposed to make a *bitter onslaught* on the Catholic Church.

Which of these antagonistic assertions are we to believe? It is clearly impossible to believe both at the same time: A missionary chiefly engaged in undermining the Catholic Church, and the same missionary not even disposed to make an onslaught on the church!

Perhaps the correspondent is so elastic in his imagination as to think that undermining Catholicism (Catholicity) and making a bitter onslaught on the church, are two distinct things. But most common people, who are not correspondents, will look upon the matter in a different light. If undermining does not mean a pretty stiff sort of onslaught, it must be because there are more amiable lunatics at large than the Protestant missionary in Mexico.

The general tone of this correspondent's letter is one of thinly-concealed bitterness towards the church; just of that kind that usually comes from a Protestant, an infidel, or one of the secret sects, writing from and concerning a Catholic country, to one of our great daily newspapers that panders to the prejudices of its constituency, regardless of the character of its communications. We have such letters every day, and in every part of the world, differing only as to time and place.

About a couple of months ago, a short, pithy article appeared in the New York Sun, under the heading, "Can This Thing Be?" The article went on to state that some of our prominent officials, acting in accord with leading Mexicans, were looking forward to the time when Lower California would become incorporated with the United States. Some viewed the matter favorably, while others were opposed to the scheme, because the people of the coveted territory were Catholics. Admit them into the Union, and the voting power of Catholics would be proportionately increased, — a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished, especially in Massachusetts.

Query: Is the Boston Herald opposed to the admission of Lower California into the Union? or, is its Mexican correspondent engaged to write in the interest of a party?

To write about a Catholic country, and endeavor to make it appear that the church is the enemy of that country's progress, would certainly have the effect of prejudicing people's minds against the admission of such a country into the Union.

It was the brave Don Juan O'Donahoe, Spanish Viceroy of Mexico, with the aid of Mexican priests, who helped that country to gain its independence. Perhaps DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has also helped to get at the secret motives of men who cowardly attack the church in order to gain a point wholly different from that at issue. Even great newspapers are sometimes manipulated so as to serve great interests outside

the appearance of things, and correspondents are poor creatures, indeed, if their imaginations are not sufficiently prolific to write answers to supposititious inquirers with a meaning different from what appears upon the surface of their communications. Be this as it may: it is a good practice to keep an open eye on those whose hostility to the Catholic Church assumes so many different phases, for purposes not always apparent in their public writings.

It will be well to note in detail a few of the leading features of the letter of this Mexican correspondent, even if he does keep beating about in the old ruts, in which so many of his contemporaries love to stick their heels. He says: "The strongest language I have ever heard regarding pagan practices among the Indians, has been uttered by Jesuit priests; and if my good, inquiring friends cannot take the word of those sincere and devout men, there is no use in asking them to accept my testimony."

But where are we to find the "strongest language" of the Jesuits? Not a syllable of it in the correspondent's letter.

He further says: "Christianity got a foothold here long before it was heard of by the Indian tribes between the Mississippi and the Atlantic ocean; and the early Catholic missionaries in Mexico were mainly the humane Franciscans, of holy life, and true friends of the poor and oppressed."

Very nice, and very true, indeed; hence, the chief city of California is called San Francisco — Saint Francis. Our Herald writer adds: "But it is a mournful fact, that four hundred years of hell-fire doctrine has not made the educated men of Mexico pious Christians." This is an old sort of argument. But where are we to find the educated men of Mexico who are four hundred years old? The correspondent cannot speak for the pious Christianity of generations of men, who are centuries dead. "The Protestant missionaries, it seems, work to instil into the minds of the youth of Mexico, that is, those of them whom they can reach, the essential principles of morality." Good. Does it occur to the Herald correspondent, and others of his class and type, that morality is not religion, as they seem to imagine? Religion is something more than morality; but where there is no morality, there can be no true religion. In a word, what is it that the Protestant missionaries do in Mexico? Their religion, at best, is merely a sentiment. They teach and inculcate a sentiment, — morality, if you choose, — but more they cannot do; hence, their inability to convert. They, too, teach the doctrine of hell-fire, we suppose; for, whatever religious truths they teach, or profess, are certainly taken from the Catholic Church. The hell-fire doctrine taught in Mexico for four hundred years is the same hell-fire doctrine taught by the church since the days of its Founder, and the doctrine as taught by the church came directly from its Divine head. The civilization of the world was contemporaneous with the teaching of this doctrine, and so it will continue until the end of time. It may be a "mournful fact," and the "educated Mexican" may not have become a better Christian by such teaching; but, if he were thoroughly educated in the religion of the Church of Christ, he would be a better man to-day, in every respect, both in soul and body.

But there is only the Herald correspondent's word for the state of the educated Mexican's mind; it may be, you know, that the truly educated Mexican is all right after all.

Will the Herald correspondent, who is evidently a great friend and supporter of the Protestant missionaries in Mexico, please tell us what people or nation the Protestant missionaries ever converted? Here is a big chance for the correspondent and a bigger chance for the missionaries. Only to point out one nation converted by these missionaries since the first day that the name Protestant was known in the world. Failing in this let the correspondent turn his mind without prejudice even towards Mexico, and behold there in the midst of turmoils, wars, and revolutions since the days of Cortez even down to those of Diaz, the most wonderful advancement of religion and civilization. True, the secret fraternities have succeeded in getting hold of the government in that country, and, consequently, religion and civilization have suffered in proportion to the strength of the hold they have obtained. But that condition of things will not last. The people, the Catholic people of Mexico, will some day rise in their strength, probably fury, and wipe out the hydra-headed curse that is eating at the vitals of their country.

A few months ago the writer had a conversation with the Rev. Michael J. Phelan, Pastor of St. Cecilia's, New York city, concerning the state of religion in Mexico after a visit to that country by the Rev. gentleman. He assured the writer that while there was pretty strong evidence of the activity of the secret societies in the city of Mexico, the people generally throughout the country were rare examples of faithful Catholics, good citizens, industrious, peaceful, and thoroughly practical in all things pertaining to their religion.

It is not necessary to inform a gentleman like the Herald correspondent, that a practical Catholic is essentially a good citizen, and that a refinement of manners and strict morality go hand in hand with practical Catholicity. This rule is universal, and our scholarly correspondent must be aware of the fact, although he is evidently strongly tinctured with the vicious spirit of the secret societies, and mixes chiefly with a class of infidels the outcome of such societies, and with what is known as "liberal" Catholics.

This latter class is Catholic only in name, and is known to be hostile to religion whether they are found in Italy or Mexico. They are a curse and a scandal wherever met with; ashamed of their church and its Holy Sacraments; ashamed, in fact, of Christ, and those are they of whom Christ will be ashamed of hereafter. Hence it is that the correspondent says, in a boastful spirit, "The policy of a completely secularized education for youth is carried out from the primary schools up to the great academical institutions maintained by the government." This is the question the correspondent hedged around all along throughout his letter. If the government of a Catholic country like Mexico can thus pervert the education of a people, *a fortiori* the government of the United States,and particularly that of Massachusetts, can do the same in a country that is not Catholic.

A WORD OR TWO ON THIS ALL-ABSORBING QUESTION.

Protestants believe, or are made to believe, that Catholics are determined to make an onslaught on the public schools. Nothing can be farther from the minds of Catholics. They condemn the system pursued in those schools as unfit for their children. They have certain rights and interests to guard in the public schools; but their great contention is, that in justice they should not be taxed for the support of an educational system which their consciences cannot approve. Protestants, like the Herald correspondent, seem to be incapable of distinguishing the true merits of this case. To their minds education consists in the acquirement of knowledge or learning. This is not education by any means. Men of knowledge and learning fill our jails and state prisons. These are the sharpers of public life, who can "beat" their man in business every day. Like the Jews who believe they are beloved of God in proportion to their worldly success, these men of knowledge are unscrupulous as to the means of worldly success, provided they succeed. There are many "Catholics" of the same class, and they have all graduated from the same halls of knowledge, the public schools. Many good and leading Protestants, however, are fast awakening to the dangers of a purely secularized system of education. Among the Protestant laity stands pre-eminently, David Stone, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, who is as keenly alive to the evils of the anti-religious system of education as any Catholic in the land. The Rev. Dr. McLeod, a Brooklyn Congregationalist minister, stands head among the Protestant clergymen who are opposed to the system. In his lecture "Shall the Public Schools be Secularized?" delivered before the Brooklyn Congregational Club, on May 27, the learned gentleman divided his address into three general propositions.

I. "The welfare of the state demands that the instruction of her children shall embrace the inculcation of a strong morality. The culture of the conscience, as well as of the intellect, is essential to citizenship."

II. "That religious instruction is essential to national morality."

III. "That it is the business of the state to make religious instruction one of the prime factors in the system of popular education."

So it would appear after all, that the Mexican priests whom the Herald correspondent tries to hit hard, are not so far behind the age in their efforts to beat down the irreligious government of their country, which has done its utmost, but has not succeeded in destroying the religion of the people.

One of the latest outrages, by a creature of the Mexican government, was the infliction of a fine of one hundred dollars on a Catholic bishop for the crime of wearing his cassock in the streets. This outrage, and all others like it, should be hailed with silent thankfulness. If any spirit remain in the Mexican people, it is just such an act as this, that should rouse them to a proper sense of their duty, and to a proper discharge of that duty, by flinging the members of their miserable government out of power, never again to exercise their baneful

political influence on an innocent and unsuspecting people. A dozen or a hundred good Catholic Mexicans, could surely be organized into a league to defeat the infamous cliques of secret-sect devils that have preyed upon their country for the past half century, and have left it a prey to social, religious, political, industrial, and commercial evils. One Windthorst was enough for Bismarck and all Germany combined. Is there not a Windthorst in Mexico, ready to call the government to account, taking for his basis of action, this untoward action of a magisterial bigot? There may be a "law" against clerics appearing in public wearing their ecclesiastical costume. The Herald correspondent could inform us. If there is such a law, it should be violated every hour of the day until repealed: and all similar laws should be trampled on, at any risk, cost, or sacrifice. A bad and oppressive law in any nation should be violated often and with determination to violate it, until the statute book that bears it is cleansed of the foul impression; this is particularly required in the matter of laws that relate to conscience and religion.

Our correspondent adds: "I am certain that a majority of the educated white men here, regard all religion as a delusion, good enough to fool the women with, and all right for imbeciles of either sex, but not even worth considering, among men of intelligence." He is certain of this. He must have, therefore, made himself personally acquainted with a million and a half of men, in order to have arrived at this conclusion. Now, watch the exceeding knavery of the correspondent, as he continues: "This is a condition of things," he says, "sincerely to be deprecated, for you cannot take the moral culture of the men of a nation away, without doing vast harm to society."

Indeed! What a fine supplementary truism, and, as if ashamed of his weakness for having made this admission, he continues: "Had the theology preached here been of a more reasonable character, had the ecclesiastics displayed more tolerance for opinions other than their own, the educated men of Mexico would not, to-day, be standing at the opposite pole from the clergy."

The half-concealed bitterness of the correspondent is here let loose; at least he shows himself in his true light, and that light is the lurid glare that emanates from the secret-sect fanatic. All religion is in his mind a delusion.

He started out only to answer a couple of inquirers as to Protestant missionaries in Mexico, and the civilization of that country, as compared with this; but he has managed quietly to get in his sneaking slap in the face at religion, which is good enough to fool women with, and all right for imbeciles of both sexes.

How brave and how manly! Nothing of the woman about our correspondent, and nothing of the imbecile either. Catch men like him coming under the influence of religion. It is a fact that the women of Mexico, so sneered at, are women of strong moral courage, while the infidel bigots who try to laugh at religion, are moral, and often physical, cowards every inch of them. There is no man so strong in moral courage as your religious man; none so happy, none so fearless in

the presence of danger. He alone is literally and truly a free man, and, moreover, none but he is free. Vain correspondent! you talk of a thing you know nothing about, and could not comprehend for your very life. Religion is not a delusion. It is a strong, stern, solemn fact that acts, and reacts on man's nature; that fights for supremacy, and, in the end, gains the victory.

Our correspondent says: "If the girls of Mexico could have the training of New England Public Schools for two generations, the country would advance with giant strides, for it is as true as it is trite, that the mothers make the men." Yes, where we have mothers, certainly. Does not the correspondent know, that two generations of our public schools have sufficed to make the New England girl desirous of not becoming a mother? True, she will marry; but if she is a thorough graduate of the schools, she will have gained the knowledge necessary for her purpose. Mexican girls are highly educated, and God save those of them who are not, from ever becoming like many of the girls in the New England schools.

The correspondent winds up his long letter by saying: "To return to our missionary mutton," etc. This is not the dignified language of a gentleman; rather it smacks strongly of the slang of the street corners. The Protestant missionary of Mexico is very like his brother missionary elsewhere; in China for instance, where the missionaries increase faster than the converts; where "rice Christians" are to be found, people who are fed as a reward for their conversion, a sort of Irish Souperism, in fact. There are no less than eleven hundred and twenty-three missionaries in China, with an average of thirty converts each, representing an expenditure of millions of dollars. The Bible Christian missionaries, six in number, have only three converts, half of a convert to each missionary, and so on through the whole list. The Foreign Christian missionary, is worse off still, having only two converts to seven missionaries. These facts of missionary success in China are given on the authority of the New York Sun.

Compare these with Father Lacasse of Labrador, seventy years of age, and still working among his six hundred Indians, erecting rude chapels, and travelling hundreds of miles weekly, by canoe, dogs, and oxen. Or, better still, compare them with the late Father Damien of Molokai, the heroic martyr-priest of the lepers! But no, no. These standards are too holy, too high for such comparison. And yet, the theology of those sainted priests was identical with that of their brethren in Mexico.

If the Boston Herald is desirous of obtaining correct information on the state of religion, and matters in general, in Mexico, let it commission a trustworthy Catholic for that purpose. It will find one on its own staff of bright young men, and the result will be a pleasure and a benefit to all lovers of truth and fair play.

PETER MCCORRY.

A MAN is always sure to have a scent while in the perfumery business.

The Inspiring of Cædmon.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

In the Abbey of Whitby vast and quaint,
Ruled by Hilda, Abbess and saint,
(Whose blood ran pure from the royal spring
Of her great-grandsire, Edwin the King),
Hundreds of learned nuns and friars
In separate cloisters kept the rules,
Toiled in the cells and sang in the choirs,
Studied and taught in the ancient schools;
Gentle and simple, all in their way,
Owning the Abbess Hilda's sway.

II.

Down in the servants' hall outside,
Where the great logs blazed in the hearth-place wide,
Many a poor retainer shared
The Abbey's bounty; and, tender, cared
For the sick and the sore, who thronged the grate
Of the Abbess Hilda's convent-gate.
Many a rude, unletter'd serf
Swung the scythe o'er the abbey-turf,
Or ploughed its fields; or the horses led
To the crystal brooks; or the poultry fed;
Or guided the kine and the browsing sheep
Through the clover-pastures, lush and deep;—
Harmless louts of as little lore
As the beasts they fed at the stable-door.

III.

Dullest of all the dull souls there,
Who knew no secrets of book or prayer,
Who sang no song, and who spake no word,
Was Cædmon, the humble cattle-herd.
Cædmon, the homely, honest clown
Whose gray locks hung o'er his temples brown;
Whose stolid visage and sunken eyes
From the mists of the moorlands seemed to rise,
Like those of a phantom, gaunt and high,
Tracking the herds 'neath the autumn sky;—

IV.

Though many a rural minstrel woke
The harp, at night, in the halls of oak,—
Ne'er had the herdsman's hand been known
To rouse sweet Music's slumbering tone.
Whenever his comrades sat at board,
And the meats were passed or the malt was pour'd,
If the song, in its turn, to Cædmon came,
(Half in sorrow and half in shame),
He rose from his seat in silent mood,
And toss'd the harp to the nearest bard,
Then, wending his way to an out-house rude,
Where the kine were stalled in the stable-yard,
In cold and darkness cowered alone,
Couch'd with the beasts on the floor of stone,
Murmuring ever the same sad thing:
"If I could but sing! If I could but sing!"

V.

There, on the straw, on one such night,
With a heavy heart, but a conscience light,
He cast him down when his prayers were said,
Where the dumb brutes slumber'd left and right,
And, watching the stars through the chinks o'erhead,
Fell fast asleep on his fragrant bed.

VI.

The moon rose up in the quiet West,
With a fleecy veil round her virgin breast;
The night-wind sighed through the broken walls,
The cattle stirred in their blacken'd stalls,
And, over beyond, in the convent choir,
Sounded the voice of a chanting friar.
But Cædmon lay with a smile on his face,
Nor heard nor saw these sounds or sights,
He only marveled to see the place
Filled with splendor and strange delights!

VII.

Over him floated a golden cloud,
Rare as the mists of that last bright hour,
When the rainbow-tints of the sunset crowd
The western skies with their gorgeous dower;
And out of the cloud, an angel came,
With flower-like face and wings of flame,
Who cried in a voice, both sweet and strong:
"Cædmon! sing me a blessed song!"

VIII.

"Alas!" sighed the herdsman, hoarse and low,
"I *cannot* sing! If thou didst but know,
'Twas because of the harp and the song, fair sprite,
I fled from the feast, this very night!"
"Yet, nevertheless," the angel said,
"A singer thou 'lt be!" — And with bended head,
Cædmon questioned: "What shall I sing?"
The spirit answered: "The praise of the King!"
Answered: "*Thy* theme shall CREATION be, —
Sing thou of Time and Eternity!"

IX.

And Cædmon lifted his voice and sang —
(His thrilling tones to the rafters rang) —
Verses in praise of the God Triune,
Father, Creator of sun and moon,
Of earth, and of all the things thereof
That speak His wisdom, His might, His love!
The stars in the sky, the winds that blow,
The rain and the dew, the frost and the snow,
The birds in the air, the fish in the sea,
The beasts that roam over hill and lea,
The flowers, the trees, and the silver streams,
The lakes land-lock'd in their crystal dreams,
All, all the beautiful things of earth
In the prestine glow of their sinless birth,
Swelled through the strains of Cædmon's song, —
A *Benedicite*, grand and strong!

X.

"Praise God, ye creatures!" the herdsman cried;
"Praise God!" the Angel soft replied;
And the musical echoes swept abroad
Their mighty chorus: "Praise God! praise God!"

XI.

Lo! in the morning, gaunt and thin,
The Abbess Hilda led him in
To the learned men; and bade him there
Sing the song he had learned in prayer,
The song of his dream, the psalm of might,
The Angel taught him in the night.
And when, from his grand, enlightened soul,
The strains majestic 'gan to roll,
When, from his bearded lips gushed out
A pæan glad as a seraph's shout,
And all his dull, dark, stolid face
Transfigured grew, with light and grace,—
The Abbess spake: "Our God in heaven
Hath wondrous gifts to the guileless given!
Henceforth, O friars, *this* man shall be
The crown of your gracious company!"
And then she added, with 'bated breath:
"Pure in thy life — pure in thy death,
O poet Cædmon! O bard sublime!
In soul and song to the saints allied,
The world shall hail thee throughout all time,
As Whitby's glory and Whitby's pride!"

A Visit to Fort Monroe, Va.

A CITIZEN, seeking relief from the routine of daily labor and the oppressive sultriness of the city, stepped aboard the steamer George Leary, for a trip to Fort Monroe. The number of passengers was large, appeared cleanly and respectable, and were fully equipped for recreation and pleasure. The atmosphere was full of bright sunshine, made more enjoyable by cool and salubrious breezes, and everything seemed to augur a day fraught with delightful relief from the cares and burdens of city life, and which, doubtless, did bring healthful reaction to many a careworn mind and weary body. The mountains were all around us, and the broken soil showed a very rich land, and the country lay smiling with fresh verdure, renewed and invigorated by recent rains. We arrived at Fort Monroe the next morning, about half-past eight o'clock; the morning was bright and summer-like, and the lovely bay of the Chesapeake, which we crossed, lay smiling and dimpling in the early sunshine. Our first observation, when we reach the wharf, is the Hygeia Hotel, whose massive form rears itself immediately in front of us. The hotel is four stories in height, substantially built, and comfortably furnished; as a resort for the pleasure seeker, invalid, or resting-place for tourists on their way North or South, this place is unsurpassed as a sea-side resort. The people of the place seem to appreciate the waters, for not a day passes that there are not crowds of visitors out for a dip.

The homes of the people of this place are strung along the shore coves in picturesque cabins and cottages, and are, invariably, the prettiest and cosiest retreats imaginable. Large and magnificent government buildings — engineering department, ordnance, and machine shops, etc. — lead from the wharf to the principal entrance of the fort. Among the many pleasant military stations in the Division of the Atlantic, few, if any, can present so many natural attractions as this historic old fort. It is situated on the extremity of the peninsula and commands the entrance to Hampton Roads, into which empties the waters of the James, Elizabeth, and Nansemond rivers. The fort is built in the shape of an irregular hexagon, five sides of which are nearly equal, the southeast front being as long as the other two. Each side has a curtain, or part of the parapet, between the projecting portions, or bastions. A fire from the salient angle will protect the front, in conjunction with the fire from the curtain, and the corner angles of each bastion, producing a cross-fire, will protect the fosse, which surrounds the fort on all sides. Automatic flood-gates are placed on the north and east side of the moat. The moat is bridged at the three principal entrances. This is a region full of historic interest, and is, indeed, well favored by nature and historic association.

When you enter the main sally-port, your first observation will be a triangular-shaped piece of ground, which is called "Trophy Park," and contains interesting souvenirs of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, in 1781. The three angles are occupied by three ten-inch siege mortars. The trophies consist of three howitzers, manufactured respectively in 1829, 1740, and 1677; two siege pieces, manufactured respectively in 1759 and 1767. Each trophy has the English coat-of-arms, and the following inscription: "Surrendered at the capitulation of Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781." There is, also, a breech-loading Chinese-wall piece, which bears the following inscription, in that language: "19th year, 2d moon, of the Chinese Emperor, King Hi. A. D. 1681." This gun was captured from the Coreans, by the United States Naval Squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Jno. Rogers, U. S. N. This place will, also, be memorable in history as the scene of the incarceration of Jefferson C. Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, and Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens.

During the late war, this post was the headquarters of Maj.-Gen. Benj. F. Butler. The area of Fort Monroe is two hundred and fifty-two acres, and was first occupied in June, 1823. It was planned by Gen. Simon Bernard, heretofore an officer in the French army.

The garrison is composed of six batteries, of forty-eight men each, and about thirty commissioned officers, under the command of Lieut.-Col. R. T. Frank.

There is a Roman Catholic chapel here, also an office of the Adams Express Company, and an ice-house and billiard hall, by Wm. Baulch.

JAMES MCDONAGH,
Battery "E," Third Artillery.

Fort Monroe, Va., June 27, 1889.

OUR globe appears to Mars as the morning and evening star.

Providence Catholics: Past and Present.

In 1830 the Catholics in Providence, R. I., numbered from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. Rev. John Corry, commonly called Curry, succeeded Father Woodley in 1830. While he was pastor the civil authorities of the town granted the Catholics the use of the "Old Town House," where services were held for four or five years. A site for a church in Providence was purchased January 17, 1832, where SS. Peter and Paul's consecrated cathedral now stands. It had been almost impossible to obtain a location, so strong was the prejudice against them. The lot was bought by William Hye, for the Catholics, of Isaac Matthewson, who did not know the purpose for which the land was purchased. Mr. Matthewson offered five hundred dollars more than was paid for the lot if Mr. Hye would reconvey it to him. Father Corry, after viewing the site, remarked that "in a few years there will be no such place as this in Providence for a Catholic Church." He told Mr. Hye to refuse the offer. In November, 1832, Father Corry was sent to Taunton, and was succeeded by Father Connelly, who attended both Pawtucket and Providence. Father Lee succeeded in May, 1834, for three and a half years. In 1835 Father Lee began the foundation of the old cathedral, the immediate predecessor of SS. Peter and Paul. It measured 84 by 44 feet. From 1830 until the church was finished the Catholics enjoyed the privilege of worshipping in the Town Hall, but meantime they endured many hardships. The work on the church was discontinued from October, 1836, to September, 1837. Father Lee's successors were Fathers Lynch, McNamee, and Miller. Rev. Father Corry returned in May, 1873, and completed the church. Service was held in it for the first time on December 1 of that year. The walls were built of slate-stone, covered with cement, and were paid for by money sent from Germany. On November 4, 1838, SS. Peter and Paul's Church was dedicated, and a debt of $5,000 paid by Protestants and Catholics alike. At Christmas, 1838, Philip Allen & Sons gave the church a Spanish bell. An organ was placed in the church in 1847. From 1837 to 1847 there were 2,259 baptisms and 504 marriages. Rev. James Fitton succeeded Rev. Father Corry in October, 1843. In 1844 the diocese of Hartford was formed, including Rhode Island and Connecticut. Rt. Rev. William Tyler, D. D., who was consecrated March 17, 1844, chose SS. Peter and Paul's Church as his cathedral. He enlarged the original building, buying additional land. He also erected the sacristy on Pond street. He died of rheumatic fever, contracted at the council of Baltimore, June 18, 1849. He was buried in the basement of the cathedral June 20. His remains were taken up when the cathedral was torn down, and placed under the altar of the pro-cathedral. Eventually the remains of Bishop Tyler will be placed in the opening of the crypt of the new cathedral, over the remains of Bishop Hendricken. Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly succeeded Bishop Tyler. The Providence Catholics had increased to five thousand. He was

consecrated November 10, 1850. A short time after after he went to Europe. He ordained Bishop Hendricken a priest in Dublin in 1853, and invited him to come to America. While returning from a second visit in 1856, on the steamer Pacific, he and all on board found a watery grave. Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland was consecrated Bishop March 14, 1858. He built many churches. In 1872 the diocese of Hartford was divided, and Bishop McFarland went to Hartford, where he died October 12, 1874. Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken was consecrated April 28, 1872. In six years he had done a great work, erected the episcopal residence upon Pond street, and the pro-cathedral on Broad street, in preparation of his great life-work, the building of the new cathedral. On Holy Thursday before the destruction of the old cathedral, portions of the ceiling fell upon the worshippers. Farewell service in the old church took place May 5, 1865. The Bishop was visibly affected. In June, 1886, Bishop Hendricken estimated that there were about fifty thousand Catholics in Providence. There were then five parochial schools, six academies, seven chapels, thirteen churches, and twenty-seven priests in Providence. Within two weeks of the date upon which Bishop Hendricken had hoped to see the new cathedral, an everlasting monument of his labors, consecrated, he died on Friday, June 11, 1886. His fatal illness was caused by a cold contracted while collecting funds for the building. He was most fittingly buried in the new cathedral, on Sunday, June 17. His remains lie in the crypt under the main altar in the basement of the edifice. Pending the appointment and consecration of the present Bishop, Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, the affairs of the diocese were under the charge of Very Rev. Vicar General McCabe, appointed administrator of the diocese by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston.

SS. PETER AND PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

On August 13, 1887, the construction of the new cathedral began. The corner-stone of Irish marble was laid on Thanksgiving Day of the same year, in the presence of Archbishop Williams, four bishops, fifty priests, and ten thousand of the laity. The new cathedral, occupying the site of the old one, stands on commanding ground. It is in the form of a cross, with the foot on Pond street and the head on High street. The building extends one hundred and twenty feet upon High, one hundred and ninety-eight upon Fenner, and one hundred and thirty-six upon Pond. Its extreme length is one hundred and ninety-eight feet; height, seventy-four feet. The front has two magnificent towers, each one hundred and fifty-six feet, in time to be crowned by spires. At present each has a turret. It is built of brown stone, and its foundations are of the most solid character. The main floor is supported by fifty-six iron pillars, resting on a foundation similar to the church walls. The basement is fifteen feet high and is lighted by thirty-five windows. The beauty and design of the interior of the cathedral are not excelled by any church in the United States. None but skilled artists were engaged upon its finest work. The five circular paintings in the ceiling and above the altars are the work of the celebrated German painter,

Lamprecht; the stained glass windows of the Pustats of Inspruck; the cartoons, Professor Kline, of Munich; the marble pillars, Theis & Trueg, of Munich; the decorator, Bodes, of New York; statues and statuary, Sibyl & Birk of New York. The floor of the vestibule, aisles, porches, sanctuary, and chapels are tiled with white American marble and white-veined Italian marble. The marble wainscoting of the walls is grey ophite for three feet, and red Wakefield marble panels. Twenty-six pillars of ophite marble, no two alike, including four clusters of three, support the galleries and arches. On the pillar capitals are one hundred and twenty groups of statuary, representing emblems of the old and new sacrifice, and all types of nature from the time of Adam to the present age. The groups upon the clustered pillars are constructed according to Scripture. Four large statues of the evangelists occupy niches above the capitals of the four clustered pillars. The most prominent feature of the interior is the ceiling, composed of colored woods divided into oblong panel, decorated in Mosaic patterns and garnished with ebony, African wood, and gold. The grand central feature of the ceiling is the painting of the transfiguration, surrounded at equal distances by four smaller paintings of Peter and Paul, Moses and Elias. They cost thirty thousand dollars. The windows on the west side are filled with scenes from the New Testament, and on the east side from the Old Testament. The pews and confessionals are of light oak stained in cherry. They will seat two thousand persons, and the treforium galleries five hundred more. The cathedral has recently been furnished with new altars of great beauty of finish and design, costing several thousands of dollars. The Roosevelt organ cost ten thousand dollars, and is remarkable for its purity of tone. Clocks and bells have just been placed in the west tower. The smaller bell strikes the angelus. January 1, 1886, the late Bishop Hendricken had expended $316,617.67 upon the building. The additional work since that time has cost over one hundred thousand dollars. It is estimated that the building could not be duplicated at the present time for less than one million dollars.

P. C. Keiley, Esq., of Brooklyn, New York, was the architect. Its first dedication will always be considered to have occurred at Bishop Hendricken's funeral service, June 17, 1886. The second service in the building was the "Month's Mind," on July 13, 1886.

The Sisters of Mercy in New England.

Among the fine and distinguished literary women of whom New Orleans should be extravagantly proud, none ranks higher than brilliant Mother Austin Carroll. Those who have had the privilege of meeting this talented and charming lady, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, are full of admiration for the manifold gifts she possesses. An able financeer, a wonderful disciplinarian, and a devout religeuse, she combines with such sterling qualities the art of conversation in a marked degree. One would think, with the care of an immense property and numerous institutions, the abbess would find small leisure for literary

pursuits. This is a mistake, however, for in addition to innumerable newspaper and magazine articles, a volume treating of the history of her powerful order is produced every twelve months. The third book in Leaves from Annals of the Sisters of Mercy is just from the press, and is entertaining and delightful reading from a literary point of view. To complete the fourth and last volume, Mother Austin, who is a great traveller, is now visiting California. The scenes are laid principally on the Pacific coast, and accuracy is one essential quality of her writings. The following is a chapter from the third book, giving an account of the establishment of the Order of Mercy in New England:

In 1850, Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, who had just become Bishop of Hartford, applied to Pittsburgh for some Sisters to open schools in Providence.

Dr. Tyler, first bishop of this See, was a convert and nephew of the celebrated Virgil Barber, both being members of that family of predilection who, called from the shades of error, almost all embraced the religious state or the priesthood. He was consecrated on St. Patrick's Day, 1844. In 1849, he applied for a coadjutor, being anxious to resign. June 18, in the same year, he died. His diocese consisted of Rhode Island and Connecticut. He resided in Providence, which contained four times as many Catholics as Hartford. In his whole diocese there were six priests. St. Paul's Church, begun in 1835, was his cathedral. Previous to its erection Catholic services were held in the town hall. When Bishop Fenwick visited Providence in 1828 he said Mass and preached in the Mechanics' Hall, and gave confirmation to five persons. On Father Tyler's promotion to the mitre, Rhode Island and Connecticut contained eight churches and not quite ten thousand Catholics. Previously New England had formed but one diocese, subject to the Bishop of Boston since 1810.

The Catholic population increased slowly until the great exodus from Ireland. Bishop O'Reilly came to Providence expecting to find bigotry and intolerance rampant, Catholics few in number, and his country-people socially weak and poor — and he was not disappointed. There were no religious of any kind, and scarcely a Catholic school in his diocese. The bishop was a man of fine physique and dignified deportment; but his splendid appearance did not prevent the Yankee boys from saluting him as "Paddy the Priest." Robust in health and active in habits, he had a strong will to succeed in whatever he attempted. He found the children entirely neglected, and he at once determined to supply them with religious teachers. Preferring the Sisters of Mercy to all other teaching religious, he had scarcely reached his diocese when he wrote to Bishop O'Connor for a few of the holy women who were doing so much for religion and education in his episcopal city.

So rabid was the spirit of Know-Nothingism at this time in New England, especially in the Hartford diocese, that it was regarded as a very daring thing even to propose to establish a convent within its limits. The blackened ruins of the Ursuline convent near Boston conveyed a lesson and a warning which the *papists* or *papishes* — names

indiscriminately bestowed on Catholics — were supposed to have learned with such effect as to restrain them from attempting to establish similar institutions in future. "There were no two ways about it, the natives would not have it." They had provided proselyting or godless schools for the stranger within their gates, and they would allow no emissary of Rome to sully their borders. Every convent erected on the free soil of New England would court the fate of the Charlestown academy, and foreigners had better look to it how they provoked the heads of factories, and the controllers of labor, and the moneyed men in general in these states. Bishop Fitzpatrick, himself a Bostonian, who governed the See of Hartford from the death of Bishop Tyler to the appointment of his successor, did not *openly* advocate Catholic schools, perhaps through fear of a repetition of the Charlestown horrors. But neither Bishop O'Connor nor Bishop O'Rielly shared these fears, if they existed in the Boston prelate. They would at least try to do what they considered of paramount importance: provide Catholic education for the young.

Bishop O'Reilly asked for an experienced religious of great prudence and good address, with a few companions, to begin the good work in Providence. As Mother Warde had just resigned the office of superior in Pittsburgh, it was agreed by all concerned that she would be a suitable person to undertake the establishment of her Order in New England. It was expected that her position in that region would be no sinecure; but she was a brave, courageous woman. Rhode Island was considered the bitterest state in the Union, and the worst bitterness of the state was supposed to be concentrated in Providence. The people gloried in the destruction of the Charlestown convent, and they swore with many an oath that never again should a similar institution be permitted to rear its head on the "free" soil of New England.

It took a good deal of time and prayer and consultation to come to a decision; * but, once obtained, preparations went on briskly. On Ash-Wednesday, 1851, Mother Warde, with four companions, accompanied by Very Rev. James O'Connor (now Bishop of Omaha) and Mother M. Josephine Cullen, began their tedious journey. They left St. Xavier's, about fifteen minutes' walk from the old road that was the highway to Philadelphia, about dusk, and waited about fifteen minutes for the stage going east from Pittsburgh.† Bishop O'Connor and all the Sisters accompanied them from St. Xavier's to the stage, a mournful procession, for the Sisters who remained were grieved to part from Mother Warde ‡ and the other missionaries, who were also grieved to part with them. When the stage rumbled on the Sisters

* Several letters of Bishop Michael O'Connor are extant in which the Providence foundation is discussed. He sent his brother to St. Xavier's to help "poor Mother Josephine" to make the necessary arrangements, and commissioning him, in case all should be favorably concluded, to accompany the Providence colony to its destination.

† St. Xavier's, now addressed Beatty's Station, was in early days addressed to Latrobe or Youngstown. Latrobe was, in 1851, a thing of the future; Youngstown, a considerable place, has now dwindled to a village.

‡ The only survivor of the party who accompanied the Providence missionaries through the forest path from St. Xavier's to the turnpike road in the gathering twilight writes: "Mother Frances (Warde) was in good spirits. She took an affectionate leave of all. The shades of evening were gathering as we walked home. A small body of our pupils, the larger girls, accompanied us." The Sisters and pupils always went to the "pike" to meet Mother Warde when she came from, or returned to, Pittsburgh. The bishop's carriage was always placed at her service on these occasions

returned to St. Xavier's with the bishop, in tears and unbroken silence. Meanwhile the travellers proceeded on their journey through Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, and reached their destination on the 12th of March, a day on which is celebrated the translation of the relics of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of Mother Warde. It was considered by all a happy omen to have arrived on such a day. Bishop O'Connor still remembers the delight with which Bishop O'Reilly received his little colony, the first manifestation of the religious life in his immense diocese. But they were welcomed very quietly. The bishop and Father Edward O'Brien received them stealthily, as it were. No demonstration was made as in other places, lest such might stir up angry feelings against the new institute. They travelled in secular garb, and did not assume the religious habit until they were safely housed in the poor cottage which formed their first convent. Prudence, caution, and quiet were deemed indispensable, and had these women been guilty of some dreadful crime more pains could not have been taken by their friends to isolate them. Their house was described by one of themselves, as "a cradle of holy poverty." Nothing of the comforts or conveniences of life could be seen, and scarcely were the simplest necessaries provided. They found means to fit up a temporary altar, and had the happiness of having the Holy Sacrifice celebrated and receiving Holy Communion the next day in thanksgiving for their safe arrival in this hostile city.

The members composing the Providence foundation were Mother Warde, Sisters M. Camillus O'Neil, Josephine and Paula Lombard, and Joanna Fogarty. Not one of these is now living. In a short time they increased fourfold. In a letter from Jane Warde, dated Aug. 27, 1851, there is a flourishing account of the new establishment. This lady was a fine character, but proved to have no religious vocation. Her aunt invited her from Pittsburgh to assist in the schools, and in a few weeks she joined the Sisterhood. Nearly three years later she withdrew with her mother, feeling that God did not call her to the convent. But Mother Warde could not foresee this. She felt sure at the time that her niece was called to religion, and felt that the fine education she had received from the Sisters of Mercy in Carlow and Pittsburgh would make her no slight acquisition to the infant establishment. Already several candidates had entered, and the little community numbered twenty. Mother Warde adds some lines to Jane's descriptions. As Michaelmas was approaching, she sends her congratulations to Bishop O'Connor, promising that some obliging priests, "who will do anything we ask them," will say six Masses for him on his feast. She mentions several highly accomplished ladies who were preparing to join her, among them Miss Lizzie Davis, of Carlow, who certainly was an artiste in music. "You would never tire of hearing her masterly touch on the piano and organ." The praise bestowed in this instance was well deserved, for the musician, who had the soul of music, as many still living can testify, lived till quite recently. "Our good Mother Josephine took charge of the novitiate on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy. She has seven novices and seven

postulates to lead to perfection, truly promising Sisters. She has labored so successfully for her own perfection, to become a spiritual person and a fervent religious, that I feel grateful to God to have so exemplary and edifying a Sister to give the all-important charge of mistress of novices to; she is so generally loved and respected that all are pleased and gratified at her appointment. To give her extra rest, and time for prayer, reading, and reflection, I took her from the schools some time since." The writer mentions a visit to New York just over, "where we got many useful books for our schools. The archbishop was extremely kind. He promised to come to Providence to preach at our next ceremony." She thinks the new house will be scarcely large enough for all who are coming. "We move into it, please God, next week. When Archbishop Hughes' box comes from Rome he will send me some relics. Was it not very good of him to say so?" The good Mother fears all is going on too well and happily, and tells her correspondent, Mother M. Elizabeth Strange, that "all are as well and good as possible, the writer, of course, excepted."

Mother M. Agatha O'Brien writes to the same, October, 1851: "In Providence they seem to be going ahead. They have twenty-two Sisters already. May Almighty God guide and guard them! Mother Warde wrote to me to get some work done for a fair which they are to have. I did so, and forwarded the things by New York. Although we are busy and have no time to spare, still I think we should do all we can to assist one another. And besides, I think we should endeavor to keep on charitable terms with all the houses."

It was, if not a virtue, a very pleasing weakness in Mother Warde* that she always saw persons and things connected with herself at their best, or perhaps wrote only while she held such views of them. The house she happens to govern for the time is actually or prospectively the best in the Institute, and her subjects the wisest, the brightest, the most holy and zealous in the world. She could see weak points in her children and surroundings with an Argus-like vision; but to no human being outside the walls would she admit this. Her letters to other members of her Institute, to ecclesiastics, relatives, and friends, covering the fifty-six years of her conventual life, are eloquent of this amiable trait. It often made certain persons feel something like the little reprobate in that story of our childhood, Eyes and No Eyes. Where, for instance, this woman saw an exquisitely proportioned convent, others could percieve only a very commonplace house; and so of other matters. Perhaps she viewed things as they ought to be, rather than as they are —a comfortable way of getting through a life that is for most human beings often sad, and rarely exempt from sorrow and failure. Despite the eloquent descriptions which made her distant friends happy, the prosperity of the new house was not so great as to exclude the cross. If the Sisters had peace and happiness within, they had plenty of per-

* The writer has hundreds of letters of Mother Warde which will, no doubt, yet illustrate the life of that remarkable woman. The last letter ever written by her was to the writer. It is all the more prized because unfinished; death claimed her while she was in the act of writing. These letters, covering the period from her early days in Baggot street to her death, nearly sixty years, abound in sentiments of piety, zeal, friendship, and generosity, and, unlike the letters of other remarkable personages recently published, are highly favorable to the character of the writer.

secution outside. Whenever they appeared in the street their lives were in danger. The inveterate hatred of the benighted people among whom their lot was cast never slumbered. Time and again the windows of their poor dwelling were smashed. Often they sat, after the day's toil, at their well-merited recreation amid a shower of missiles. One bright midnight the glass and sashes of every window were completely shattered. Fortunately, amid all this flying of "rocks," no one was injured, unless we call a good fright now and then an injury.

In this poor house, decayed by age and battered by so many assailants, the Sisters continued to live till September, 1857, when the bishop purchased for them a good solid stone house, with a garden, in an excellent location, corner of Broad and Claverick streets. The property had belonged to an old and respected resident of Providence, Mr. Stead, and was in excellent order. A frame house in an adjoining lot, also the property of Mr. Stead, was bought at the same time for an Orphan Asylum, the first established in New England under Catholic auspices, save one in Boston.

The new convent, though it presents a dingy appearance to-day, was a castle in comparison with the old. It had parlor, kitchen, and refectory, below; chapel, community room, novitiate on the second floor; and on the third an attic which made a freezing dormitory in winter. The chapel was merely two rooms knocked into one. It was exquisitely clean, and was arranged as prettily as a low, dull, irregular room — the back room was not nearly as wide as the front — could be, with poor and scant "fixings." Paper roses on tall sticks set in very plain vases, and some cheap candlesticks, were the only adornments of a very plain altar, painted white. Before this poor altar, hideous in an æsthetic sense, the first religious formed for the extension of the Order in New England received the white veil and made their profession. For to hold these ceremonies publicly in the cathedral, as had been done in other places, was not to be thought of in the beginning. The novitiate was so small that a large man standing in the centre could almost touch the walls. The novices were crowded about a very narrow table, and in this poor room they were trained to labor under difficult circumstances, for their own perfection and their assumed duties of teaching the young, instructing adults, and visiting the poor and sick. Free schools were opened in different parts of the city as the community increased. Mother Warde's eloquent pen made known far and wide the advantages of the Providence house for "intending novices," as the new English would say.

The young, the fair, and the gay came from all points to the old stone mansion on the corner. Miss Harriet Kelly, an Irish girl, for some years a resident of New York, who might have posed as a professional beauty, and Miss Eliza Bradley,* daughter of Dr. Bradley, of Rochester, of whom almost as much might be said, both ladies of great piety and no small intellectual ability, were the first Sisters of Mercy to make their vows in New England, and they made them in that dim old

* Miss Kelly (S. M. de Sales) died in four years; Mothers Camillus O'Neil and Gertrude Bradley in five.

chapel. Misses Read, of Kildare, and Coleman and Douglass, of Dublin, speedily followed. In six months twenty-one candidates were received. These young religious labored, under very adverse conditions, to spread the kingdom of God among souls. In their daily walks to and from the parish schools, and on the visitation of the sick, insults and opprobrium were heaped on them by the fanatics that represented the religion and culture of the Providence of that day. The epithets which these refined exponents of liberty and equality bestowed on them will not bear repetition; it is sufficient to say that the religious never once appeared on the streets without exciting some one or other of the "natives" to fury.

One day two persons, dressed like gentlemen, bent the knee before two Sisters in the street, and one of them, addressing the taller, said dramatically: "My cup of happiness is full!" The same Sister, always large and portly in height and figure, tells that as she was going on one occasion to an out-school in New Haven with another Sister, she was raised bodily from the ground by a well-dressed youth, amid the cheers and jeers of his companions, and carried a considerable distance to a street corner, where he suddenly "dumped" her, as he said. Were these youths coal-heavers, or drunken brawlers, or ignorant laborers, or, to use provincialisms applied to-day to some of the dangerous classes, hoodlums or roustabouts? No such thing. They were students of Yale College, and, no doubt, had got gold medals for gentlemanly conduct at some past "commencement." This feat on the part of one of their number, uproariously applauded by the rest, was the result of a bet.

As a rule the Sisters bore all manner of insults in silence. When their clothing was covered with mud or marked with chalk crosses, they simply rubbed them off. One day they were surrounded by a mob of urchins, each of whom strove to outdo the other in insolence. One of the Sisters — a lady from Cork, who still lives and has converted hundreds of New Englanders to the true faith — turned 'right about face," and, looking steadily at the assailants, came to the conclusion that she had reached that point where patience ceases to be a virtue. Slipping her hand along a row of heads of "every colo but gray," she took off the caps of six or eight of them, and walked on briskly. "Gimme my cap! Gimme my cap!" was shouted on all sides, but she "kept moving." At last she turned into an open hallway. The bare-headed lads surrounded her begging for their caps. As each approached she boxed him soundly and then gave him his cap. For a long time the Sisters traversed that portion of the city unmolested.

In our next we will give an account of the Know-Nothing riot in Providence. Three hundred stalwart Irishmen put thousands of Know-Nothings to flight.

A CERTAIN caravan orator at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what was to be seen inside, wound up by saying: "Step in, gentlemen; step in! Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

First Settlers in New England.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook, having denied that the Jesuits were the first ministers of religion to preach in New England, the following letter from a distinguished scholar in the civil service of the Dominion of Canada appeared in the Toronto (Canada) Empire:

Sir: — The Rev. Jos. Cook, of Boston, has, I see, been enlightening the Toronto public on the subject of "Jesuit aggression." In the course of his lecture, the reverend gentleman is reported to have stated, "*in illustration of the lies taught to children in Roman Catholic schools*," that "in a geography in use in the parochial schools in Boston, the children were taught that the Jesuits were the first settlers in New England," and I see that the audience was exceedingly diverted at this announcement, which created much laughter.

Now, if Mr. Cook, or any of his audience, who are interested in the cause of truth, will refer to Mr. Francis Parkman's Pioneers of France in the New World, pages 273–295, published in Mr. Cook's own town, he or they will find that the statement he selects as an apt illustration of Roman Catholic misrepresentation, is an historical fact. The Jesuits *were* the first settlers in New England. I quote from Parkman as above, page 274:

"It was on the 12th of March, 1613, that the 'Mayflower' of the Jesuits sailed from Honfleur for the shores of New England. She was a small craft, of a hundred tons, bearing forty-eight soldiers and colonists, including two Jesuits, — Fathers Quentin and Du Thet. She carried horses, too, and goats, and abundant store of all things needful, by the pious munificence of her patrons. A courtier, named Saussaye, accompanied her; and, as she winged her way across the Atlantic, benedictions hovered over her from lordly halls and perfumed chambers. On May 16, Saussaye touched at Laheve (in Nova Scotia), where he heard Mass, planted the cross, and displayed the escutcheon of Madame de Guercherville. Thence passing on to Port Royal, he found Baird and Masse, — two Jesuits, — their servant boy, an apothecary, and one man besides. The ship bore on before a favoring wind, foam spouting beneath her bows as she entered Frenchman's Bay, where dome-like islands rose, green with forests, and gray with jutting rocks, while restless waves sparkled and danced between. Saussaye anchored in a harbor on the east side of Mount Desert. The company went ashore, raised a cross, heard Mass, and named the place St. Savior."

And Parkman goes on to show how what he terms "The Jesuit Colony" was thus established in New England, more than seven years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock.

From all which it follows, that it is always well to know what one is laughing at. Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH POPE.

OTTAWA, April 15, 1889.

A CITY man complained bitterly of the conduct of his son. He related at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades. "You should speak to him with firmness and recall him to his duty," said the friend. "But he pays not the least attention to what I say: he listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."

The Mission of the United States.

RICH MEN MUST DO THEIR DUTY OR PERISH.

THE American people are not foolish enough to think they have no problems yet to solve. Mark you, my brethren, we do not want to have five hundred million human beings here in the United States; we shall have them in spite of ourselves. In a hundred years from to-day there will certainly be five hundred millions of people in the present territory of the United States. But we are not aiming at that. We are not aiming to become the wealthiest nation on earth; we are bound to become the wealthiest nation. Our wealth will make all former riches look like poverty. We are not aiming to give all men as much personal liberty as order will permit. Already we have done this. We must keep up this liberty. What is our aim to be? Why, what every enlightened American has: it is to lift up the people, to make nobler men and women; more enlightened, more moral, braver, and truer. We want the highest race here, not the most populous, not the richest, but we want the highest race. What do we do with our animals? We seek for the best breed of animals; and shall we not have in this country the best breed of men? We want the best blood of the earth. We come from the very flower of the Aryan race, and we come from the best blood of them — from the peasant and farming population, not from the scrofulous aristocrats and kings of earth. We want Americans to be a higher race of men than have existed. I will tell you, my friends, I myself believe that the people of the United States to-day are the most superior people on earth. I would not boast at all. I would not say a word boastfully about this; but I have travelled in various countries, and I am old enough to observe, and I am convinced that there is no nation on God's earth that can bring forward the same number of men and women of high average that we can here in the United States. Again, no other people in the world are so eager to make headway, to learn, make inventions. We do not want to conquer any nation. The idea of conquest was an old barbarous idea. We could conquer Canada, couldn't we? God knows we could take all America, but we don't want to do it. The American people do not want to do it; they have outgrown that barbarous era. What will we do? We will help Canada and Mexico and Cuba. I believe the American people look upon these countries as countries in which they are interested. They want to do them good.

CHICAGO WITH FIVE MILLION INHABITANTS.

I was down in Cuba a few weeks ago. I found the people there all looking to the United States; they say: "Would to God we did belong to you!" In Mexico, where I was, I found the intelligent people there delighted that the railroads had been built; that our machinery is coming to Mexico; that our enterprising men were going there to open the mines and to establish factories. We want to help them. Mexico is a republic. Let them be federal with us. Our interests

are one. Let us help them, encourage them, enlighten them, stimulate them. That is our mission. It is our mission beyond doubt, gentlemen, to do good in the world; first of all to begin at home here. There are children now living who will see Chicago with five million of people. In a country like this the great danger is from ignorance, from immorality, from low-mindedness. If anything is going to do us harm, it will be having in our cities and towns thousands of ignorant paupers, of idle criminals, of low-minded men and women. We must work against this. There is practically no difference between the two parties now. There is the tariff, and free trade, and they both lie about it. It really does not matter to a man of principle which party wins. There is bound to grow up a new party. It may be slow, for these organizations are tenacious — the republican and democratic — but one of them is bound to go away, and we are going to more and more identify politics with morality. Americans know that righteousness is life. We know the worldly temporal blessings of sobriety, of honesty, of thrift, of prudence and economy. Now, since we are to create a state of affairs beneficial to all men, we are going to identify, more and more, politics and morality, because we are going to look more and more, to men rather than to things. We are going to look less at our machinery, our crops, and our hogs; and we are going to look at our men, and we are going to understand, more and more, persuasion; not only the teaching of the churches, but the power of political influence, must be brought to bear upon public morality. Mark my words, the saloon in America has become a public nuisance. The liquor trade, by meddling with politics and corrupting politics, has become a menace and a danger.

CULTIVATE ONLY THE BEST.

Those who think, and those who love America, and those who love liberty, are going to bring this moral question into politics more and more; also this question of bribery, this question of lobbying, this question of getting measures through state and national legislatures, by corrupt means. They are going to be taken hold of. Our press, which has done so much to enlighten our people, which represents so much that is good in our civilization, must also be reformed. It must cease to pander to such an extent to the low and sensual appetites of man. My God, man is animal enough! You don't want to pander to his pruriency! You don't want to pander to the beast that is in him. Do not publish filth. Respect the people; respect the mothers and daughters and the sweet innocence of children. Publish that which will enlighten and stimulate noble aims, but leave out what is fit for brothels only. Our rich men, and they are numerous, and their wealth is great, their number and their wealth will increase, but our rich men must do their duty, or perish. I tell you, in America we will not tolerate vast wealth in the hands of men who do nothing for the people. Rich men must establish universities, must create museums of art, and they must beautify our cities, and make their wealth an instrument for the general good. Then they will become our leaders and those to whom we

will point with pride. Also comes before us the question, probably the most important, that of education. The state must maintain education. It is not possible to educate the whole mass of people except with the help of the state. We must more and more discuss this question of education in an impartial mood. We must look at it calmly. It is not a question for fanaticism. It is not a question for religious bigotry. It is a question to be looked at with philosophic mind. And that man is an enemy of the people, is not an American, is an apostate, who would view it otherwise; but, for God's sake, study the best methods of education, study all the philosophy of education. Let us get a right and not a false education. Let us more and more see that the conscience is educated; that the nature is educated; that the whole man is educated. To be sharp of wit, to have a keen mind, is not to be educated. The man must be a full-grown individual in mind, in heart, in conscience, in imagination. We must seek to educate our people to love higher pleasures, to take life a little more at ease — not to work themselves out. We must teach our people to love education. The mass of people seem afraid of high education, and are talking against high schools, colleges, and universities. My brethren, it is stupid talk — it is unworthy of Americans. We want all men, as far as possible, to have the best and the highest training. Look at those men who framed the constitution! There were fifty-five of them, and twenty-nine of the fifty-five were university and college men. Let us, then, in God's name, provide the highest education for those who are willing to take it. Although we have inaugurated the era of peace through the intelligence of the people, yet there are many problems before us. The greatest of all problems, the raising up here of multitudes, of hundreds of millions of the most enlightened, the most moral, the most religious, the most helpful men and women that exist on God's earth. Here in the new world, let there be a new humanity, and let science lead charity by the hand. Here, in the new world, let each man work for all, and all work for each, and then in one hundred years hence men will think less of his material achievements, and more of his moral, religious, and intellectual conquests.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.
Bishop of Peoria, Ill.

"ALLOW me, madam, to congratulate you on your acquaintance with that charming lady," said a gallant Hungarian; "she is young, beautiful, and intelligent." — "Oh, certainly," replied the lady; "but don't you think she is a trifle conceited?" — "Why, madam, just put yourself in her place, and say, would you not be conceited too?" was the rather startling comment.

"How are you getting on in your new place?" asked a lady of a girl whom she had recommended for a situation. "Very well, thanks." — "I am glad to hear of it," said the lady. "Your employer is a nice person, and you cannot do too much for her." — "I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

Concerning Trusts.

We have no history of the human race as a whole; but in looking back over such portions of its record as are accessible, we do not find that any one set of men have as yet been able to corner the earth and and transfer its resources into their pockets. Slavery was a gigantic trust which flourished for ages, and is really the most feasible one that has yet been undertaken. A corner in human beings would, of course, include everything that human beings could produce and make all other trusts unnecessary. Thirty years ago it was a crime punishable by death, in half of the United States, to question the divine ordination of this trust. The soldiers of the South had to be exterminated before they would abandon their peculiar institution. How feeble is the hold of the sugar, lead, oil, gas, beer, or cotton-seed trusts compared with the Ethiopian trust. There has never yet been found any limit to the rapacity of men except the opposition of those whom they would devour, and this opposition in commercial matters takes the form of competition.

There is no doubt whatever that the "plastering of this country all over with trusts" will bring about a reform of the tariff quicker than anything else, because it will compel combinations to take in the markets of the world, and that is always a big contract. The corners that have been attempted in wheat, for example, have had to include India, South America, Australia, and Russia, beside the United States, and have, so far, resulted in dismal failure. There can easily be a glut of sugar if the tariff is removed, and the poor can have this necessary article of food at the lowest possible price which any part of the world can produce it at. A low tariff means the opening of the resources of the earth to the people of the United States; a high tariff means the multiplication of trusts. The people at large do not understand as yet that a high tariff means monopoly and a low tariff means plenty. It took a long time to show them that slavery was an economic mistake. It is slow work showing them that a Chinese wall makes millions of Chinese coolies. It would, however, only be necessary to double the price of beer, bread, and clothing for a time, and cut down wages in great industries like iron to cause a great awakening of popular feeling, and it is safe to predict that tariff reform will come about in just this way. Commercial slavery is only practical where no other mode of living is possible. Men pay high taxes and exorbitant prices without enthusiasm, and eagerly embrace the first opportunity to escape unnecessary burthens. In themselves there is nothing fascinating about these trusts except to the people that are comfortably coiled up inside of them. The Bible was made use of in maintaining slavery, but it is not so easy to get religion to sustain the price of sugar. Slavery had the physical force of all the brave men in the community behind it, while monopolies can soon get the masses arrayed against them.

Providence Journal.

If a man is needy and well bred he will be right at home as a baker.

The Old Baptismal Record.

It rests in the Sacristy, laid by with care,
A Baptismal Record, moth-eaten and old.
On its pages, now yellow, in faded ink there,
Are names whose life's tale, Time did, long since, unfold.
For, those pastors, and parents, and sponsors, and babes,
Have finished their courses and gone to their graves.

Yes, their labors are done, and they've gone to their rest,
Those priests, in succession, whose names are there read.
They served at God's altar; they taught and they blessed;
They cared for the living, and buried the dead.
And so, when Death found them, right faithful and true,
They were doing the work which Christ gave them to do.

And parents and sponsors have passed away too;
They laid down their burdens and left, one by one;
The old, well-known faces gave place to the new;
Death stealthily took them, until all were gone.
Then the old who "heard tell of them," quitted the scene;
And, at last, they're forgot, as if never they'd been.

Fond fathers and mothers! methinks I behold you,
On the days here inscribed, bring your babes to the font.
Bright was *their* future, your joyful hearts told you;
And you clung to that bright hope, as parents are wont.
Ah, me! did that hope remain bright to the close?
Or did Death, or life's sorrow-clouds quench it? — who knows!

This book does not tell us: and yet, we may say,
Some fell like the blossoms by Spring breezes blown;
And some like the buds which are blighted in May;
And some like the roses — broke off when full-grown;
And some wrangled long in the world's mad strife,
And bore all the loads of this thing we call — *Life*.

How strange that these pages, and lines of pale hue,
So long have outlasted their earthly careers!
Generations, succeeding, have all passed from view,
Yet, this Record remains after all those long years!
And so, too, the life of the spirit's "new birth"
Remains when all fleeting things perish on earth.

Rev. James McKernan.

Beverly, N. J.

"Now, Miss Brown," said an earnest listener, "won't you play something for us?" — "No, thank you," said the lady; "I'd rather hear Mr. Jones." Earnest listener: "So would I, but ——" Here he was stopped by the expression on the young lady's face, and he looked confused for half an hour after she had indignantly turned and left him.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger. "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

The New Irish Campaign.

THE present point of attack by the combined Irish landlords is on the tenants of a single estate in the county of Cork. And the farmers throughout Ireland are rallying to their defence, almost to a man. This Cork estate, therefore, has become the present field of battle. It was one of the first to adopt the plan of campaign some two years ago. Ponsonby, the landlord, backed by a host of soldiers and the police, endeavored, at that time, to carry out evictions by wholesale; but the union of his tenants was so perfect, and their passive resistance so obstructive, that he was only partially successful. During his efforts at eviction, several public meetings were held on his property, and in the vicinity, which were addressed by English Liberal and Irish members of Parliament. Many meetings were prohibited by the lord-lieutenant's proclamation, at the instigation of the local landlords.

At one of the unproclaimed meetings, held in Mitchelstown, during the delivery of a speech by Mr. Labouchere, three men were shot dead by the police, and many wounded. At the close of another demonstration, in Youghal, a policeman killed a man named O'Hanlon with his bayonet. Multitudes were wounded with batons and clubbed rifles, in the hands of the police. Coroners' juries returned verdicts of wilful murder against certain policemen, by name; but the crown prosecutors, acting under instructions from Balfour, refused to prosecute. Scores of the populace, however, were prosecuted for conspiracy under the coercion act, and, of course, sent to jail. Canon Kellar, of Youghal, one of the oldest and most respected clergymen of the south of Ireland, was imprisoned for several months for standing by his people.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour was plied with questions, night after night, by the Liberals, regarding the situation in and around Youghal. He boldly defended the course of Mr. Ponsonby, and justified the action of the police and magistrates. Mr. Gladstone denounced the police at Mitchelstown as murderers. Special correspondents of British Liberal papers laid bare all the details of the question at issue between Ponsonby and his tenants.

Mr. Ponsonby called a halt. The light which had been suddenly thrown from British sources of information on his tyrannical relations to his tenants, and on the manifestly exorbitant rents which he had been endeavoring to extract from them, under the penalty of eviction, was too much for this characteristic Irish landlord. This was about eighteen months ago. Since that time, until last April, the belligerents, with the exception of an occasional skirmish, have been resting, so to speak, on their arms. The tenants, time and again, offered to submit every question in dispute to arbitration, but Ponsonby's agent invariably refused. A proposition, however, was made by the agent at the beginning of April, that the tenants buy out the landlord's interest under the provisions of the Ashbourne land purchase act. Negotiations, with this object in view, were immediately begun between a committee representing the tenants and the agents. They had almost

reached an agreement, — the tenants having offered five hundred and thirty thousand dollars, while the agent wanted five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, — the negotiations were still proceeding, with every prospect of a settlement, when a combination of landlords, just organized in London by a Mr. Arthur Hugh Smith Barry, stepped in and took the property off Mr. Ponsonby's hands, and instantly resumed the work of eviction. This landlord syndicate, it is alleged, represents nearly all the Irish landlords, and has a large capital behind it. The police and military have been set in motion at its behest, and the occurrences of two years ago are being repeated.

Interrogatories, addressed to Mr. Balfour a few weeks ago, respecting the use of troops as evictors, elicited the reply that he would furnish all the force necessary for eviction purposes, inasmuch as the landlord league was quite within its rights in its proceedings. Mr. Smith Barry, who represents the English electoral district of South Hants, said, in the course of a discussion in the House of Commons, that the Irish landlords had at last organized to "defend their rights;" that they would all "stand or fall together;" that they would entertain no further parleying with their ungrateful and immoral tenants, but that they would proceed to evict them from one estate after the other, *even though it might be found necessary to clear the people off every estate in Ireland.* They could replace them, said the organizer of the landlord league, with foreign tenants who would pay their rent. But a few days elapsed after this warlike statement was made, when Mr. William O'Brien addressed a meeting of Mr. Barry's tenants, on his large estate in Tipperary, suggesting, that, if the landlord persists in helping to desolate the homes of Cork, the tenants "can leave him a desolate rent office when the rents fall due next November." The meeting unanimously adopted a spirited protest, which was signed by all of the tenants but one, a police pensioner. To emphasize the significance of this action, Archbishop Croke addressed a letter to the Vicar-General, Canon Cahill, in which, after referring to the landlords' combination, the archbishop said that the tenants "may fairly claim the benefit, and practically have recourse, to a similar combination."

The cable has now informed us that the tenant farmers have promptly set to work, along the line mentioned by the archbishop, to form a new Tenant League. The two hostile combinations are already confronting each other. That the struggle will be sharp and bitter, and entail much suffering on the tenants, is very certain; but the result, which is not at all doubtful, will be well worth the cost.

Boston Daily Globe.

WHEN two or more colors are used, it is necessary to keep in mind the laws governing the combination of colors. All colors in combination are beautiful, provided only that the combination is artistically managed. If, however, a few light tints of red, yellow, and green are used, we are not likely to go very far wrong in the matter of combination.

A Serious and Sad Fourth.

THE small boy has utter horror and contempt for a grown-up person who offers or shows the least opposition to the noise on the Fourth of July. Such objectors are put down as cranks, and are even supposed to have been born men, and thus were never boys. But such is not the case, either literally or otherwise. The objectors, perhaps, were as noisy when boys as are the generation of boys of to-day. They did not possess the common-sense then that they do now, and are, consequently, classed among those whom the small boy refers to as "cranks" and "kickers." It is not the noise so much that is objected to, although that is bad enough, especially to those suffering from illness and dying. There is a bright side, and there is a disastrous side, to many things; and the celebration of America's greatest feast, while giving pleasure to a great many, also leaves behind much sorrow, and, oftentimes, losses of an irreparable kind. It would take many pages of this book to mention all the accidents that happened in Boston alone on the Fourth, and the night preceding it. Several lost their lives; others were maimed and disfigured; while many will be left a hideous reminder of the day's celebration, pitiable objects to look upon, while many more would be better dead than living. We read this, and express our horror and sympathy; but it is soon forgotten, and, when the day comes round again, the celebration is as great as ever, and, perhaps, passes, leaving a worse score of fatalities and accidents than ever before; and thus it goes on. Will it continue to be observed in this way, or will it ever be stopped?

The remedy to suppress such dangers, is to prohibit the sale of fire-arms, crackers, torpedoes, powder, and notions of all kinds, gotten up for the observance of this holiday. If we must have a display of fireworks, let the matter be placed in the hands of those thoroughly understanding the business; and, if the Common is not large enough to hold all those who desire to witness a pyrotechnic display, let similar exhibitions be given in different parts of the city, at the expense of the city. So long as little boys and girls are allowed to handle these dangerous things, so long will serious accidents happen. Americans can show their patriotism in many ways, equally as convincing as the present one, where dangers are less likely to occur, and where pleasure may be had just as much. It is true that the Fourth of July marks one of the very greatest events in the history of our country; and, while we have good reason to fittingly observe it, there seems hardly an occasion for making such a noise, or attempting things so risky as to imperil life. When those brave men, who, more than one hundred and fourteen years ago, signed that great document, called the "Declaration of Independence," they risked their honor, lives, and wealth. Because they risked their lives is no reason why we should imitate them in this respect, at this late day. They risked their lives in a noble purpose, and for a grand cause — that future generations might live to enjoy the blessings which their valor made possible. All honor to them!

Let us ever respect their deeds and memories; but let us, also, observe the day with less tooting and banging. Do such things as will produce joy and happiness, and do not fool with dangerous weapons; then less terrible calamities will happen. How many a little boy has lost his life on this great day! How many homes are left lonesome! How many hearts made sad! Fourth of July is a happy day for most people; but, in many a home, tears flow copiously, — it is the anniversary of a little one's death! WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

The School Question.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND questioned by a reporter as to whether he had read Joseph Cook's remarks on Sectarianism in the Public Schools, replied that he had perused a summarized account. He had no wish, he said, to speak as to the school question in general, or the attitude of Catholics toward the public-school system, as it obtains at the present time in America. He was glad, however, to make a comment on Joseph Cook's statement of words attributed to Monsignor Capel, that "the time was coming when the Catholics would resist with bullets the paying of taxes for the public schools of this country." The Archbishop never heard that Monsignor Capel used those words, or any approaching their meaning. He does not believe that however imprudent in some assertions Monsignor Capel may have been, he could not have been such a fool as to utter the words attributed to him by Mr. Cook. At any rate Monsignor Capel in no manner represented the Catholics of America, or had the smallest warrant to speak for them. It is an absolute misrepresentation of the principles and the constant practice of Catholics in America to say that the time will come when they "will resist with bullets the paying of taxes for the public schools." Catholics are law-abiding citizens. As American citizens, they may be dissatisfied with certain features of the school tax levy. As, for instance, the forcing of the poor man to pay for refining the mind of the rich man's daughter in the high school with Greek, French, music, and the theory of amateur carpentry. But many other citizens who are not Catholics, Mr. Cook will admit, are no less dissatisfied with those special features of the school system. And if dissatisfied with a law, or any point of a law, Catholic citizens obey it while it is a law, and using their inalienable right of seeking redress constitutionally, will strive in legal ways to change the law. Does Mr. Cook find cause for blame in this? The Archbishop added he did not see why, when opposition to features of our present school system is mentioned, Catholics are brought into the question as Catholics. It is as citizens that they object, as far as they do object, and not as Catholics. As Catholics they believe that mere secular instruction without religion will make poor citizens for earth or heaven; they retain the old fogy notion of George Washington that morality cannot prevail in exclusion of religious principles. In this belief they maintain their own parochial schools at great expense to themselves.

Timeservers.

How many men there are, holding good paying positions as journeymen, who are really of no value unless kept constantly under the eye of the foreman or their employer! They are simply timeservers, who take no interest in the business they represent beyond the actual time necessary to count them a day's work. They work when closely watched, because they are obliged to, not from any motive of honor or interest in the business.

What can be expected of such workmen but that they will shirk their work and idle their time at every opportunity?

If you cannot give your employer your full time for which he pays, and take some interest in his business, you had better leave him at once. To this he is entitled, and has a right to expect it of you.

If your mind is not upon your work, you cannot expect to accomplish it with any degree of satisfaction to your employer or credit to yourself.

In going about from one shop to another it is a very easy matter to pick out the timeservers. Upon the slightest pretext they drop their work to talk or look about, and are always ready to get out of the door the moment the clock strikes six, and their example is very rapidly followed by the apprentices or younger workmen. They have to be constantly watched, and this fact, being known to the firm, is not long in having its results.

Employers are more generally knowing to the habits and qualities of the men they employ than the men often realize, and they invariably know who are the timeservers among them, so that when there comes a convenient opportunity, or a lull in business, these are the first to be discharged.

It pays to be faithful and to do your best at all times, and more especially when your employer is not watching. If you must idle away time, do it when he is about, but don't dishonor yourself or betray his confidence by taking advantage of his absence.

This is one of the worst features of our American system. It is an example which is set by the older men, and which is readily adopted by apprentices, and it is the exception rather than the rule that we find a young man who is sufficiently interested in his own welfare and his employer's as well to give his full time and attention to his work. Those who do this are sure of success, and it is from among such that have risen those men whose names are written upon the pages of history as having made their mark in the world, and left behind not only pleasant recollections, but a shining example that is worthy of a careful imitation.

A NOBLE calling for young men who have a proper vocation is the brotherhood; and those who feel drawn toward the order have reason to be happy. The brother's life is an active, useful one, spent entirely in the service of God, and almost free from worldly cares and anxieties.

A New Movement in Ireland.

THE Irish Parliamentary Party held a meeting in London, on the 22d of July, at which the new Tenants' Defence League was formally constituted. The following are the rules and regulations, as approved by Sir Charles Russell and other eminent lawyers:

1. The Irish Tenants' Defence League is founded to assert and maintain the right of the tenant farmers of Ireland, now attacked or threatened by aggressive combinations of Irish landlords, to protect their legal and equitable interest in their holdings by defensive combination among themselves.

2. The object of the League is to counteract by legal means all combinations of landlords used to exact excessive rents, to extort unjust arrears, or to impose inequitable terms of purchase, or to stimulate eviction, or in any way to destroy or imperil the security of tenants in their holdings.

3. In order to effect this purpose, tenants throughout Ireland are invited to contribute to the Tenants' Defence Fund in fixed proportion to the poor-law valuation of their holdings.

4. Tenants on any one or more estates combining to assist the League and subscribing to the Tenants' Defence Fund will be entitled to the help of the League in case of need.

5. Branches of the League will not be formed; but such a body of tenants combining to sustain the League will appoint, at a meeting held annually for the purpose, treasurers to collect and remit their contributions, and secretaries to communicate with the Council of the League whenever occasion may arise, and such treasurers and secretaries shall be recognized by the Council and by the League in the transaction of all affairs in which the interest of such tenants is directly concerned.

6. In the event of an emergency, the Council of the League may vote the collection of a special levy from the associated tenants, such levy not to exceed the amount of the annual contribution.

7. The League will exert itself to inform the public, especially in Great Britain, of the proceedings and aims of the combinations of landlords in Ireland, and will devote particular care to contested by-elections.

8. The League will afford legal advice to tenants in connection with any proceedings instituted, or threatened by, or at the instance of any combination of landlords, or by any landlord who is engaged or concerned in such combination, and, in the event of the eviction of any such tenants from their holdings as a result of such proceedings, the League, to the full extent of its power, will afford them shelter and support, provided the Council is satisfied such persons are willing to refer to arbitration the questions in dispute between them and their landlords.

9. The affairs of the League shall be directed by a Council of fifteen members, elected annually from their own body by members of the League, the first Council to be elected within a month from the formation of the League.

10. Admission to membership of the League shall be determined by the Council.

11. The subscription of members shall be any sum not less than one pound per annum.

12. Donors of sums of ten pounds and upward will be eligible for election by the Council as honorary members of the League.

13. The meetings of the League will be held from time to time, as summoned by the Council.

14. The Council will make and publish, from time to time, such further rules, and such alterations in the Constitution of the League, as it may deem to be expedient.

In England, there could be, absolutely, no question as to the legality of this programme, and it is believed even Balfour's lawyers

will be unable to bring it within the meshes of the law, although they will try very hard to do so. The most novel feature of the new League is the absence of branches, an omission deliberately made with a view to increase Balfour's difficulty should he ever attempt to grapple with the League. The rule as to honorary membership was inserted to meet the desires of many English friends, who desire to identify themselves with, and give financial support to, the new movement. After the adoption of the rules, the following resolution was agreed to unanimously:

That a special committee, together with Mr. Davitt, Mr. Biggar, Mr. T. Healy, and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, be authorized to receive subscriptions and register members of the League, pending its first meeting for the election of a Council, and that Mr. Campbell and Mr. Cox be requested to act as honorary secretaries of the committee.

A Priest Once, a Priest Forever.

If a Catholic bishop were to throw off his allegiance to the church and become a Mahomedan or a Bhuddist, he would still remain a bishop. A priest once, a priest forever. A bishop once, a bishop for all eternity. There was a well-authenticated incident illustrative of this occurred in Ireland before the Catholic emancipation in the year 1829. A Catholic could not receive his inheritance unless he abjured his religion. There was a certain Catholic bishop who was heir to the title of Lord Dunboyne. In a weak moment he gave up his faith and declared himself a Protestant that he might succeed to the territory attached to the title. For years after he gave up his bishopric he lived with his conscience troubled. One day he was walking along the road when a poor woman rushed out of a hovel crying: "My poor husband is dying. I cannot find a priest for him. Who will get a priest for my poor husband before he dies?" The appeal went like a dagger to the heart of the poor apostate, but he knew the Catholic doctrine. "I am a wicked man," he said in heart; "I am a bad man and a grievous sinner, but I am still a priest and a bishop. I have not lost my powers, apostate though I am." And he went in, heard the dying man's confession, and absolved him. That brought him back to his senses. From that hour he was a penitent sinner, and in the great college of Maynooth, which still exists, there is a fund which is known as the "Dunboyne establishment." It is a bequest left by that bishop for the express purpose that Catholic priests might receive a prolonged education, and know their work well.

The fear that some parents have that their children will receive too much of an education in religion, and not enough of the education needed to get along in the world, is groundless. No one can learn too much about God, and as for the knowledge of worldly affairs, it is so easy to be learned, and so available, that there is more danger of learning too much than too little of it.

Canoe Trip on the Susquehanna.

PART II.

On reaching the river-bank next morning, we found our new *compagnons de voyage* (two of them were priests) awaiting us, and busily engaged in getting ready for the trip. We were astounded at the magnitude of their preparations, which could hardly have been more extensive and elaborate had the object in view been a whaling expedition. Two colored men, Bill and Charley, had been hired to follow us with a large, flat-bottomed boat, in which were stowed away cooking utensils, materials for camping out, fishing rods and lines, oil-cloths, rubber coats, with an endless variety of other necessary and superfluous articles. "Brought any umbrellas and life-preservers along?" was asked of Charley. "No, sah," answered Charley simply; "guess they forgot 'em."

By universal consent, Tom was made commodore of the fleet. He was to lead the way; and it was agreed on that his shrill whistle should be the signal that there were rapids ahead, when we were to range ourselves in Indian file, with the great, lumbering boat of the colored men always bringing up the rear.

It was a glorious morning when we started, and the sun flamed fiercely on the waters, giving promise of a sultry day, which would try the temper of dwellers in cities and towns and wayfarers through dusty village streets; but, even when the sun was at its highest, we felt nothing of that fretful languor which in warm weather is so irritating to nerves of mind and body. The pure, exhilarating air, flowing from woods and meadows and river, gladdened, refreshed, and sweetened us. It was like new wine in the blood, dispelling every trace of mental gloom and anxiety, and lifting us into a region where the harassing cares and petty interests of life were wholly forgotten. We laughed at everything, — enjoyed everything. The mishaps which occurred from time to time only served to bring out the good-humor of the whole party. One reverend canoeist ran into another, upsetting his boat and throwing him into the water; but the victim of the disaster took it all in good part, merely shook himself, ascribing the accident to what he called the "confounded poetry" of the awkward canoeist, which indeed was like enough, as the poetry of the young man in question was of that kind which has been described as having "a wonderful alacrity in sinking."

So charmed were we by the moving panorama of rock and river, waving wood and jutting crag, high mountains and valleys dotted with pleasant farm-houses, that we never once thought of wasting precious time by fishing, and the rods and lines lay unpacked in the large boat behind. Our clerical friends had brought with them some of their favorite authors, thinking that they should have to fall back on literature when the time hung heavy on their hands. One had a copy of Dante, another the Odes of Horace, and a third the Maxims of Rochefoucauld. This last was such an out-of-the-way book, and

there was so little in common with the genial nature of the owner and the cynicism of the brilliant Frenchman, that surprise was expressed at such a singular selection. He explained, however, that it was just the book for a canoe voyage, in which the thought was packed into the smallest possible compass. We never heard him quote any of the maxims but once, and that was when his canoe got caught on the rocks, in shooting a rapid, and the rest of us swept safely by. Directions as to what he should do were flung at him from every side, but he seemed to pay no heed, and got off, finally, after a fashion of his own. On rejoining the rest of the party, he remarked quietly: "There is nothing in the world of which people are so prodigal as — advice!"

It chanced, by a singular coincidence, that right across the river, at this point, was a small village, Asylum by name, originally settled, about the time of the French Revolution, by refugees from France, one of whom was Comte de Rochefoucauld, grandson of the famous author of the Maxims. Talleyrand and Louis Philippe are known to have paid the place a visit with other waifs of the *ancien regime* whom the great upheaval in France had cast on these shores, and drawn back again after the tidal wave had subsided.

Little need, however, did we have of printed books with the great book of Nature open before our eyes, and challenging us every moment to interpret the meaning of its mysterious wordings:

> "In this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Were tongues in leaves, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And what endless sources of interest and enjoyment in the sights and sounds of the living, breathing world around us! We looked in the water, and the shells with which, in many places, the bottom of the river was paved, some silver-white, other jet black, with pearly gleams, drew from us exclamations of delight. And then the streaming eelgrass, emerald-green or golden-yellow, which, in moments of doubt, determined for us the direction in which the main current flowed. And the myriads of little fish that floated up to gaze with great, wondering eyes at the canoes, when beached near the shore, how they recalled the lines of Keats:

> "The swarms of minnows show their little heads,
> *Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams*,
> To taste the luxury of sunny beams
> Tempered with coolness. How they wrestle
> With their own delight, and ever nestle
> Their silvery bellies on the pebbly sand!
> If you but scantily hold out the hand,
> That very instant not one will remain;
> But, turn your eye, and there they are again!"

On another occasion, we noticed a large, flat rock just above the surface of the water, which appeared to be strewn with broken fragments of stone exactly similar in hue to the rock itself. These would, probably, have escaped observation altogether, were it not that, as we

drew nigh, they rolled off the rock, and disappeared in the water. They were turtles, and their delusive resemblance to their surroundings set us talking on that latest theory of modern science concerning the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. It was by the operation of the law of heredity, we are told, that they acquired their deceptive appearance, and the hard integument of their shell for a protection against their enemies. This seems to come perilously near the common fallacy which confounds the mode or process according to which a given result is attained with the final operative cause of that result. Logic, however, is not the strong point of our modern scientists, who, having discovered the way in which a thing is done, will shriek "Eureka" to the end of the chapter, as if they had plucked out the heart of the mystery.

Our camping-ground for the first night was in a grove of maples standing high above the river bank. A pleasant lawn sloped down to the water, and made the place an ideal camping-ground for such as love soft sward and silence, and the soothing sound of leaves. It was in truth a beautiful spot, the abode of cool shadows and full of suggestive murmuring mystery. For one of the party at least, it was the first time he had ever camped out at night, and the occasion had all the charm of novelty and pleasurable excitement. From the cot on which he lay he could see the pale, sphinx-like face of the full-orbed moon peering out between the branches of the topmost pines, and flooding with its bright, inquisitive light, the folds of the mighty forest. A profound silence reigned, broken only by the occasional rustling of the leaves, the sound of distant rapids, and the long-drawn, tremulous, flute-like wail of some wild animal in the woods. On the opposite bank the village cemetery with its gleaming white headstones hung spectral in the moonlight; while overhead the great orbs of heaven flamed in the unfathomless abysses of space.

> "Silent the stars were above us,
> Silent the graves under our feet."

The time and the hour, the star-strewn vault, the graves of the dead, all conduced to solemn thoughts of life and death, man's celestial origin and immortal destiny. But soon these musings on the great mysteries of time and eternity were rounded with a sleep. A peaceful dreamless sleep such as one can alone enjoy,

> "When watched by silence and by night,
> And folded in the strong embrace
> Of the great mountains with the light
> Of the sweet heavens in his face."

To the writer it seemed as if he had only closed his eyes for a moment when he heard a gentle knocking outside the tent. "Come in!" It was a woodpecker tapping on a neighboring tree. Awoke and heard the orchestra of the birds, not loud and clear, as when their music gushes forth in "full-throated ease," but timid, tentative twitterings such as one hears

"Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai,
La Rondinella preso alla mattina,
Forse alla memoria de suoi primi guai." *
DANTE.

It is scarcely possible that any river in America could furnish to the canoeist such a magnificent run, or scenery of such depth of beauty and impressive power as the Susquehanna from Wyalusing to Tunkhannock, a distance of about sixty miles. Full, majestic, clear, the great river flows on to the sea with a glassy, downward sweep which makes paddling a delight. In the early morning you seem to float in a sort of spiritual haze midway between the heavens above and the earth below. Far down are the images of trees, above and below in its azure loveliness, the morning sky. Thus you glide along with heart open to all the genial influences of nature; the vital blood flowing free and unimpeded through the veins, and the whole spirit bathed in the purity, the gladness, the freshness of the morning; until happiness deepens into delight and delight into enthusiasm, and you learn to know that there is a loveliness on earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream.

At times the river flows on between grassy slopes variegated by sunshine and the shadows of fleeting clouds; past pretty villages partly embowered in trees, partly open to the view when they come down to bathe their feet in the waters of the stream. Away in the distance are mountain ridges and ranges, showing top over top in bewildering succession, and giving hints of other valleys beyond. But soon the pastures rise into pine-clad hills; these again roughen into rocks, some lichened by many a glorious bit of color, others bare, grim, and black, as if shattered by lightning-stroke, with glimpses here and there of precipices, in which the eagle breeds.

The broad and level expanse of the river is, in many places, broken by fairy archipelagos of beautiful isles, "dropt in Nature's careless haste," when it runs away into a thousand bewildering streams, crossing and intermingling with each other, until they meet in a rift, which finally ends in a number of little eddies. At times, again, the current is narrowed into a trench within the rocks, and cleaves its way, in a succession of rapids, through its mountain barrier. But, no matter how the river hastens on, it is ever ready to take by the hand the little streamlets that rush down from the hills, and lead them along in a merry dance.

It is mid-day now, and we are tired and hungry, for the sun has been beating down with fierce fervor all day long, and we have been paddling since early morning. The meadows and the river are enveloped in a sort of violet-colored haze which blurs the outlines of the hills and makes all things shimmer to the eye. Talk not to weary canoeists of the beautifying and transmuting power of imagination over the objects of the inanimate world. Alas, that we must say it—but the picturesque cattle that stand knee deep in the water on the verge of yonder wooded islet ahead, do now but conjure up visions of

* "Just at the hour when her sad lay begins,
The little swallow near unto the morning,
Perchance in memory of her former woes."

broiled steak; and the wreaths of blue smoke, that curl up from the farm-houses among the trees, are fatally suggestive of the mid-day meal.

But what piping treble is that which sounds clear and shrill above the deeper murmur of the water? A spring! for do we not catch its bright gleam as it leaps with a joyous bound and a laugh into the sunlight. Instinctively the canoe shoots like an arrow for the spot, and soon we find ourselves stretched at full length in the shade, pillowed in a bed of soft sand.

The spot was a veritable haunt of the American Naiad, who, however, had taken care to screen herself from profane eyes under a tangled mass of wild vines and ivy, through which could be heard, not seen, the mountain brook as it tinkled down to the river. To supply the want of the "sacred poet" who, alone, could fitly celebrate its beauty in song, one of the party took out his pocket edition of Horace, and with a serio-comic face began to read aloud the famous ode to the Bandusian fount:

"O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro," etc.

We listened in admiring ignorance, not without some feeling of the fine music of the words, and joined heartily in the sentiment of the closing lines: —

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ."*

But here comes Tom who has been away to a neighboring farm-house on a catering expedition, bringing in triumph a supply of eggs and ice, with a couple of chickens. We may state here, parenthetically, that, at supper the same evening, Tom's reputation as a caterer sank to the level of that which he had already acquired as a cook. The boasted chickens proved to be merely hens in a state of arrested development. And here, too, comes the good house-wife herself with a large tin vessel heaped up with rosy-cheeked apples. All payment was declined, and we could only express our cordial thanks for the graceful kindness.

Indeed, we had occasion more than once to remark on the uniform courtesy with which we were treated by the dwellers on the river-banks. Not only would they answer our inquiries promptly and fully, but, in many instances, they put themselves to much trouble to accommodate us. An old ferry-man, who had plied his calling in the same place for nearly half a century, and whom we asked for some well-water, made no ado about rowing across the river, and bringing back a large pail of pure, sparkling water from a spring. It struck us as somewhat strange, that many of the river men we met with, seemed to regard us as a company of boat-builders, exhibiting our canoes with

* "I will give thee high rank and renown among fountains,
When I sing of the ilex o'er spreading the hollows
Of rocks, whence, in musical fall,
Leap thy garrulous silvery waters."

a view to selling them, if we could find purchasers. One, there was, a grisly old water-man, who was paddling up stream a queer-looking craft, formed of a few rough boards shaped like a "V." He eyed us with much curiosity, and finally sang out across the water, —

"What did them boats cost?"

"Fifty dollars a-piece."

"Too rich for my blood!" he answered, with a shake of the head.

"What did you pay for that 'marine monster' of yours?" asked one of us tauntingly.

"Two dollars and a half! but I haven't paid for it yet, and —— if I think I ever will," quoth the facetious waterman, quite turning the tables on our sarcastic friend whose discomfiture we all greatly enjoyed.

We are well aware that many of the incidents of the trip must appear tame and trivial to those who have no love of out-door exercise, and have never experienced the pleasures of canoeing. But the canoeist will readily understand that exaltation of feeling, that keen and eager enjoyment of life, which can extract amusement from the commonest occurrences, and which, for the time being at least, finds laughter, not tears, at the heart of things. Just as he is not over-particular in regard to the quality or cooking of the fare which he partakes of, neither does he require that the sayings which he laughs at should be spiced with an exquisite flavor of wit. Tom's boat was called Oh-Wa. It was the name of a Cherokee maiden, around whom the delicate fancy of one of our female poets had woven a very sentimental legend. There was in the name just that touch of awe, wonder, mystery, which was sure to endear it to a young man who looked out on life through a medium tinged with the magical hues of romance. But alas! for the poetry and the romance. It was observed that the name admitted of being transformed by an anagram into "Whoa!" As this was the word commonly employed by Tom when he wished to call a halt on approaching a rapid, the joke was deemed a palpable hit. At the touch of the fatal anagram, down fell the fairy edifice of poetic sentiment in ruin irretrievable. Happily we were not in a very critical mood, or the feeble pleasantry would have come under the severe judgment of Richelet: "*L'anagrame est une des plus grandes inepties de l'esprit humain; il faut etre sot pour s'en amuser, et pis que sot pour en faire.*" Rather did we subscribe to the opinion of the venerable Camden: "Yet do good anagrams yield a delightful comfort, and pleasant motion in honest minds."

"Look out for the Mehoopany rapids!" was the warning cry of the people on the banks, whenever, at this stage of the cruise, we asked for information regarding the course of the river. The reality, however, fell far short of the dread picture which our excited imagination had been led to form on the strength of the oft-repeated warnings. The only fault we found with the Mehoopany rapids was, that they bore us too swiftly through some of the wildest and most romantic river-scenery in the world.

About a mile above the rapids, the right bank of the river had

been cut, by the action of the water, in such a way that a whole series of pillars stood out clearly defined, and presenting many of the most symmetrical shapes which architecture has been able to devise. They seemed set there by the great Architect, as if to sustain the mass of battlemented rocks, which towered above,— some tall and straight and crowned with capitals like the columns of a Grecian temple, some fluted, and others twisted like the gnarled trunks of trees or the grotesque shapes of oriental architecture. It was a fitting vestibule to the grand palace which we were now about to enter.

A short distance below, we came upon a scene which none other on the river could equal or dim the remembrance of, in its close union of beauty and grandeur, of loveliness and sublimity. A sharp bend on the river showed us a broad expanse of deep, unruffled water, circled by hills; and, lo! on both banks of the river, —

> "Tier above tier, a wooded theatre
> Of stateliest view,"

rose up before us. As if by common instinct, we beached our canoes, and clambered on to a table of rock which overlooked the scene. Far off, to the left, we could trace the course of the great river, as it formed, in bold and sweeping curves, the first letter of its name. Every rocky ledge and coign of vantage was clothed with a mass of foliage of every conceivable shade of green, or lichened with many-colored mosses, clinging ferns and flowers. The blue eye of the wild violet peered out from the crevices of the rocks, the close-folded petals of the unopened buds being striped, in a most exquisite manner, with slender bars of a deep purple hue. High above our heads could be seen huge crags projecting from the brow of the mountain, and which, as it seemed, the slightest touch would send crashing down. They recalled at once the lines of Calderon:

> "See ye not how this rock some power secureth
> That grasps, with awful toil, the hill-side brown,
> *And, with the very anguish it endureth,*
> Age after age seems slowly coming down."

Here it was, too, that we saw, for the first time, the forest pines in their native grandeur. In such a steep declivity, these silent giants had nothing to fear from the axes of human beings. Fed by the rains and the mountain streams, by the dead lichens and grasses which grow about their roots, they attained their perfect stature without owing anything to the cultivated care of man. The cocoa-nut tree, so the fable runs, withers away when beyond the reach of man's voice; but these majestic pines seemed to rejoice in being far removed from the babblement of human kind.

The place lay in deep shadow, and, ever and anon, as a light breeze stirred the topmost pines, a shower came pattering down, —

> "Like dewdrops from a lion's mane."

Despite, however, the loneliness and seclusion of the spot, traces were discerned of man's handiwork. Rude steps had been hewn in the rock, which led up to a spring, and, in a stone basin, we found a pool

of black water, most pure and delicious to the taste. As for the rapids themselves, their formation was somewhat peculiar, being a succession of lake-like reaches of water, three or four in number, each finding an outlet in narrow channels, through which the river rushed impetuously, till it finally widened out into its usual broad and level expanse.

The last night of the trip is memorable as affording an experience of the rough side of the canoeist's life. We camped on a sloping ground thickly overgrown with willows, among which the axes of the colored men had cleaved an open space. It was not a very desirable spot for camping out, but darkness was fast setting in, and we were too tired to proceed much further. Charley and Bill built themselves a big fire of logs, and lay down on bundles of straw; some swung their hammocks from trees, while one of the party flung himself on the bare ground, with hemlock boughs for a pillow, and straightway began to snore with an energy and a deliberate malice that, for the writer, at least, quite murdered sleep.

About midnight the rain began to fall. Through an opening in the tent Bill and Charley could be seen crouching over the wood fire, swathed in straw and covered with a fantastic head-dress of the same material. Charley's English when addressing his white brethren was always simple and idiomatic enough; but in conversation with Bill, it smacked strongly of Webster's unabridged. "Ain't dis salubrious?" he asked, in a confidential way, of Bill, to which the latter could only nod a grim assent.

By this time the sleepers began to move uneasily in their berths, and finally crawled under cover of the canvas tent in the hope of snatching a few hours' slumber. But the cots proved too frail, and broke under the weight, striking against the tent which came down with a crash. Thereupon Charley, peering through the curtains of the wrecked tent, observed: "Hm! breakin' up housekeepin', eh?" There was nothing for it but to gather round the fire, and pass the time as best we could till daylight. When at last the gray dawn began creeping down the river, it became a question, whether we should remain as we were, and wait for the weather to clear off, or set out in the rain for Wilkesbarre, a distance of twenty miles. The latter course was decided on. Now it was, that we had good reason to be grateful for the prudent foresight of our clerical friends in providing a supply of rubber-coats and oil-cloths for just such an emergency. We started off in a regular down-pour of rain, intent solely on reaching our destination, and taking little note of the scenery through which we passed. After a steady paddle of two hours, the glades and open spaces cleared by the woodman's axe, began to grow more frequent, and it was easy to see that we were approaching some centre of population. As we drew near Pittston a light wind began to uplift the heavy folds of the curtain of mist which hid the surrounding country from view, and showed us the unsightly coal-breakers and huge piles of coal-dust, affronting by their hideousness the violet hills and the cluster of azure islets that beckoned us on some miles further ahead down the river.

Being somewhat curious to see a mining town, we ran our canoes ashore, and took a stroll through the streets. Our curiosity was soon satisfied. There was nothing in the narrow, grimy streets or the commonplace appearance of the buildings to induce us to prolong our stay. We speedily shook the dust of the place from our feet, but not before the self-esteem of the oldest of the party had suffered a severe shock. He had been pluming himself on his picturesque costume — a blue blouse for a jacket, a brown one clothing the lower extremities, heavy top-boots, and a straw hat with a brim of portentous width. As he strode along the sidewalk, a street urchin was overheard remarking to another of the tribe: "Say, Mike, there goes Alvyn Joslyn!"

A short distance below Pittston, to the right, was the village of Wyoming. Embowered as it was in foliage, with the church spires peering through the trees, there was nothing in the happy picture which it presented, to recall the tragic memories with which its name is associated. Near Wilkesbarre we witnessed a strange, and to some of our party at least, a somewhat alarming phenomenon. Columns of spray were seen rising from the bottom of the river, accompanied with a hissing sound, as if escaping steam. Surprised beyond measure, we asked a fisherman on the bank what it meant. He said it was natural gas forcing its way through the water. Seeing that we looked incredulous, he assured us that if we applied a lighted match to one of the bubbling jets we would see the whole river covered with flame. We thought it best not to test the veracity of the fisherman by making the experiment. Indeed, Tom was seen to take the cigar he was smoking from his mouth, and with great trepidation extinguish the fire. Just as the hour of noon was "clashed and hammered from a hundred towers," we paddled into Wilkesbarre, the end of the cruise. A few hours later we returned to our homes, realizing as never before the meaning of *mens sana in corpore sans*, and feeling the "middle of life's pathway" gladdened with an illusion of returning youth. X.

The End.

Hot-Water Cures.

A STRIP of flannel or a napkin dipped in hot water and rung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, and then covered over with a larger and thicker towel, will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times, dipped in hot water, rung out, and then applied over the seat of pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism, as hot water, when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting, dipped in hot water, and kept applied to old sores, new cuts, bruises and sprains, is a treatment now adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from a height of three feet. Hot water, taken freely half an hour before bedtime, is the best of cathartics in case of constipation. This treatment if continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate any case of dyspepsia.

Cormac Mac Art.

From an Unpublished Romantic Tale.

CORMAC was a great king, but not a very chivalrous one. His conduct towards women was more like that of a Roman than of an Irishman of the period. He took his queen Eithne by force, and then endeavored to repudiate her; but to avoid a war with the Leinster people, restored her to her rights. He brought what Roman laws he thought suited to the Irish into Eirinn from his wanderings through Roman Gaul and Britain. He introduced water mills, revised the laws of the kingdom, and even imbibed some Christian notions from a beautiful British maiden, whom he carried with him to his native land. When his own sons broke the laws, he let them suffer the consequences rather than go to war on their behalf as an ordinary Gaedhal would have done. In fine, Cormac was the best ruler ever the Irish had, but he was deplorably wanting in the ordinary Gaedhlic qualifications of a popular hero. He never fought when it could be helped, and when he was obliged to punish evil doers, he did it thoroughly — utterly destroying them out of the land.

He learned that national prosperity is much a better thing than the indulgence of personal spite — a lesson that few Irishmen before his time or since seem to have taken to heart. He did not rate women so highly as to make war and destroy the lives of thousands for their silly whims or wanton fickleness. He did not adore them, but he studied them, and was very far from despising them. He knew that by making one unimportant concession to a woman at a seasonable time, you can have your way ten times afterwards. On this occasion he left his fair and famous daughter to herself in the choice of a husband, knowing perhaps, that she would make trouble for her spouse, but determined that after she had left his care, she should make no further trouble for her father.

FEAR-GAN-AINM.

CONCLUDING a thoughtful article on the Catholic parochial school movement, the Andover Review (non-Catholic) recently made the following significant admissions:

"Catholics are not alone in feeling that the secular instruction of the public schools, supplemented by an hour a week in the Sunday school, constitutes, for the great multitude of children, who have little or no religious training at home, a very inadequate preparation for life, regarded in its highest and most serious relations. We have not a few schools and academies, founded and maintained by Protestants, with a distinctively religious purpose. Perhaps, if religious convictions did not sit more easily upon Protestants than upon Catholics, we should have more institutions of this kind. Perhaps, if Protestantism represented a united host, as Catholicism does, we might yet see a Protestant parochial school movement, of large proportions. As it is, the Catholics are able to cite some Protestant authorities, of good reputation, who deplore, as much as they do, the absence of religion from public instruction, and would even be ready for a division of the public school funds, if, thereby, good denominational schools could be insured."

Sport with Alligators.

ONE winter, several years ago, I was shooting plumed herons on the great savannas at the head of Indian river. My guide was the well-known Judge Connor, once a Methodist clergyman. One morning, while riding over the vast prairie on horseback, we met an alligator longer than the moral law. "Shoot him," said the judge.

"Oh, no," I replied; "I don't want to kill him. The report of a gun will scare every heron within a mile, and I shall get no plume."

"But, Lord blast my buttons!" said the judge, "he eats my hogs and young calves on the range. Shoot him."

"No," I answered, "I have come twenty miles for plumes, and don't intend to go back without them."

"Well," said Connor, "you're the first Yankee I ever saw who wouldn't pull a trigger on a 'gator."

"I'll take a look at him anyway," I said, as I hitched my horse to a palmetto midway between two creeks. The grass was high and rank. As I walked toward the reptile, he raised himself on his four legs, opened his jaws, puffed out his throat like a bullfrog, and made a noise like the humming of a buzz-saw. I stopped ten feet away, and stamped and shouted. The judge sat upon his horse watching the proceedings. The alligator did not quail. On the contrary, he squatted close to the ground, and began to creep toward me as a cat would creep toward a mouse. Walking back to the palmetto, I gathered five or six of its huge dried fans, held them toward my body, struck a match, and set them ablaze. The ugly monster watched me like a dragon. I held the fans down hiding the blaze, and marched toward him. His huge mouth was open, and looked like a newly-bricked tunnel. Within reach, I suddenly raised the fans and thrust the blazing mass in his throat. He closed his ponderous jaws, turned pale (?), and ran. Lighting a fresh fan, I ran around him, setting the coarse, dry grass of the savanna on fire. He was encircled by flames. He raised his body, gazed at the fire with bloodshot eyes, and then shuffled himself into the wet sand, and calmly awaited the result. There was a fair breeze from the north-east. In three minutes, the fire had swept over him, burying him in the blackening grass. He remained as he had planted himself. I went through the smoke, and reached him with the barrel of the gun, but he did not move. He seemed to doze; possibly he had fainted. I remounted the horse, and we rode off. A hundred yards away, we looked back. The monster had recovered, and was travelling leisurely over the smoking savanna towards a little stream that pours into the head of Indian river.

Two years before this, I had visited Lake Worth, twelve miles below Jupiter light. At that time, Charles Moore, a jolly beach-comber, was the only person living on the shore of the lake. We went through an arm of the Everglades, and deposited our camp equipage and provisions on the hard sand at the north-east end of the lake. The sand was fringed with huge rushes. We had hauled our

boat over the strip of sand separating the waters of the lake from the Everglades, intending to run down to Moore's cabin before sundown. The wind, however, died away, and we concluded to camp for the night. We found a clear spot in the scrub a hundred feet back from the shore. Ridge-poles and crotched posts indicated that it was a favorite camping-ground for the Seminoles. On returning to the beach, I found a twelve-foot alligator crawling towards our bag of pork. A score of companions were anchored off the rushes, and one or two were following in his wake. On hearing my footsteps, the old fellow turned and faced me. Our guns lay on a chest within three feet of him, and so we were cut off from our base of supplies. Moore and Hammond, a Pennsylvanian, who had preempted land on the lake, joined me. We shouted and heaved ridge-poles at the savage scoundrel, but it was no go. He held the pass, and his companions were moving on to the pork. Something must be done, or we would be left without provisions. My eyes fell on a bed of dried palmettoes that had been used by the Indians. To gather and set them ablaze was the work of a few seconds. With the flaming mass, we advanced on the great lizards. In the light of the blaze, they retreated to the lake. We suspended the bag of pork from a tree that hung over the bank, and, in the morning, the sand looked as though a rebel brigade had been throwing up trenches.

The inlet connecting the lake with the ocean had been closed by a bank of sand thrown up in an easterly hurricane. On this bank I encamped for a week. Schools of spotted bass, snappers, groupers, croakers, and white drum had been shut in the lake by the closing up of the inlet. At high tide, the water from the ocean percolated through the sand, and the fishes swarmed to the bay to get a taste of the fresh salt water. While fishing here, I discovered a huge alligator regarding my movements with apparent interest. As he seemed civil and not evilly disposed, I threw him a twenty-pound bass, and he ate it with a relish. For six days he remained near me, reaping a harvest. He at last became so tame that he stationed himself thirty feet away, and received his fish with evident pleasure. Nor did he act the hog, or display any ingratitude. He took only the fish that were thrown to him. At one time, a vicious blue-fish snapped the line above the float, and a huge, white drum ran off with the bait. I followed the float in a boat, and secured it. When I returned, the old alligator was at his station, and a pile of choice fish that I had reserved for myself were undisturbed.

Most people have an erroneous idea about this reptile. He is utterly harmless if let alone. His only weapons are those of defence; and, even then, he is quite at the mercy of man. If a person is fool enough to place any part of his anatomy within those open jaws, he will find one experiment sufficient; or, if you approach within whisking distance of that huge tail, will very likely experience something akin to being struck with a comet. Hunt smaller game, and let the alligator alone.

The Bruno Statue: An Insult to the Papacy.

Eloquent Protest of the Holy Father.

ALLOCUTION OF POPE LEO XIII., DELIVERED IN THE EXTRAORDINARY CONSISTORY OF JUNE 30.

THE facts to which we lately referred, when we addressed you in this place, that were being wrought to the new and deeper injury of the church and Roman Pontificate, have, as is now known to all, been accomplished to our great grief and to the scandal of all right-minded men. And, on this account, we have commanded an Extraordinary Consistory, that we may bring into prominence how these crimes have afflicted us, and that such wickedness should receive its condemnation, as is just, in your sight. After the change in the state of Italy, and the capture of the city of Rome, we saw, in truth, religion and this Most Holy Apostolic See insulted by a long series of outrages. But the wicked sects always tend surely and savagely to greater evils, not yet accomplished. They have striven to deluge the chief city of Catholicity with an overflow of every degraded habit and wickedness; and they direct the fire of their hatred to this end, that, having attacked the citadel of the Catholic Church, they may the more easily plot the overturning of the corner-stone on which it rests, could that be possible. And, as though they had not worked enough harm in these many years, they strive to surpass themselves in boldness, and, on one of the holiest days of the Christian year, they set up a public trophy as an apotheosis to posterity of a spirit who reared himself up obstinately against the church; and they teach, at the same time, that war to the death is to be waged against the Catholic name, — that this is the meaning of the contrivers and defenders of the deed being an obvious truth. They load with honors a man doubly a fugitive, a heretic judicially condemned, whose boldness attacked the church in his last breath. Nay, for these very reasons they deemed him worthy of honor; for it is not by any means true that there was in his character any reason for it. He had no subtle knowledge of science; his writings convict him of pantheism, proclaim him a follower of a disgraceful materialism, and a victim to numberless errors; he is often self-contradictory. His virtues were small, since, in his morality, his wickedness and evil deeds are an everlasting lesson, teaching whither unbridled lusts will lead a man. His deeds were ignoble. He deserved but poorly of the state. His wonted arts were dissimulation, lying, complete selfishness, intolerance of another's opinions, a depraved intellect, and a vulgar spirit. The meaning — nay, the living words spoken by the conferring of honors on such a man — cry aloud that it is time that men's lives should be separated from the divine teaching, from the Christian faith, and that their minds should be delivered from the power of Jesus Christ. And this is the clear aim and work of the sects, which struggle by every means in their power to drag whole states from God; and they battle with the church and Roman

Pontificate with endless rancor and the extremest fury. Moreover, that the insult might be the more marked and the reason of it clearer, they determined that it should be accomplished with great pomp, and in the sight of a great concourse of people. Rome saw a large body of men gathered during those days within her walls, saw the evil banners of irreligion boldly carried abroad, and, what was most awful, they flaunted, publicly, symbols of the most wicked one, who, refusing to serve the Most High in heaven, was the chief of rebels, the inciter of all wrong. To their ill-doing, they added the impudence of wicked speech and writing, in which the most sacred things were mocked without shame and without measure, and that boundless freedom of thought was loudly preached which is the fruitful mother of degraded philosophy, and which is the death of Christian morality, and of the basements of discipline and civil order. And this work was permitted by the rulers of the state to grow under long preparation, to be built up and gradually accomplished, not only as by men not ignorant of what was passing, but as applauding openly and loudly, and giving every incitement to it. It is bitter to say it, and it is an equally ominous fact that this raising of the human reason in rebellion against God took place in that favored city which God has chosen for the home of His Vicar; and, on the spot whence the world was wont to seek the undefiled teachings of the Gospel, there, by a wicked reversion, the evil errors and heresy itself are honored by monuments. The times have brought us to see the abomination of desolation seated in the holy place.

In such a degradation, since to us has been committed the guardianship, the protection of the Christian Commonwealth, we declare that the Holy City has been grossly insulted, that the holiness of the faith has been wickedly defiled; and we denounce, with complaint and indignation, a sacrilege done to the whole Catholic world.

But from this insult we may draw useful lessons; for it becomes more and more evident that our enemies, having overturned the civil government, will not rest satisfied, but will seek the last possible end, namely, to level to the dust the authority of the Popes, and to destroy the Christian faith, root and branch. And it is now no question as to whether we, in seeking the rights of the Holy See, are moved by any human motive, or, rather, by the freedom of the Apostolic office, by the dignity of our person, and by the prosperity of the state of Italy, most intimately connected with it.

Lastly, from these events we may learn only too well what worth are those ample promises, and to what they have come at the hands of men who, in the beginning, hesitated at no obligation; for the honors and duties of respect with which they said they desired the Pontiff to be surrounded have come, by degrees, to be a most heavy weight of insult and contumely, of which, at length, this is the greatest, and is embodied in stone, in the light of day, and the sight of all, that a monument is set up to an impure and abandoned man. Likewise this city, which they hesitated not to pledge would be the glorious and safe seat of the Roman Pontiff, they wish to make the capital of a new

wickedness, where a ridiculous and profane worship, offered to human reason as to God, is established.

Therefore, consider among yourselves, Venerable Brethren, what freedom or dignity is left to us in our high office. We are not even without fear of violence to our person; for none are ignorant of the aims and seeking of men of the worst parties; nor is it hidden from any that, using favorable opportunities, they increase daily in numbers and boldness, and have determined never to rest until they have brought matters to the last pass. And if, in the matter of which we complain, there were not now the one deterring reason of interest, and there was not full freedom given to them to work out their wicked aims even with the hands of assassins, every one knows that, should at any time a chance spring up in their favor, they would advance even to this crime, particularly as we are in the power of those who do not fear to accuse us publicly of harboring an unfriendly spirit towards Italy. And we cannot but fear that, their boldness being prepared for any crime, their heated passions will not be able to be restrained at all times, if, perchance, a sufficiently lawless occasion should occur, either through unwonted crowds in the city and changes in the state, or through the misfortunes of war.

Thus, finally, it becomes evident what is the condition of the Head, the Shepherd, and the Master of the Catholic name. And by this bitterness, and by the responsibility of our cares, worn by age as we are, we should be well-nigh broken down were our soul and strength not assisted by a sure trust that Christ will never be wanting to His Vicar, and, also, by the appreciation of our office, by which we are sacredly warned that our attitude in the guidance of the church should become more secure and firm the more bitterly the storm called up by the powers of hell rages against her. We have, therefore, all confidence in God, whose cause we defend, and our trust is particularly in the ceaseless intercession which we beg with fervent spirit of the great Virgin, the help of the Christian name, and likewise of the Blessed Chiefs, the Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose guard this holy city has ever happy rested.

Now, therefore, as you, Venerable Brethren, are always joined to us in our sorrows and our prayers to God, the upholder and avenger of His church, so we do not doubt that our Venerable Brethren, the Bishops of Italy, will ever be constant to us, and will use the greatest diligence and care, as the times demand more, and that each will be the adviser of his people. We exhort them especially to this, — that they should declare and openly warn their flocks of the terrible wrong and treachery undertaken by the enemies of their country and religion. Let them warn them that what is bound up in the Catholic religion is of the highest and most necessary good; that for nothing do our enemies strive so earnestly as to dissociate the Italian people from that faith through which they so long flourished in glory and prosperity of every kind. To Catholics it is wrong, in such perils, to sleep or to treat them lightly; but that it is their duty to be steadfast in the confession of their faith, constant in its defence, eager and prepared for

every emergency for its sake, if needed. And these teachings more nearly concern the citizens of Rome, since their faith, as is clear, is daily in the greater peril of seduction. And they know that the greater benefit of God's faith to them, from their proximity and connection with the Apostolic See, the more constant should be their perseverance in it, worthy of those fathers and ancestors on whose faith a world-wide fame has attended. Let them, therefore, and all Italians and all Catholics in all places, both by prayers and every kind of good work, not cease to beg from God that He in His mercy would soften His wrath, called up by such wicked plots and mad battles against His Church, and that, through the prayers of the just, He would rain down, in His fatherly goodness, mercy, peace, and salvation.

Highly Honored Catholic Parish and Pastor.

On the fourth day of July, 1870, Gen. U. S. Grant, while President of the United States, when going to Woodstock, was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Rev. E. J. Vygen, pastor of Putnam, Conn., and his Catholic parishioners. The great commander halted his carriage, and kindly greeted the Rev. Father Vygen and the people of his parish. A few years later, Ex-president Hayes and his wife were received here; but the most notable reception ever given in this parish was that given to President Harrison on the afternoon of July 3d, 1889. The President arrived in Putnam at 4.30 P.M. A procession consisting of a battalion of the Third Regiment, C. N. G., St. John the Baptist Society, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Post 54, G. A. R., escorted him through the town. As soon as the head of the procession came in sight, the bells of St. Mary's Catholic Church and the convent commenced to ring a joyful peal, and at the same time a cannon placed in the church grounds commenced to fire a national salute in honor of the distinguished visitor. The Rev. Father Vygen, surrounded by his parishioners and thousands of the citizens of Putnam and surrounding towns, waited in front of the old church, where a beautiful triumphal arch surmounted by a cross, was erected for the occasion. As soon as the President's carriage came under the arch it was halted by the marshal in front of Father Vygen; the Rev. Father, in a clear, ringing voice, then delivered a most appropriate address of welcome to the honored Chief Magistrate of the United States. At the close of the address Father Vygen invited the President and his party to enter the grounds to see the two hundred or more young ladies and children dressed in the national colors, who had been waiting outside to pay their respects; but owing to the rain were forced to change their position to the arcade in front of the academy. The President, without hesitation, accepted the invitation, and was immediately driven to the front entrance of the convent; here President Harrison, Governor Bulkely, Justice Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Mr. Henry C. Bowen, alighted. Turning to the left they came out on the arcade where they were greeted by the joyful singing of more than two hundred young ladies and

children beautifully dressed in red, white, and blue, and arranged in the most artistic manner. The President accompanied by Father Vygen and the other gentlemen, passed from one end of the line to the other; returning they entered the convent; at the entrance bouquets were presented to the President by three beautifully dressed little girls of different ages and borne on three handsome canopies, each carried by four men. After the presentation the party passed up stairs to the reception room on the second floor. When the President, Governor Bulkely, Justice Miller, Mr. Bowen, and Father Vygen were seated, refreshments were served by the sisters. After a short stay the whole party returned to their carriage, greatly pleased with the cordial and hearty reception that had been given to them by the pastor and people of the Catholic parish of Putnam, and, amid the loud cheers of the thousands assembled on the church grounds, President Harrison went on his way to Woodstock carrying with him the blessings and best wishes of all who had seen him.

A Scene in an Irish Graveyard.

WHILE in a little graveyard near Honey Mount, in the county Tipperary, I saw clearly manifested, in a rare manner, the loving solicitude of our faith, the richness of the hope with which it nourishes humanity's sad heart, and the character of the inseparable union which the dogma of "the communion of saints" creates between the living and the dead; a union which makes bright the night of death itself, and portrays it as "The night only drawing a thin veil o'er the day."

The Abbey, majestic in ruin, was methought, a fitting monument to the dead who lay around; bestowing in its own death, its crumbling parts to mark the graves of those who once, with enthusiastic hearts and helping hands, raised high its walls and arches. There was one little grave, far apart from the rest, which made death itself look more lonely. Of this little grave I write.

No marble angel surmounting a monument and pointing with its stone finger to the sky, marked this little grave. No "animated bust" told us that the embodiment of valor in war, or, mayhaps, benevolence in peace, had here tucked the green sward of earth around him, and lay down to slumber and repose. No epitaph sang his name and worth. None of these were there; and yet there was something more valuable than all together. *There was the impress of two knees on this little grave.* The knees of a prayerful, devoted friend had literally worn themselves a place on the middle of the little grave, and this, indeed, made greener the grass that grew there. Now, what chiselled praise of "words, words, words," is more valuable than the language of this faithful action? What marble worth this mark? What epitaph more cheering, nay, more poetic, than this sight? What eulogy worth the "Kyries," that went up at this little grave from the voice of bereavement? What name more cherished than his of the nameless grave who has the faith, the hope, and the love of the living stamped on his grave in the marks of their knees? REV. JAS. H. COTTER.

Zaleski.

The Dignity, Rights, and Responsibility of Labor.

BY HIS EMINENCE JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE Redeemer of mankind has never conferred a greater temporal blessing on the human race, than by ennobling and sanctifying labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation that had been branded upon it. He is ushered into the world not environed by the splendor of imperial majesty, nor attended by the force of mighty legions. He comes, rather, as the reputed child of an artisan, and the days of His boyhood and early manhood are spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?"

The primeval curse attached to labor has been obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. He has shed a halo around the workshop, and has lightened the mechanic's tools, by assuming the trade of an artisan. If the profession of a general, a jurist, a statesman, and a prelate is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, a Burke, and a Carroll, how much more is the calling of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ!

I cannot conceive any thought better calculated to ease the yoke and to lighten the burden of the Christian toiler, than the reflection that the highest type of manhood had voluntarily devoted Himself to manual labor.

Labor is honorable on other grounds. It contributes to the prosperity of the country, and whatever conduces to a nation's welfare, is most worthy of commendation. It is not the office or occupation that dignifies the man, but it is the man that dignifies the office.

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, — there all the honor lies."

Cincinnatus lent dignity to agriculture by working at the plough. Caligula, by an infamous life, degraded his crown and imperial purple.

De Tocqueville could not pay a juster and more beautiful tribute of praise to the genius of our country, than when he wrote, in 1835, that every honest occupation in the United States was honorable. The honest, industrious man is honored among us, whether he work with his hands or with his brains, because he is an indispensable factor in the nation's progress. He is the bee in the social hive; he is the benefactor of his race, because he is always producing something for the common weal.

> God bless the noble working men
> Who rear the cities of the plain;
> Who dig the mines and build the ships,
> And drive the commerce of the main.
> God bless them! for their swarthy hands
> Have wrought the glory of our lands.

As an evidence of the esteem in which the thrifty son of toil is held among us, we see, from daily observation, that the humblest

avocations of life are no bar whatever to the highest preferment in the Commonwealth, when talent and ability are allied to patient industry. Franklin was a printer; President Lincoln's youthful days were spent in wielding the axe and in handling the plough on his father's farm. President Johnson, in his boyhood, was apprenticed to a tailor. Grant was the son of a tanner, and Garfield once drove a canal-boat. These examples are given, not to excite a morbid and feverish ambition in the heart of the laborer or the artisan, but to illustrate the truth that no stain is affixed to the lowliest pursuits of life.

In honoring and upholding labor, the nation is strengthening its own hands as well as paying a tribute to worth. For a contented and happy working-class is the best safeguard of the republic, while ill-paid and discontented laborers, like the starving and enslaved populace of Rome in the time of Augustus Cæsar, would be a constant menace and reproach to the country.

Labor has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes, is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection and benefit. It is in accordance with natural right, that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion. Our modern labor associations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England.

In our days there is a universal tendency toward organization, in every department of trade and business. In union there is strength, in the physical, moral, and social world; and just as the power and majesty of our republic are derived from the political union of the several states, so do men clearly perceive that the healthy combination of human forces in the economic world can accomplish results which could not be effected by any individual efforts. Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to-day a continuous net-work of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation, from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle, is controlled by a corporation.

When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to working men the right to band together because of the abuses incident to such combinations, as to withhold the same right from capitalists, because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals.

Another potent reason for encouraging labor unions suggests itself. Secret societies, lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments, have been the bane of continental Europe. The repressive policy of those governments, and their mistrust of the intelligence and virtue of the people, have given rise to those mischievous organizations; for men are apt to conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The public recognition among us of the right to organize, implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the school of self-government, and in the art of self-discipline; it

takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous societies; it exposes to the light of public scrutiny the constitution and laws of the association, and the deliberations of the members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens, and with a laudable desire of meriting the approval of their fellow-citizens. "It is better," as Matthew Arnold observes, "that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class."

God forbid that the prerogatives which we are maintaining for the working-classes should be construed as implying the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. There should not and need not be any conflict between labor and capital, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed, is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and the hands would be to the physical body. Such an antagonism recalls the fabled conspiracy on the part of the members of the body against the stomach. Whoever tries to sow discord between the capitalist and the laborer, is an enemy of social order. Every measure should therefore be discountenanced that sustains the one at the expense of the other. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions, by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing, and even removing, the causes of discontent, is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view, we venture to touch this delicate subject; and if these lines contribute, in some small measure, to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil, we shall be amply rewarded.

That "the laborer is worthy of his hire," is the teaching of Christ as well as the dictate of reason itself. He is entitled to a fair and just compensation for his services. He deserves something more, and that is kind and considerate treatment. There would be less ground for complaint against employers, if they kept in view the golden maxim of the Gospel: "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them."

Our sympathies for those in our employ, whether in the household, the mines, or the factory, are wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place, and asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated under similar circumstances. We should remember that they are our fellow-beings; that they have feelings like ourselves; that they are stung by a sense of injustice, repelled by an overbearing spirit, and softened by kindness; and that it largely rests with us, whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy.

Surely men do not amass wealth for the sole pleasure of counting their bonds and contemplating their gold in secret. No! They acquire it in the hope that it will contribute to their rational comfort and happiness. Now, there is no enjoyment in life so pure and so substantial as that which springs from the reflection that others are made content and happy by our benevolence. And we are speaking here, not of the

benevolence of gratuitous bounty, but of fair-dealing tempered with benignity. Considerate Kindness is like her sister Mercy:

> "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown."

We are happy to say that commercial princes answering the description of the English bard do not wholly belong to an ideal and imaginary world, but are easily found in our great centres of commerce; and if the actual condition of the average wage-worker in this country is a safe criterion by which we are to estimate the character and public spirit of American employers, we believe that an impartial judgment will concede to the majority of them the honorable title of just, fair-dealing, and benevolent men. In our visits to England, Scotland, Ireland, and the continent of Europe, we have studied the condition of the laboring classes, and we are persuaded that the American workman is better paid and fed, better clothed and housed, and usually better instructed, at least in the elements of useful knowledge, than his brethren across the Atlantic.

Instances of genuine sympathy and beneficence exercised by the heads of business concerns toward those in their employ could be easily multiplied. Some time ago the head of a Baltimore manufacturing company received a message announcing the total destruction by a flood of his uninsured mills, involving a loss of three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. On receiving the news his first exclamation was: "What a loss to so many families! Here are two hundred men thrown out of employment!" Of the personal injury he sustained, he uttered not a word.

But while applauding the tender feelings and magnanimity of so many capitalists, we are constrained, in the interests of truth, humanity, and religion, to protest against the heartless conduct of others, whose number, for the honor of our country, is, we hope, comparatively small.

When men form themselves into a business corporation, their personality is overshadowed, and their individual responsibility is lessened. And, for this reason, many will assent, in their corporate capacity, to measures from which the dread of public opinion, or the dictates of conscience, would prompt them, as individuals, to shrink. But perhaps the injury is all the more keenly felt by the victims of oppression when inflicted by a corporation, as it is easier to obtain redress from one responsible proprietor, than from a body of men, most of whom may be unknown or inaccessible to the sufferers.

No friend of his race can contemplate, without painful emotions, those heartless monopolists, exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends, without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts and monopolies, like the car of Juggernaut,

crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They endeavor — not always, it is alleged, without success — to corrupt our national and state legislatures and municipal councils. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starving wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo, and are easily stifled by intimidation. In many places, the corporations are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessaries of life; bills are contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and their forced insolvency places them entirely at the mercy of their task-masters. To such Shylocks may well be applied the words of the apostle: "Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you; . . . you have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers . . . which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth, and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

In the beginning of the present century, Mr. Pitt uttered, in the House of Commons, the following words, which reveal the far-seeing mind of that great statesman:

"The time will come when manufacturers will have been so long established, and the operatives not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in the power of any one man in a town to reduce the wages; and all the other manufacturers must follow. Then, when you are goaded on with reductions and willing to flee your country, France and America will receive you with open arms; and then farewell to our commercial state. If ever it does arrive to this pitch, Parliament (if it be not then sitting) ought to be called together, and, if it cannot redress your grievances, its power is at an end. Tell me not that Parliament cannot; it is omnipotent to protect."

How forcibly this language applies now to our own country; and how earnestly the warning should be heeded by the constituted authorities! The supreme law of the land should be vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations, as well as to the laboring classes, against unscrupulous monopolies. It would, also, be a humane measure, if the government interposed its authority in forbidding both capitalists and parents to employ children under a certain age, and at a period of life which ought to be devoted to their physical, intellectual, and moral development.

But if labor organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed, it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled, and dangers to guard against.

As these societies are composed of members very formidable in numbers, varied in character, temperament, and nationality, they are, in the nature of things, more unwieldy, more difficult to manage, more liable to disintegration, than corporations of capitalists; and they have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact, and superior executive ability, who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers.

They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine.

They should be also jealous of the reputation and good name of the rank and file of the society, as well as of its chosen leaders. For while the organization is ennobled, and commands the respect of the public, by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach on the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community. They should, therefore, be careful to exclude from their ranks that turbulent element composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism, and nihilism; those land-pirates who are preying on the industry, commerce, and trade of the country; whose mission is to pull down and not to build up; who, instead of upholding the hands of the government that protects them, are bent on its destruction; and, instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, insult and defy her. If such revolutionists had their way, despotism would supplant legitimate authority, license would reign without liberty, and gaunt poverty would stalk throughout the land.

We are persuaded that the system of boycotting, by which members of labor unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious business houses, is not only disapproved of by an impartial public sentiment, but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when by a mandate of the society he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a prohibition assails the liberty of the purchaser and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privileges guaranteed by the government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism were generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every centre of population would be divided into hostile camps, and the good feeling which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. "Live and let live" is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and by Christian charity.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic, and at best a very questionable remedy for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions, and lead to the destruction of property, and, above all, they result in inflicting grievous injury on the laborer himself, by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which his mind is clouded by discontent while brooding over his situation, and his family not infrequently suffers from the want of even the necessaries of life.

From official statistics furnished by Bradstreet, and Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, for eight years ending December, 1888, comes following summary:

Number of strikes in the United States for eight years .	5,453
Number of employed involved in the strikes	1,879,282
Loss to employed in wages	$77,538,324

The loss inflicted by the strikes on the employers is but a little over half the amounts sustained by the employed, who could much less afford to bear it.

It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace, and of the laboring classes, if the policy of arbitration, which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method; for while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive; the result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of argument.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine, N. Y.

What Becomes of Old Shoes.

"OLD clo" and "old shoe" merchants never pass an ash can without inspecting for old shoes. If any is found it soon finds a hiding place in the capacious bag carried for the purpose. Each day's labor is taken to the home of the "old shoe man," where it is sorted over. Shoes that are not past a few days of usefulness go under the resuscitating care of an Italian cobbler. He gives the old shoe a new lease of life by endowing it with a new sole and other repairs. These go to some second-hand shoe store, of which there are a goodly number in this city.

The shoes that are past repair are taken to the old junk dealers, who, in turn, ship them to the shoddy factories. There they are pulled to pieces in order to remove the steel shank piece, if there be any, and then ground into fine dust. This leather dust is then mixed with about forty per cent. of rubber, which has been gathered in the same way. The mixture of rubber and leather dust is spread in sheets about two feet square, and subjected to a pressure of six thousand to ten thousand pounds per square foot. The substance is then colored, and sold at prices some fifty per cent. below that of leather.

This manufactured leather is used by the manufacturers of cheap shoes, mostly for inner soles. As it is wholly wanting in fibre, it is manifestly a very poor substitute. Shoes with these shoddy inner soles are to be found in large quantities strung on poles and bearing the legend, "All leather, one dollar."

The industry of making shoddy shoes has greatly improved. At first straw board was used for inner-sole counters, and sometimes for out-soles, by pasting over with a thin veneer of sole leather. Next, leather scraps and old shoes were ground up and mixed with the straw paper. This gave a little better substance. Now shoddy contains leather dust and rubber.

WHEN one is truly humble he never believes himself humbled as much as he deserves.

Voices of Earth and Heaven.

GOD WILLS IT! ADVANCE!

At the anti-slavery congress under the presidency of Cardinal Lavigerie, in Luzerne, Switzerland, a beautiful feature of the opening was the cantata rendered by eighty novices who were prepared for African missions, and fourteen young negroes. The latter are all ransomed slaves, representing every part of the dark continent. They have very sweet voices, and have been carefully trained in the missionary schools. The words of the cantata is the writing of an Algerian ecclesiastic. The musicians of all the Christian world, without distinction of creed, have an opportunity of competing for the honor of setting it to music. The author of the best production will receive a gold medal valued at one thousand francs: that of the second best a gold medal worth five hundred francs.

The following translation of the cantata is given in the meters of the orignial:

VOICES OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

VOICES OF THE NEGROES.

With stealthy footsteps comes the cruel trader,
Burning our huts and little fields of corn,
Our prayers for mercy to the savage raider
Are quenched in blood or heard with ruthless scorn.
"Onward!" he cries, "the lash shall be obeyed, or
"These sands shall drink your blood before the morn."

VOICE OF THE MISSIONARIES OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA.

The people are dying sorrow laden —
O hear their plaint, sweet Mother-Maiden!

VOICE OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

O Son! behold their agony:
Bereft of human help, they lift their hands to Thee.
With faith's pure rays their souls, O Son, have ne'er been lighted.
My children, too, are they. Pity their lot benighted!

VOICE OF JESUS.

Under the curse of ages they shall not always lie.
Thy prayers for mercy, mother, the hours of grace are speeding,
And vengeance, weary, hears thy pleading.
The hour when love alone shall rule the land is nigh,
And sacred pity sleeps no longer,
Aroused by thee to smite the wronger!

VOICE OF THE NEGROES.

Along the paths by which the Arabs chases
Our famished brothers dying on the sands,
Their whitened bones show forth the ghastly traces
That tell the passing of the murderous bands,
Whose swords urge on their victims' lagging paces.
"Slaves, hide your tears, your master so commands!"

CHRIST'S VICAR TO THE LIBERATOR.

Onward, my son, awaken human pity!
Before thy purple drive dark slavery's gloom,
Scatter the seed from city unto city,
Let freedom issue from her lonely tomb!

VOICE OF THE NEGROES.

These ruthless men may surely well enslave us.
Buyers they find of flesh and blood around.
But where are they we vainly called to save us?
To rescue us from woe can none be found?
Ah! wretched slaves, how false the hope they gave us!
For us despair and death alone abound!

VOICE OF THE LIBERATOR.

Will ye whose land the cross has freed not hear their pleading?
Shall the moanings of the wretched in vain your pity crave?
When wrongs so foul exist can brave hearts be unheeding?
Ye rich, pour forth your gold, the ocean cross, ye brave,
And by your valor break the chains that bind the slave!

VOICE OF THE WARRIORS.

Advance to the aid of our brothers before us!
To the Great Lakes forward, with sword and lance!
The banner of Christ is waving o'er us!
God wills it! Advance!
Advance! The Cross, O new crusaders,
Engraved on your hearts fresh strength implants!
On! On, and scatter the vile invaders!
God wills it! Advance!
Advance! Our Apostle's loud call draws us
Onward to win heaven's favoring glance!
Be it ours to succor all sacred causes!
God wills it! Advance.

How Milk Should be Kept.

CONSUMERS of milk are too often indifferent to their ways of keeping milk after it reaches them. When delivered in cans it is a common custom for many people to draw from the same as they need it, and possibly a can may not be emptied until a fresh supply is received. As soon as the milk is brought, it should be poured into a glass or earthenware pitcher, and when this is empty it should be made absolutely clean and then well aired. Those who have young children dependent upon milk food ought to receive a fresh supply of milk both morning and night; otherwise, in the warm months, it is extremely liable to become unwholesome. With but few in cities is this possible, and, therefore, in summer it will be well to scald the supply when received, to prevent it from becoming sour.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Let the Cloth be White.

Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white!
The hungry city children are coming here to-night;
The children from the city, with features pinched and spare,
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted air.

They come from out the dungeons, where they with want were chained;
From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained,
From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the light;
Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the daisies, made for the heart's behoof;
They never heard the rain-drops upon a cottage roof;
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze;
They never rambled, wild an' free, beneath the forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by others' greeds;
The very air their lungs breathed was full of poisoned seeds;
The very air their souls breathed was full o' wrong an' spite;
Go set the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smiled at them;
They never plucked a wild-flower from off its dewy stem;
They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass,
Unless they heeded well the sign that says, "Keep off the grass!"

God bless the men an' women of noble brain an' heart,
Who go down in the folk-swamps an' take the children's part,—
These hungry, cheery children, that keep us in their debt,
And never fail to give us more of pleasure than they get!

Set well the table, Mary; let naught be scant or small,—
The little ones are coming here; have plenty for them all.
There's nothing we should furnish except the very best,
To those that Jesus looked upon, an' called to him an' blessed.

WILL CARLETON.

The Robin as a Pet.

THOUGH not much of a singer in captivity, the robin is a pleasing pet. He thrives best if allowed the run of a room, but he is always cheerful if he has only a large cage with plenty of gravel, nicely-prepared food, and half a dozen meal worms daily.

If not caged he grows very tame; enjoys coming to the table and partaking of the food as well as the life about him, in fact, making himself one of the family. He is not slow in expressing his opinion of things that go on about him, and though you may not always understand just the point he makes, you can readily see that he has clear ideas of his own.

He has also well-defined notions about the fitness of things. One that I know of, seeing sliced cucumbers in a dish that he considered suitable for his bath, deliberately lifted out each slice, threw it on the floor, and then proceeded to bathe in the water left in the dish.

Three Little Magi.

Up stairs, mamma sat sewing busily, with her chamber door ajar, that she might catch the first sound of little feet approaching. From down below there came up to her a tremendous noise of the beating of a drum, blowing of a horn, and the shrill screaming of children's voices. On any other day of the year, mamma felt she could not have endured it. But this was the eve of "Little Christmas," when the big tree in the parlor, the object of admiring wonder for nearly two weeks past, was to be finally despoiled of its treasures, and the fond mother was preparing a few fresh surprises to enhance the little folks' delight.

A heavy snow-storm, but just subsiding, had kept the children within doors all the afternoon, and mamma's withdrawal afforded free range for indulgence in the very noisy amusement now in progress. But, as the sport went on, the racket became alarming, and, as grandma was lying down, that she might be well rested before Christmas-tree, mamma at last rose, and, laying her work aside, crept softly to the stairs, and, leaning over the balustrade, looked down.

A small procession filed past her as she looked, — Jack ahead with the drum; Hugh next, astride of his hobby-horse, with a tin trumpet; little Minnie last of all, bearing a big gun, dragging her toy-horse after her, and screaming lustily to make up for her lack of an instrument; while Don, the dog, ran sometimes before and sometimes behind the band, barking wildly. Mamma called to them softly. "Children, children," she said, "you must not make so much noise. Cannot you play something more quiet?"

"Oh, mamma!" Jack said, with a sigh, "you don't know anything about it. It's awful to play anything when you know there's going to be a tree undressed right after supper. You don't seem to be able to mean anything you play; you want to keep going into the dining-room to look at the clock. And we've just got interested in this. We're the Three Wise Men, and we're journeying."

Mamma laughed; she had not forgotten the impatience and excitement that she had felt at a similar time, when she was a little girl. "I am sure," she said, "no *wise* men ever made such a noise as you were making just now. However, if you are interested in this new play, you may keep it up, only please continue your journey out of doors. It's quite pleasant, now the storm is over, and you may stay out until supper is ready."

"Yes, ma'am," cried all the children, gladly, and ran off to get coats and mittens. Once out of doors, however, their interest flagged, and they had some difficulty in continuing their play. "If Don would only go ahead, and not keep frisking about so," said Hugh, in disgust, "we could pretend he was the star, and follow him."

"I am afraid that might not be just right," said Jack, doubtfully. "But, anyhow, he won't go ahead, so it makes no difference. We might go over the hill, because we know the Wise Men did go over the

mountains; and when we get to the four roads, we might play that was Bethlehem, and come back again."

The others agreeing to this, they went on their way, till, suddenly, Hugh cried out: "Look at Don! He is going straight ahead now, and not in this direction at all. Let's play he's the star, Jack."

"All right," said Jack; and, turning, they followed the little dog, not without considerable trouble, for he ran along very fast, with his nose on the ground, as though scenting something, and little Minnie's short legs could scarcely keep up with the rest.

At last Don stopped under a tree, where the snow had drifted heavily, and began to scratch and bark, looking eagerly back to see if the children were coming. "What has he found?" cried Hugh; and all three of the small magi ran as fast as they could to the spot.

Jack arrived first, being the largest, and, with a little digging, found a bundle, done up in a plaid shawl, lying close to the tree. "Now, I wonder what this is?" he said; and, stooping down, he began to unroll it.

Considering the evening it was, and that they had been playing that they were the Three Wise Kings, it is not strange that the children fancied, for a moment, that they had really come to Bethlehem, when they saw, lying before them, a little baby. Only for a moment, though; for, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his surprise, Jack knew that he saw before him, not the Divine Baby, but some forlorn little human waif, to whom he must be kind for the Infant Jesus' sake.

He wrapped the baby up carefully, and carried it home, and the children burst in on their surprised mamma with the wonderful story of their discovery, and with the baby.

Nothing helpless or unfortunate could ever be unwelcome to mamma. She cuddled the little thing close in her motherly arms, listening, with tears in her eyes, to how they had played that they were the Wise Men, and Don the star, and how he had led them to the baby. "It is a special Providence," said mamma. "But now we must have papa set about finding to whom the little darling belongs, and how it came to get buried in the snow-drift."

Papa had not to make many inquiries, when he learned that a poor woman had been picked up insensible in the road, a short distance from where the baby was found, about an hour earlier. She had been overcome with cold and fatigue, and was now being cared for at a neighboring dwelling. Her relief at learning of the safety of her child, may be more easily imagined than described.

After supper, when the family all repaired to the parlor, where the Christmas-tree was lighted, every one agreed that they had never had such a fine tree before. Jack was made happy by a full suit of regimentals and lots of books, and Hugh had a wonderful knife with a corkscrew in it, which, although he should never use, made it much more delightful. Minnie hugged her new doll, just as Aunt Mary held and hugged the little baby, both blissfully happy. Then mamma struck a few chords on the piano, and, as a hymn especially suited to that particular occasion, they all sang, "We Three Kings of Orient are."

A Child's Mission.

A LITTLE girl of seven years, named Cecilia, having attended a mission sermon, remembered these words: "All who say three times with devotion, 'Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee,' will receive grace to gain the indulgence of the mission."

Having returned home, Cecilia, knowing her father was not a good Christian, took a miraculous medal of the Immaculate Conception, and, a little distrustful, carried it to her father, saying:

"Papa, the Sisters gave me this medal for my indulgence. Please tell me what is on it?"

"Can't you read, my child?" answered the father.

"Not read such small letters, papa."

The father, to please his little daughter, took the medal and read: "Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"Thanks, papa," replied the child.

Not many moments later Cecilia returned again to her father and made her second demand:

"Dear papa, I would like you to repeat the prayer on my medal for me."

"Very well, my child; but you must not disturb me," answered the father.

"I wish to impress this little prayer upon my mind," replied Cecilia, to pacify the vexed father.

"I will then teach you, my child," answered the father, and he repeated the ejaculation a second time.

Cecilia thanked him and went away to contrive some other means to have her father recite the prayer a third time. She returned, and her father seeing her, began to rebuke her, and said: "When will you stop, my child, coming in and out to disturb me?"

"I come, dear papa, to ask another favor. I would like this prayer written in my copy book in large letters, so that I may read it myself. Please write it for me very large, and read it to me as you write, and I will be able to study it."

The father, to free himself of the importunities of his daughter, seated himself and wrote the ejaculation, repeating each word as he wrote. When finished, the good Cecilia, with a grateful heart, embraced her father affectionately, and said: "Dear papa, I am now content. The missioners said that all who pronounced this little prayer three times would obtain the grace to obtain the indulgences of the mission. You have said the prayers three times, therefore you will receive the grace."

The father, moved to tears, made no reply, but sank into deep thought. On the last day of the mission, he was seen with his wife approaching the Holy Sacraments, and he made the above confession to one of the missioners, calling little Cecilia his guardian angel. His after life proved how Cecilia had effected his conversion, and he was always seen in her company on his way to church.

Johnnie's Letter to the Blessed Virgin.

JOHNNIE was six years old, his socks full of holes, his clothes torn, and, more than that, cold and hungry, when a thought struck him to write a letter to the Blessed Virgin. Not knowing how to write, he ran around the corner to where an old soldier performed the office of public scribe for persons not accustomed to the pen. He found him smoking and warming himself as usual.

"Good day, sir! I would like to have a letter written."—"It will cost you ten cents, my boy," said the man.

"Excuse me," answered Johnnie, opening the door to go away, when the old warrior called out: "Are you a soldier's son?"

"No," replied the child: "I am mamma's son."

"Well, have you no money?"—"Oh, no! Nor mamma neither."

"Your letter I suppose is to get some soup?"—"Yes, sir, that it is."

"Come here; this ten lines and a half sheet of paper is not much to give."

He arranged his paper, and dipping his pen in the ink, wrote, in a flourishing hand: "Paris, Dec. 24, 18—;" and on a lower line, "To Mr. ——:"

"What's his name, little fellow?"—"Who, sir?"

"Why, the gentleman, of course!"

"What gentleman, sir?"—"The one about the soup, of course."

The child understood this time, and said: "It is not a gentleman."

"A lady, then?"—"Yes — no — that is, I mean —"

"You young rogue! Do you know to whom you want to write?"—"Oh, yes?"—"Hurry, then!"

Poor little Johnnie grew red, and whispered: "It is to the Blessed Virgin I want to send a letter."

The old trooper did not smile now. "You rogue!" said he; "are you making fun of an old man?" But, noticing the child's serious countenance, he muttered to himself: "Ten thousand cannon! But there is much misery in Paris!" and looking at the child with his eyes half shut, he said in a low tone: "What is your name, my little man?"—"Johnnie."

"Johnnie what?"—"Just Johnnie."

"What do you want to say to the Blessed Virgin?"—"I want to tell her that mamma has been asleep since yesterday, and beg her to come and wake her up, for I can't."

The old soldier heaved a sigh. "But what about the soup?"

"That was before she went to sleep — she gave me the last piece of bread."

"And what did she eat then?"—"Oh, for two days before, she kept saying, 'I am not hungry.'"

"How did you try to wake her?"—"I kissed and hugged her, and kept on talking; but she never answered."

"Did you notice anything else?"—"Oh, yes; she is so cold! Our house is very cold."

The old soldier trembled with emotion, and taking the child on

his knee said gently: "Little one, your letter is written, sent and answered. Take me to your mother."

"Yes, but what makes you cry?"—"I am not crying," he said, stooping over to embrace the child and to hide his tears. "You will cry soon, poor little one!"

Johnnie's mother was dead — died of hunger and misery; she could not be brought back to life by the benefactor of her child; no doubt she smiled on them both from heaven.

Johnnie, though young, soon made himself a name. As to the old soldier, he lived a good, Christian life, beloved by his adopted son, and often said to his friends: "I do not know the carrier of letters, such as Johnnie wrote; but they are sure to reach their address in heaven!"

It Takes Grit to do It.

He entered a tobacco store on Grand River avenue with a handkerchief pressed to his jaw, and was at once an object of solicitude.

"I've been there," said number one, "and can feel for you. Try pepperment essence."—"I always put on a bag of hot salt," said number two. "Have cured the worst kind o' case in two hours."—"Bosh!" exclaimed number three, "electricity will stop that ache in two minutes. I'll never fool with any other remedy."—"Gentlemen," said number four, as he put his finger in his mouth to feel of an old snag, "there's nothing like laudanum for the toothache. It comes from an exposed nerve. Laudanum deadens the sensibility of the nerve. I've tried it with success a hundred times."—"I'd never advise a man to waste time fooling around," said number five. "Let him go straight to the dentist and have it pulled out. It takes grit, of course; but in five minutes you are over it forever."

The Strawberry.

In an almanac for this year I find the following interesting particulars regarding this delicious and highly prized fruit: The nature of this creeping plant is thus noticed by Shakespeare, who says, in Henry V., Act 1, Scene 1:

> The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
> And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
> Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality.

The same poet, in a passage which he has verified from one of our old historians, has preserved a fact by which it is proved that this fruit has been cultivated in London at least ever since the reign of Richard III., for, in the play of that name (Act 3, Scene 4, Gloster thus addresses the Bishop of Ely:

> My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Horborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
> I do beseech you send for some of them.

An old writer has made the following quaint observation on the strawberry: "God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly he never did."

The Crucifix of the Tuileries.

THERE happened something very remarkable, children, during the Revolution of 1848, at a time when there seemed to be but little disposition to protect what belongs to religion. It was the 24th of February. The people came to invade the Tuileries, whence King Louis Philippe had gone but a few moments before. They flung from the windows the furniture, hangings, and carpets. One young man, whose name I am sorry I do not know, ran in haste to the palace chapel, where the noonday Mass was just being said; he feared that it might be sacked, and wished to protect it. It had already undergone some disarrangement; some of the sacerdotal vestments were seen lying scattered in the sacristy; but no one had yet touched the altar. The young Catholic then asked some of the National Guardsmen to help him to remove the sacred vessels and the crucifix. "We will do it willingly," said they; "but on condition that we have with us a pupil of the Polytechnic School." Two of these immediately present themselves; they take the sacred vessels and the crucifix, and set out on their march for the Church of St. Roch. On the way there were some ill-disposed persons who began to scoff and hoot. The young man who carries the crucifix stops, he holds it up, shows it to the surrounding crowd, and cries out: "Citizens, you would be regenerated; well, remember you can only be so through Jesus Christ." At these words many voices from the crowd cry out: "Yes, yes, it is true! Vive le Christ! Vive le Christ," (which may be interpreted "Christ for ever!") and respectfully baring their heads, they marched in procession to the Church of St. Roch, where the priest took the crucifix, placed it on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and gave his blessing to the people.

Wise Kittens Indeed.

THE Catholic priest and Episcopalian clergyman of a small town in Ireland were in the habit of taking tea with each other on alternate Sundays.

One Sunday evening while the priest was being entertained by the minister, the latter answered a knock at the door and discovered a small boy, who asked him if he wanted to buy some kittens.

"What would I do with kittens?" queried the minister.

"Oh, sir," said the boy, "they are good Episcopalian kittens."

"Well, I don't want any," laughed the minister, and shut the door.

The following week, while the priest, in his turn was entertaining his friend, the same boy appeared and asked the priest to buy his kittens.

"Why should I buy them?" the priest asked.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the boy, "they're good Catholic kittens."

"Why, you little rascal," the priest exclaimed, "only last week I heard you tell Mr. S. they were Episcopalian kittens. What do you mean, you young rogue?"

"Yes, sir," sagely answered the boy; "but they hadn't their eyes open then."

A Monkey's Glorious Fourth.

GIOVANNI PARVI, itinerant musician, did not grind any operatic or other airs out of his barrel organ last Friday. He was engaged in a monkey hunt in the woods bordering the Passaic river, opposite Belleville, N. J. The monkey took a quarter of a dollar away with him in the left side pocket of his striped vest, and Parvi is almost as anxious to recover the coin as to capture his fugitive servitor.

At this season it is customary for Italian organ players to give the residents of the rural districts the benefit of bottled melody, and on holidays they are apt to be especially successful. Giovanni came to Bergen county. The monkey, named for his owner's uncle, Chirari Parvi, was clad in a coat radiant with stars, and a waist-coat patriotically striped, ready to collect monetary offerings in his little red, white, and blue cap.

Giovanni's first effort was made to charm a gentleman at a parlor window. The monkey vainly gibbered at him, and held out his cap in mute supplication until, rendered wrathful by the delay, the little brute spat copiously on the glass. This aroused the gentleman, not to anger, but to pity, and he gave the animal a dime. Then the monkey, with every symptom of penitence, wiped the window clean with his cap, and returned to his master, who took the coin from him and boxed his ears. This annoyed the monkey, and he watched for an opportunity to get even with Parvi.

At the next house visited, a lady at a second-story window had a quarter of a dollar for "The Sword of Bunker Hill." She would not drop it because she wished to put it into the monkey's cap; but the string that bound the junior partner to the organ was not long enough, so the Italian drew the loop over the animal's loins and let it go free. This was just what the monkey wanted, He climbed an apple-tree to the window, received the coin, which he deposited in a pocket of his vest, and going up the water-spout, passed over the roof of the house, and had disappeared into a wood in the rear before the amazed organ player could get to the back of the building.

During the early part of the day the Italian had plenty of assistance in his hunt for the monkey. Half the boys in the neighborhood joined in the chase. The fugitive swung contemptuously over their heads, his tail circling the branch of a tree, and bounded from bough to bough with the grace and agility of a trapeze performer. The birds fled, affrighted at the strange vision of stars and stripes displayed among them, and, as the rain fell in torrents, the boys scattered too. When night fell the Italian was alone. He had left his organ at a country liquor saloon, and as in the waning light he saw his monkey on the highest limb of a big chestnut-tree examining the silver quarter as though in some doubt as to whether it was genuine, he swore vociferously in the language of Dante and went back to sleep with his instrument. The monkey followed him by an aerial route and remained near the inn all night, but he has not yet shown any desire to surrender. His owner hopes Chirari won't have spent the quarter in riotous living before he returns to his duty.

New York Sun.

An Astonished News-Boy.

A NEWS-BOY took a Sixth avenue elevated at Park place at noon, recently, and, sliding into one of the cross seats, fell asleep. At Grand street two young women got on, and took the seats opposite the lad. His feet were bare, and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act, and, without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment, and then reached for it. The next man, just as silently, offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and, before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removing her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third street, including all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head, that seemed full of thanks and the possession of a common secret.

To Tame a Bird.

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird, says Olive Thorn Miller. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and without starving him, or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal. Place his cage near you, on your desk or work-table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient, and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him. After this, he will more readily take it from your lips; and then, when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to, and accept the dainty from you while free. As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him, or try to catch him, or interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes, and give you as much of his company as you desire.

DURING the War of Independence it became necessary, at one time, to build breastworks on Dorchester Heights. The work had continued for several days, and there were not men enough to do it in the time required. One morning a gentleman on horseback rode into the enclosure, and looking around saw an empty wheelbarrow standing near, and not far was an idle soldier. "Why do you not work with the others?" said the gentleman. "I'm a corporal, sir," he replied. The gentleman immediately dismounted, took the spade and wheelbarrow, filled it with sand, and wheeled it to the breastworks, emptied it, and wheeled the barrow back to its place; then, without a word, mounted his horse and rode away. The idle corporal had learned a lesson he would never forget, for he had seen Gen. Washington do what he would not do.

Bring Up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EACH year will see the system of Catholic parochial schools strengthened and extended. It is, indeed, gratifying to note the promptness with which the wishes of the Plenary Council at Baltimore are being complied with.

So as not to forget studies entirely, it would be well to devote a short time each day to looking over and reviewing the books used during the last term. If but a half hour were so devoted by all our boys and girls, the benefits of the time so spent would be greatly felt on the re-opening of school in September.

AMONG the good resolutions which children should take at their first Communion, is the one to avoid, through the whole course of their lives, the use of intoxicating liquors. They will not be able to see the value of it now; but, when they grow older, they will learn that their bodies and souls have been immeasurably benefited by it.

To the diligent and studious scholar, vacation is a two-fold season of enjoyment. To him there is no taint of regret mixed with the pleasure of the moment, as there must be in the case of an unsuccessful pupil. The latter cannot help but feel the gnawing within him at his failure, which ever presents itself to his mind.

MANY boys who, during the scholastic year, never stop to think of the time they waste, look aghast when they learn, at the closing of the school year, their record. When failure attends them, they recount to their parents that they were not treated justly, intimating that preference was given to the more successful scholars. We have known of cases, also, where parents have given foolish ear to such yarns.

METHODS to teach morality without the aid of religion in the godless schools are proposed from time to time. Truthfulness is generally the first virtue considered for inculcation, and one method for success is never to give a child an occasion to tell a lie; for instance, he is not to be asked a question by the teacher which would prompt him to evade the truth or tell a lie. Another way to secure the same virtue among children is to relate the story of the boy who cried "wolf" all the time, until the people grew tired of him, and, when the wolf really did come, they did not believe him when he cried for help, and let him be devoured. Or, if that venerable chestnut don't work, the teacher should tell his class about the little boy who wanted to go home from school because he had a sore throat, and of how he went skylarking, instead of going home, and broke his leg. The class is to be questioned about its impressions on hearing these examples, and afterward to be informed that it is wicked to lie, "because, if you do not tell the truth always, no one will believe you after a while." The last method comes from a New Jersey "schoolmarm," and is copyrighted in the last number of the Practical Teacher.

Dear Old Father Curley.

THE solemn tolling of Georgetown College bell on the evening of July 24, 1889, announced the passing away of the oldest priest in this country, perhaps in the world, one whose name is widely known and universally beloved, Father James Curley, S. J.

Father Curley.

Dear old Father Curley! It was by this title he was first known to us. How many Georgetown College boys and convent girls have called him thus for the last quarter of a century; for to most of them he was not a new acquaintance, but the same old friend whose gentle, kindly ways had endeared him to their parents and grandparents. Five years ago he celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood; and, while he has been in poor health for many months, his friends fondly hoped that he would be spared to enjoy his centennial birthday. To one of them who expressed this hope a few weeks ago, he replied with his characteristic simplicity: "I have sometimes hoped so, too; but God's will be done. He knows what is best. I can scarcely hope to last seven years longer."

The good Father loved and enjoyed his life just as he enjoyed all the gifts of God. He loved everything beautiful in nature as only a thoroughly good man can; and looking up from the loveliness of creation to the throne of the Creator, he beheld there the tender, loving Parent, whose will was the supreme law, the sole happiness of his life. To the simplicity of an innocent child, and the reverential zeal of a priest, he added the deep learning of a scholar; and so wide was his sympathy that nothing was too small to excite his interest, nothing finite too great to invite his investigation.

We recall a simple incident which exhibits his kindness of heart. A good many years ago, two little girls were spending the vacation at Georgetown convent. They were rather lonely, for they missed the merry voices of their playmates, and the empty play-room and study-hall seemed full of dismal echoes; so, to amuse them, the Sisters gave them a tiny plot of ground to cultivate, just below the edge of the porch over which the chaplain had to travel to and from the chapel every morning. The two children worked most industriously digging and delving, planting all the flowers they could procure, when, suddenly, the brilliant idea presented itself of constructing an artificial

lake. Forthwith an old tin box was procured, fitted in the ground, filled with water, and, behold, a beautiful lake in the midst of their flower garden! but somehow it looked rather bare. Good Father Curley was the chaplain then, as he had been for years, and he became interested in the little gardeners, never letting a day pass without stopping to look over the porch railing at the progress of the work below. Soon after the lake was constructed, he called out to the little girls and said to them:

"Would you not like to have some water-lilies for your garden?"

"Oh, yes, Father!" replied both in one breath; "how splendid that would be! But can we keep them alive?

"You can try," replied he, and the very next day the water-lilies were brought over and set afloat in the miniature Geneva. How long they lived there, the writer does not remember; but that little kindly deed lives yet in the memory of at least one of the children, as pure and fadeless as one of Heaven's own lilies.

Father Curley was born in county Roscommon, Ireland, Oct. 25, 1796, his father being a builder and superintendent of mills. The little James was left an orphan at an early age. He received in his childhood a good, simple English education, supplemented later by special advantages in the study of mathematics, for which he displayed remarkable talent; but it was not until after his arrival in this country, that he attained the great learning for which he was afterwards distinguished. He came to America in 1817, spent two years as book-keeper and clerk in a large grocery-store in Philadelphia, and afterwards taught mathematics in Frederick Academy and in Washington. In 1827 he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Georgetown College, was ordained a priest in 1833, and said his first Mass in the Chapel of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, June 6th, 1833.

An indefatigable worker, he taught the class of physics for forty-five years. He drew up the plans and superintended the erection of the observatory in 1844, and was the first to ascertain, with scientific accuracy, the longitude of Washington from Greenwich. His observations were published in the Annals of Georgetown Observatory, and were of great value to scientific men; but, perhaps, the most notable service he rendered to the cause of learning was the assistance and encouragement given by him to Father Secchi, in the beginning of his astronomical studies. The Revolution of 1847 obliged the Jesuit Fathers Secchi, De Vico, and Sestini to fly from Europe, and the first of this trio of learned men, afterwards so renowned for his achievements in the study of physical astronomy, taught the class of physics for a year at Georgetown College. It was here, while associated with Father Curley in his enthusiastic experiments and observations at the Observatory, that the Italian Father imbibed the great love for astronomy which afterwards gained for him world-wide celebrity.

Father Curley also established the green-house of the college, and was an enthusiastic botanist, retaining his interest in the practical study of flowers and plants as long as he was able to follow out-door

pursuits. He was for many years custodian of the library and museum. Thousands of times he lovingly handled and arranged the treasures they contain, recounting their history and exhibiting them with all the fondness which a doting parent displays toward his children.

While the grand new college was in process of erection, it was his pride and delight to mount to the top of the south tower to view the magnificent scenery or to exhibit it to visitors. Several times during the last decade it was our privilege to go through the college with him in company with friends from distant states. When they were introduced to him he would note their names, enquire about their families, and almost invariably recall some relative or connection of theirs who had been at the college in former years. His memory for names and incidents was prodigious, and his fund of interesting reminiscences inexhaustible; and there was something contagious in the merriment with which he would relate them. One always left his presence with a lighter heart, a feeling as if an unusually bright and cheering gleam of sunshine had suddenly illumined the day.

The occasion of his golden jubilee will long be remembered as a red-letter day at the old college. In the morning, he said Mass at the convent chapel where he had first celebrated the Holy Sacrifice fifty years before. All day long, gifts and congratulations poured in upon him from various parts of the country, and it is said that two large tables were filled with presents sent by old pupils of the Visitation Convent. In the evening, the college boys honored the feast with a grand display of fireworks, giving expression to their good wishes and congratulations in the manner which only good, strong, noisy school-boys can master. Another happy event, in the declining days of the old priest, was the centennial of the college in February last. Every item of the preparations was noted by him with the keenest interest; and on the opening night, while the Cardinal was holding his reception after the ceremonies, Father Curley hobbled into the main building on his crutches, and was immediately surrounded by a multitude of old friends, becoming the centre of an impromptu reception of his own, well-nigh overwhelming to his simple, loving heart.

For the past few years he has been slowly failing, suffering principally from a swelling and numbness in his feet. This was the cause of a violent fall last year, which weakened him very much and left him unable to resist the severe attack of malaria fever which was the immediate cause of his death. His faculties were almost unimpaired, but during his last days his mind would sometimes lose its grasp upon the present, and wander back to friends and scenes of fifty years ago.

About a week before his death, after receiving the sacraments, he said to those around him: "Friends, this is the glory of life." Thus peacefully, quietly, triumphantly, in the midst of the scenes he had loved so long, he passed away, his life fading out as softly as the tints of a glorious sunset, leaving behind the memory of a perfect day. His death, though not unexpected, was a great blow to many devoted friends; for although he aged before their eyes, growing feebler with each advancing year, yet there seemed in his smile a fountain of

perennial youth, and in his sunny cheerfulness the antithesis of the melancholy tomb. To go back to Georgetown and miss the dear old priest, will be like returning to our childhood's home and missing the form of a venerated parent. May he rest in peace!

His funeral took place on the morning of Friday, July 26th, from Trinity Church, and was as simple and unpretending as his life had been. A large number of visiting clergy, representing the various parishes of the city, and the Jesuit Colleges of Woodstock, Loyola at Baltimore, Worcester, and others, assembled within the sanctuary and recited aloud the office of the dead. Low Mass was celebrated by Rev. William J. Clarke, S. J., after which Cardinal Gibbons blessed the remains intoning the Requiem which was taken up and chanted by scholastics from Woodstock and Gonzaga Colleges. The clergy then formed in procession, with lighted candles, and proceeded to the college cemetery, chanting the appropriate psalms, the congregation following on foot, undeterred by the pouring rain and the splashing mud. For, in accordance with the old saying, "Blessed is the corpse that the rain *rains* on," the heavens were pouring forth torrents all the morning, and an old friend remarked, "Yes, he is truly blessed, whether the rain rains, or the sun shines." There were no costly flowers, no funeral oration, no pealing organ nor trumpet sound, nor shall a lofty column mark his lowly resting place among his brethren; but the regrets and prayers of thousands of devoted friends follow him to that last home, and many a *De Profundis* floats up from fervent hearts to heaven for the repose of his soul.

AGNES HAMPTON.

Washington, D. C., July, 1889.

Tale-Bearers.

THERE are plenty of evil-tongued people to be found everywhere nowadays, who, by their tale-bearing, cause disunion and enmity between the dearest friends, and the devil might well say to them what he once said to an old hag who created the bitterest hatred between a husband and wife that had formerly loved each other dearly: "You are far worse and more mischievous than I and all my companions in hell." What terrible curses are uttered in the Holy Scriptures against those wicked people! "The whisperer and the double-tongued is accursed; for he hath troubled many that were in peace." Not without reason then, does St. Gregory count them amongst the children of Belial; for if it is true that "Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God," there is no doubt that they who disturb peace are the children of the devil. "Six things there are which the Lord hateth, which he cannot bear to see in the world," as the wise man says in the Book of Proverbs, "and the seventh his soul detesteth," and utterly abhors. And what is that? "Him that soweth discord among brethren;" that is, commentators tell us, a tale-bearer who creates strife and enmity among others. Would it not be better for one of that character to be dumb, than to make such a wicked use of his tongue?

No sin, however slight, is a trifling evil. — *St Alphonsus Liguori.*

Home Rule for Scotland.

In connection with the five hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, an interesting ceremony took place on a recent Saturday on the battlefield, when the Scottish standard and the British ensign were unfurled from the Borestone flagstaff, in the presence of nearly ten thousand persons. Professor Blackie, who performed the ceremony, said he wished a real union between England and Scotland, not a usurpation. There was a great danger of a small nation like Scotland losing its nationality when united with a large nation like England. He wished some change made in the constitution of things, and a Scottish Parliament should meet in Edinburgh and do business in a national way. Rev. David Macrae, of Dundee, also spoke. He said England had been slow to learn the value of nationality, and she had always been anxious to extinguish the smaller nationalities around her. She had failed to extinguish the nationality of Scotland, and she was trying the same game in Ireland to-day as she did six hundred years ago in Scotland, when the latter's answer was "Wallace and Bruce." Scotland demanded Home Rule and the management of Scottish affairs, not only in the interests of Scotland, but in the interests of the empire.

Call for a General Congress of the Catholic Laity of the United States,

TO BE HELD IN THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, MD., NOV. 11, 12, 1889.

To the Catholics of the United States.

The centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, which is to be celebrated with befitting pomp and ceremony under happy auspices in Baltimore next November, may naturally be expected to bring together an imposing assemblage of the hierarchy and clergy, as well as a large concourse of the Catholic laity, who will be eager to take part in an event so interesting in itself, and so impressive and suggestive in its religious and historic significance.

That the Catholic laymen of the United States should hold at the same time and place a general meeting or congress would seem most appropriate. When the suggestion of such a meeting was happily conceived and put forth, it was everywhere met with expressions of warm approval. It was felt that a congress of the Catholics of the United States, called without reference to national or local lines, on a broad and generous platform, could not fail to be productive of good results.

It would demonstrate the unity of the entire Catholic body in all that concerns the principles of our holy religion; the harmony, mutual attachment, and good-will subsisting among the different orders in the church, — the hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity, — and it would, moreover, afford an opportunity to testify in a public manner the loyalty

of the Catholics of the United States to the constitution and laws of the land, to which they have invariably been loyal in the past, and may, with equal confidence, be relied on to be faithful and devoted in the future. The advantages of such a meeting, then, being apparent, and its opportunities most evident, there was only required the sanction of authority to justify the call for a general congress of the Catholics of the United States.

We are happy to say the project of this congress has the approval of his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and of other archbishops and bishops.

The preliminaries have been arranged, and the congress is now accordingly called to meet in the city of Baltimore, Monday, Nov. 11, at ten o'clock A. M. It is expected that the session will continue during two days. The local arrangements for the congress are in charge of a committee of Baltimore gentlemen.

The principal subjects for consideration and discussion have been substantially agreed on, and capable gentlemen have been invited to read papers before the congress on the topics proposed to them. General discussion of these questions will be invited, and the titles of the several papers will be duly announced beforehand. The congress is intended to be free and open to all Catholics.

To provide for due order, and so that necessary regulations shall prevail, as well as for the purpose of ensuring general representation from all parts of the country, it has been decided by the committee in charge to issue cards of admission to the floor of the hall, which cards will entitle the person named thereon to the full privileges of the congress. These cards will be placed in the hands of the bishop or administrator of each diocese. Catholics who desire to attend the congress will make application accordingly to the Ordinary of their diocese for the necessary introduction.

Coincidently with the celebration of the Catholic Centennial and the meeting of the Catholic Congress will occur the formal opening of the Catholic University of America at Washington, an institution in which the Catholic laity of the United States feel the deepest concern, and to the future of which they look with hope and pride. This event, would, in itself, be of sufficent general importance to bring together a large number of leading Catholic laymen, who have already signally demonstrated their interest in this great undertaking.

The meeting of the Catholic Congress, therefore, under the conditions proposed, will be seen in every respect timely. The result of the meeting, and the effect of the deliberations and discussions, cannot but prove most useful and beneficial in every respect.

The people of the United States lately celebrated by appropriate religious and public services, and universal rejoicing, the centenary of the formal establishment of our free government. Catholics justly shared in the general joy, as they have likewise participated in the advantages our admirable constitution guarantees to all citizens, especially the precious boon of civil and religious liberty, the seed of which was first planted and nourished in Catholic Maryland.

With eminent fitness, therefore, may we now call our Catholic brethren together to join in celebrating another anniversary of ex-

ceptional interest; to recall the memory of the devoted and patriotic bishop whose zeal for religion and love of liberty have won for his memory the respect and admiration of every American; to testify the unity of their religious faith, their steadfast adherence to true principles, and their unwavering attachment to the constitution and laws of this free and prosperous country.

Signed:

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, CHICAGO, *Chairman*,
HENRY J. SPAUNHORST, ST. LOUIS,
DANIEL H. RUDD, CINCINATTI,
} *Committee on Organization of the Catholic Congress.*

HENRY F. BROWNSON, DETROIT.
M. W. O'BRIEN, "
JOSEPH B. MOORE, "
W. E. HUGHES, "
JOHN HYDE, "
PETER L. FOY, ST. LOUIS.
LOUIS FUSZ, "
MAURICE F. EGAN, NOTRE DAME.
CHAS. A. HARDY, PHILADELPHIA.
PATRICK DONAHOE, BOSTON.
THEO. DWIGHT, M. D. "
CHAS. F. DONNELLY, "
HASKILL DERBY, "
GEO. W. SMITH, CHICAGO.
W. P. REND, "
G. J. SCHMIDT, "
PETER KIOLBASSA, "
L. A. FRANCHERE, "
JAMES ARMSTRONG, "
T. J. SEMMES, NEW ORLEANS.
WILLIAM L. KELLY, ST. PAUL.
HENRY L. HOGUET, NEW YORK.
EUGENE KELLY, "
JOHN D. KEILEY, JR., "
PATRICK FARRELLY, "
JOHN GILMARY SHEA, "
LOUIS BENZIGER, "
LAWRENCE KEHOE, "
LOUIS ERNST, "
PATRICK POLAND, CINCINATTI.
C. A. MUELLER, CLEVELAND.
JOSEPH BAUFT, "
HENRY TELLE, "
M. J. HARSON, PROVIDENCE.
MARTIN NEUHAUSEL, TOLEDO.
P. V. DEUSTER, MILWAUKEE.
EDWARD O'NEIL, "
JAMES H. DORMER, "
JOHN LAWLER, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.
CHAS. T. BONAPARTE, BALTIMORE.
DANIEL J. FOHEY, "

CHICAGO, July 31st, 1889.

The National Fund.

THE National Indemnity Fund has now exceeded £40,000. Among the latest subscriptions acknowledged, is one of £46 11s. 5d., from the bishop and Irishmen of Kingston, Ontario. In the same meeting we find the splendid sum of £677 17s. 11d. acknowledged from the bishop, priests, and people of Dunedin, New Zealand, and the surrounding districts; and this is not the first generous subscription forwarded by the patriotic Irish exiles of the province of Otago. In the course of the letter accompanying this gift, the Most Rev. Dr. Moran says:

"It gives me great pleasure to be the medium of handing this money to the treasurer of the Defence Fund, as, in common with all well-wishers of Ireland, I recognize, in the prosecution of Mr. Parnell and his brother members, an attempt — an unworthy and unjustifiable attempt — to crush a movement which is vital to the prosperity and peace of my native land. I have travelled in many lands, and in continents, during the last thirty-four years, and have been an attentive observer of facts in relation to them, and I am reluctantly compelled to say that, in no country in the world that I have visited, have I witnessed so much poverty, depression, and hopelessness, as in Ireland."

Thank God, the day is fast approaching when these gallant exiles shall see the effect of their generous and loyal support in the freedom of the land they love so well.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

WHO will give us a well-authenticated history of St. Boniface?

EARLY in September Dr. McNulty, recent superintendent at the Retreat for the Insane, Dorchester, will open a private hospital for the treatment of mental and nervous diseases, including dypsomania and the opium habit. Such a house is much wanted in Boston, and Dr. McNulty is just the man to manage such an institution.

POPE LEO XIII. has sent, through Archbishop Williams, the following contributions to the Harvard College library: "Della Geografia Di Strabone," by Giusseppi Cozzi Luzi; "Il Grandi Papiro Egizio Della Bibliotheca Vaticana," "Bibliotheca Apostolica Vaticana—Codicibus Manuscriptis Resensita Jubente Leone XIII.," "Theodori Prodromi Commenturu," "Tatiani Evangeliorum Arabice," "Al Sammo Pontefic Leone XIII.," and "Omaggio Giubilare Della Bibliotheca Vaticani."

WANTED, in every city and town, female canvassers to obtain subscribers for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Good encouragement given. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, a quarterly record of missions among the colored race, is published every three months, at fifty cents a year. Those of our readers (and who are not?) that are interested in the conversion of the colored race, should subscribe for this publication. It is profusely illustrated and filled with excellent reading. Address 401 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE Orangemen behaved well on the 12th of July. We note the change for the better with pleasure.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Snuday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

CALL FOR a General Congress of the Catholic Laity of the United States. This important document will be found on page 279 of this issue of our MAGAZINE.

Father and Son.

QUITE an interesting event took place at Winchester, Mass., on the 20th of July. The occasion was the celebration of the seventy-sixth anniversary of the birth of Mr. H. L. Richards. His son, Rev. Joseph H. Richards, S.J., president of Georgetown University, celebrated Mass at St. Mary's Church in that town, at which Mr. Richards and family were present and received Holy Communion. May our venerable friend live long to enjoy many returns of the occasion. The Richards are converts to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

A Fair for Boston College.

IT was announced at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, Sunday, Aug. 4, that, as subscriptions toward the addition to the College building are coming in very slowly, it will be necessary to hold a fair some time during the fall or early winter to provide the needed funds. It is not too soon to begin preparations, and ladies, who are willing to interest themselves in the project, are requested to put themselves in communication with Father Fulton. It is twenty years since Boston College has made an appeal of this kind to the public, and it should meet with a very generous response.

Cure for Summer Complaints.

GET equal parts of tincture of rhubarb, tincture of opium, tincture of

capsicum, tincture of camphor and essence of peppermint; and when compounded, take from ten to thirty drops in a wineglass full of water, repeating the dose at intervals of twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

Hon. William Taylor,

For six years past health commissioner of Boston, has been appointed manager of the New York & New England Railroad Company's docks. He will have general charge and management of the grain elevator, dock warehouses, freight sheds, etc., and will superintend all the company's business on the docks. He will also have power to solicit freight, and to secure ocean and coastwise traffic.

It is generally understood that this appointment has come to Mr. Taylor without solicitation on his part, and was offered to him because of his record for energy, faithfulness, and ability in the discharge of his duties as health commissioner. This is an entirely new department in the organization of the road, and demands unusual executive ability. Its importance can be estimated when one considers that there are fifty acres of flats available for increasing the terminal facilities of this road, and that in this fact lies the destiny of Boston in the commerce of the Atlantic. The business of the docks has been increasing rapidly of late; in fact, the road has all it can handle under its present arrangements. There is a good prospect that these docks will shortly become an important entrance for the European trade.

The Rev. P. J. Harkins, rector of St. Jerome's Church, Holyoke, Mass., returned home on the evening of Monday, July 15, from his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He received an ovation on his arrival. Thousands met him at the depot, and a procession, consisting of the St. Jerome Temperance Society, the local division of the A. O. H., of which Father Harkins is chaplain, the St. Jerome Guards and two brass bands, escorted him through the principal streets to the church, which was fairly packed, hundreds being unable to gain admission. There Mayor Sullivan, on behalf of the parishioners, presented him with an illuminated address printed on white satin and handsomely framed. Father Harkins responded with much feeling. Before the congregation dispersed, Father Harkins imparted the Papal Benediction.

In 1816 it took just one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails; now, one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth; now, the same amount of barley will pay for twenty yards of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico; now, one bushel of wheat will buy twenty yards of calico.

The Conversion of Catholics.

That is not a bad idea proposed at the meeting of the Methodist ministers to start a mission for the conversion of the Catholics of Chicago. Then the missionaries could not tell so many "yarns" about the "converts" from Romanism as they do about their "converts" in Mexico. The reverend gentleman who originated this bright idea is a humorist of the first class. He had scarcely stirred the zeal of his unsophisticated brothers, and roused their fighting spirit against Rome, when he let them down rather abruptly by declaring, as his solemn conviction, that not one out of every ten ministers in the country could recite correctly the "Our Father." He might have added that the children of some of these gentlemen know a good deal less of religion than do the natives of India or China. Nice people, surely, to teach the religion of Christ to "Romanists."

Mr. Balfour was a successful exhibitor of sheep and lambs at the Royal Agricultural Show, at Windsor, where he carried off first and second prizes, amounting in value to sixty pounds. He took a prize in every class in which he had entered in rams and lambs. We do not, however, see that he has awarded a prize for the battering "ram," popularly known as the "Maiden," says the Dublin Freeman. It is probable that, owing to its numerous engagements in Ireland, time would not permit its exhibition in Windsor. Then, probably its owner was diffident as to its success even there.

BISHOP MARTY, of Dakota, has been elected president of the Catholic Indian Bureau, with headquarters at Washington. He has been president of the bureau since it was organized.

CHURCH PROPERTY.— The French Government has expropriated, and offered for sale, in spite of the protest of the bishop, the property attached to the See of Nimes. But the respect still felt for the church there has prevented any of the capitalists of that rich district from becoming buyers. There has not been a single offer of purchase.

An Interesting College Paper.

THE students of the College of Ottawa, Canada, publish monthly a magazine called the Owl. Their studies by day are so hard, that night offers these young men the only time for writing and compiling this periodical, and hence its name. This magazine is steadily increasing in circulation, and is now nearly two years old, with a bright and prosperous future. The object of the Owl is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their alma mater. The last issue, July-August, is the commencement number, and gives a general review of the work of the college and the young editors. Notwithstanding the number of colleges in the States, Ottawa "gobbles up" a large number of States boys.

Forefathers' Monument

WAS dedicated, with great applause, at Plymouth, Mass., on the 1st of August, and it would be ungracious to criticise too sharply the speeches delivered on the occasion, or the poem by John Boyle O'Reilly. Little as the descendants of Pilgrim or Puritan believe in the doctrines of their ancestors, we can well excuse a little Chinese reverence for their forefathers. But there were some heresies in history that must be noticed. "No historian," says Mr. Breckenridge, "has given to those who first suffered for the sublime truth, that human freedom was impossible except by the separation of church and state, that place of eminence which is, by right, theirs. This is the truth which the Pilgrim Fathers testified. This truth they first brought to America; this is their true honor, this their fadeless crown."

As to the separation of church and state being a truth, there may be a question. It certainly is not a Bible truth; for, in His chosen people, God certainly established a union of church and state, and, after the Babylonian captivity, Simon wore the mitre of high priest, encircled by a royal crown. The Pilgrims and the Puritans alike believed in the union of church and state, and endeavored, at Plymouth and Boston, to establish a pure theocracy.

Our brother editor sings:

"They never lied in practice, peace, or strife;
They were no hypocrites;"

but we are afraid that neither orator nor poet ever read the articles they sent over from Holland, in which they acknowledged the Church of England, in doctrine and ministry, declared that they had no wish to separate from it, and recognized the King, King James, as the source of all spiritual authority, as fully as the court bishop, who declared that James was "the very breath of their nostrils."

The fame of the Pilgrims rests really on their admirable pluck and perseverance, enabling them to plant,—what others had failed to do,—a successful colony, and one that became the fruitful source of others. Their theology is gone; their Bible is gone; their theocracy is gone; but their colony succeeded, and, though merged in the greater one of Massachusetts Bay, may well commemorate its founders.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, in N. Y. Catholic News.

The Great University.

ANOTHER important step has been taken towards the completion of the Washington University, says the Freeman's Journal. The Paulist Fathers, of New York, have purchased the old Middletown House in the Capital. It will be occupied by Fathers Hewitt and Searle and thirteen students of the Paulist novitiate, who have been chosen to attend the University lectures. Other Orders and colleges will establish branches there, so that in the course of time the University will be the centre of a great educational city of its own.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN has donated to the fund for a national memorial to Mr. John Mandeville, who died in the Tullamore jail, the one hundred pounds which he obtained from the Cork Constitution last July for libel.

THE fifteenth annual convention of the Young Men's Catholic Union will meet in Providence, R. I., Sept. 3d and 4th. The importance of these conventions, says the Church News, cannot be over-estimated, as they tend to encourage the struggling Catholic societies to keep up their organizations, and to continue in the good work of providing attractive resorts for our young men, where they will be surrounded by Christian influences. There are many important subjects to be considered by the Providence Convention, including the "Brownson Monument Fund," "Reading Circles," Reciprocity between the Union and Local Societies," "A Press Committee," and "An Increase of the Funds in the Treasury of the Union."

The Corner-Stone

OF the Tyler Institute, the new Catholic educational institution of Providence, R. I., was laid on the afternoon of the 4th of August, with solemn and appropriate exercises. The new institute will be of the highest order of Catholic schools in this state, and it will be the only one of the kind in Rhode Island. The institution is named appropriately in commemoration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Tyler, the first Catholic bishop of the diocese of Providence, who was a zealous advocate of moral and religious training. The institution will aim to afford facilities for an education thorough in all branches, including moral, intellectual, and physical training. There will be two gymnasiums, one for each sex. A part of the building will be utilized for a cooking school.

The architecture is romanesque of a novel design. The dimensions are eighty-six by seventy-seven, and height eighty-one feet. Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins officiated at the ceremony, assisted by many priests. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dennis O'Callaghan, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston. Beautiful weather attended the entire exercises, and there were thousands of people present.

The Murderers of Cronin.

MARTIN BURKE, one of the suspects, has arrived in Chicago. The trial will begin on the 26th of August.

Marine Exhibits for Boston.

THE International Maritime Exhibition, which was to be held in New York from the 21st of September till the 28th of October, will not be held there, but will take place in Boston from Nov. 4 to Jan. 4, 1890. The exhibition, to which nothing similar has ever been seen before, will be on a large scale. It will have an art gallery composed entirely of marine studies, yacht and ship models, and will display ship canals, railroad models, etc. John W. Ryckman is the manager, and the advisory council is composed of prominent shipbuilders.

Annual Report

OF the Superintendent of the Common and Public Grounds, 1889. Mr. William Doogue has presented his annual report to the citizens of Boston. It is artistically illustrated. This is Mr. Doogue's tenth year in the services of the city. We question if there is another man in the city that could present to the citizens so gratifying an account of the Public Garden, Common, etc. Long may Mr. Doogue continue as city forester.

Miss Drexel's Donation.

MISS KATE DREXEL, who recently entered the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Philadelphia, has decided to build a college for the exclusive use of colored people. She has donated twenty-five thousand dollars, and has agreed to pay the salaries of a pastor for a church, and teachers for a school. The Rev. P. A. McDermott, of the Holy Ghost College, Pittsburgh, has been selected to conduct the work. The new institution will be established in Philadelphia. Father McDermott is well known to the readers of The Church News as the author of an interesting sketch on the venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann, which appeared in our columns a few months since.

REV. PATRICK A. HALPIN, S. J., of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, has been appointed president of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

MR. JAMES HICKEY, a gallant survivor of the Veteran Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, in which command he was an officer, was laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery, Flatbush, L. I., recently. He was wounded twice in the battle of the Wilderness, and after the war, took part in the battle of Ridgeway, Canada, with Gen. John O'Neill of Fenian fame. Captured later in the invasion, he was sentenced to death. His friend, the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, prepared him for the scaffold, but his sentence was commuted. He served six years in prison, and on his release returned to Ireland where he had property in Galway. This he lost through his prominence in the Nationalist movement, and he had to return to America to retrieve his fortunes. He had just been appointed to an important position in the New York Post-Office when death came to claim him. The soul of honor and patriotism, the life of James Hickey would furnish the novelist and the poet many a theme for romantic adventure and heroic delineation.

THE IRISH NATIONAL COLONIST AND ANTI-EMIGRANT.—We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of this new paper. The objects of this periodical are to enlist the sympathies of all Irish-Americans, as well as all others interested in aiding industry in Ireland, and to establish factories in the untenanted farm districts of that misruled country, thereby preventing enforced emigration, and affording useful employment to the evicted in their native land. It is an eight-page paper, is published monthly, and offered for one dollar a year. It is well edited by Thomas O'Flynn, 23 Central street, Boston, Mass.

CARDINAL MANNING gave two hundred and fifty dollars to the Father Damien Memorial Fund, and the Duke of Norfolk made the handsome contribution of two thousand five hundred dollars.

The Ave Maria.

THE current monthly part of The Ave Maria opens a new volume of that well-known magazine. A delightful frontispiece, illustrating a fine sonnet, Amongst Women Blessed, by Maurice F. Eagan, first greets the eye. The contents are pleasantly varied, and keep up the Ave Maria's character as an instructive and interesting periodical. The Ave Maria never loses sight of its primary object, viz., the praise of Our Blessed Lady. It appeals for patronage by the quality, quantity, and variety of its contents, and also by reason of its cheapness.

Parnell in Scotland.

THE freedom of the city of Edinburgh was conferred upon Mr. Parnell on the 20th of July. In reply to the address accompanying the presentation, Mr. Parnell said that the Irish people would accept the tribute as another proof of the near triumph of their legitimate aspirations for freedom.

Referring to the special commission appointed to investigate the Times' charges against the Parnellites, Mr. Parnell said that if he had known it would block any inquiry into the Pigott conspiracy he would never have entered the court.

The presentation took place in the Corn Exchange, which was packed to the doors, while hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The Earl of Aberdeen was in the chair.

Mr. Parnell was given an enthusiastic reception, the immense audience rising and cheering him for several minutes. Deputations from all the Liberal societies in Scotland presented addresses.

Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, wrote: "The time has not yet arrived for detailing the memorable experience of Mr. Parnell during the past two years. I believe that experience to be unparalleled in the history of British statesmen in parliament for the last two centuries. I consider the Parnellites to be in the best sense conservatives. They have been a restorative force of great value to the peace of Ireland and the honor of England, while the tyranny of the government has deepened the aversion of Ireland.

THE revised roll of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union shows seven hundred and ninety-one societies, with a membership of forty-nine thousand three hundred and sixty-two.

SPEAKING of the Knights of Labor, Mr. Powderly has no hesitation in saying the order had a membership of seven hundred thousand in 1886, whereas its present membership does not exceed two hundred thousand.

MR. JAMES RILEY sailed on Saturday, July 20, from Boston, per Steamer Catalonia, on a trip to Europe, which will extend over several months. Committees from the Parnell Branch of the Irish National League, of Dorchester and Milton; Mr. P. F. Burke, representing the Catholic Union of the same places; Mr. M. F. Moylan, representing the Grattan Literary Institute of Hyde Park, with delegates from several other organizations, came on to wish Mr. Riley a pleasant voyage and a safe return. On behalf of the various associations, Mr. D. P. Sullivan, president of the I. N. L., presented Mr. Riley with a beautiful field glass.

Honor to an Irish-American.

AT the annual gathering of the surviving veterans of the Eleventh Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, comrade James J. Malony was elected President. The Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment was known as the "Glorious Eleventh," having participated in twenty-five battles, being actively engaged from its baptism of fire at the first Bull Run, to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Mr. Malony, though but seventeen years of age, succeeded in joining the regiment in Washington, June 29, 1861, and followed its fortunes at the first Bull Run, Yorktown, Williamsburgh, and six other battles, concluding with the famous engagement at Malvern Hill. His entire period of service was four years and one month; eighteen months of which being spent in the navy. Mr. Malony has been long and favorably known in musical circles, in the city of Boston, which, by the way, is his natal city. He at present holds an important position in the well-known firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., where he is equally esteemed by his employers, and those under his charge. It gives us great pleasure to sound the praises of one so modest, and yet so worthy of praise. Mr. Malony comes naturally by his military qualities, some of his ancestors having served in the Irish Legion of the French army. The honor now conferred by his comrades is no empty compliment; and we are satisfied that, in elevating him to the position of President, the members of the Veteran Eleventh Regiment were guided by a strong sense of his eminent fitness, his popularity, and his soldierly qualities. We wish him luck.

To Daphne.

OUT of the bower of thy heart, dear,
Pluck me a flower of thy love,
And I will deem it a part, dear,
Of that Heaven that smiles above.

For, love is born of the skies, dear,
And, though you may think it odd,
The more we distribute the prize, dear,
The nearer we come to God!

And love is unlike earth's dross, dear,—
The more it is scattered 'round,
The less do we feel its loss, dear,
And the more in the heart is found.

Then give me, out of thy heart, dear,
Only love's tiniest flower,
And I will deem myself blest, dear,
For the rest of life's autumn hour.

JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

Hyde Park.

VERY REV. CHARLES B. REX will be the successor of the Abbe Hogan, who is about to be transferred to new fields of usefulness in the Catholic University at Washington. Although a comparatively young man, for a position of so great responsibility, there is no anxiety in the minds of those who know Dr. Rex, regarding the fitness, integrity, and marked executive ability.

Archbishop of Toronto.

RT. REV. BISHOP WALSH, of London, Ontario, has been appointed by the Holy See, archbishop of Toronto. The new archbishop was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Archbishop Lynch, which occurred May 12, 1888. Kingston, which was one of the suffragan Sees of Toronto, has been made an archdiocese.

MR. GLADSTONE having been presented with a book on divorce, written by Mr. J. A. Gemmil, a Canadian author, has addressed a reply to the author in which he says: "Reflection tends to confirm me in the belief that the best basis for law is the indissolubility of Christian marriage; that is to say, to have no such divorce or severance as allows re-marriage." That is good Catholic doctrine.

The Press to Blame.

MILWAUKEE CATHOLIC CITIZEN:—Interest in "sporting matters" is so universal that it is wholly impossible to guard against brutal prize fights while there is such a backing of public opinion. We say "brutal," for the word is certainly appropriate in reference to such fights as that of Weir and Murphy lately. One of the backers now says:

"Both men, though they are game and willing to go at each other when commanded by the referee, are physically unable to do any fighting. Murphy's eyes are all but closed, his lower left rib is fractured, and his left arm is strained. The Spider's jaw is fractured, his hands are knocked out and he is, undoubtedly, injured internally. They could not make a fight if they desired."

The considerable space being given in every newspaper to sporting matters is the most inexcusable form of the evil, and, perhaps, its worst feature.

SINCE the purchase of Alaska, it can be said of the United States what has been said of England for the last century — that the sun never sets on her dominions. At sunset in Alaska the next morning's sun is an hour high in Maine.

MR. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York city, recently said that "there were thirty thousand bad women in the city. He said his calculations were well based. He sorrowfully asserted that the American people were deteriorating, and instanced the numerous divorces all over the country. He came to the conclusion that our public-school system was answerable for this. It was a huge political machine. The only remedy was going back to the time-honored system of teaching religion in the schools. The new generation was growing up godless and immoral, highly educated, but to no purpose. Mr. Gerry said that unless this important question was soon taken up, the nation would perceptibly feel the evil effects of the want of some religious training in the public schools."

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is accustomed to speak with vigor when he speaks at all. He has lately given his opinion in regard to the contest between England and Ireland. He declares that in essence the question is not a social or political one, but a question of money. He says to the extortionists point blank: "If ever there was a sordid cause, it is yours; if ever a struggle was a mere affair of pocket, it is this; if ever a wolf railed at the lamb, it is when Irish landlordism calls Heaven to witness the tyranny of the Irish peasantry. Ireland is, politically, one of the most peaceful countries in Europe, where for forty years there has been no show of attack on the forces of government as such. And yet, it is the only country in Western Europe that is permanently governed by martial law."

AN "era of restitution" has begun in Germany. Negotiations are in progress for the restoration to the German bishops of some fifteen million marks, representing church property and revenues sequestrated by the government during *Kulturkampf*.

MR. DILLON, Mr. Deasy, and Sir Thomas Esmonde, have pushed on northwards from New South Wales, where their whole tour approached a triumphal entry into the colony. But great as was their success in New South Wales, it would seem to pale before the reception they have received in the northern colony of Queensland. At last accounts they had addressed only half a dozen meetings in Queensland, and no less a sum than three thousand two hundred pounds have been contributed to the cause. It is estimated that at least six thousand pounds will be subscribed by the colony. Considering the country, and its population, and its distance from Ireland, so magnificent a demonstration of its sympathy with the Irish people here at home is certainly touching.

LEADERS and factions may rise and fall; selfish intriguers may for a season bring disgrace upon the cause; but Parnell, amid all the passion and fury, still stands the immutable rock of Irish independence.

Dementiæ Amoris.

IN love all men are just the same,
Both prodigal and absent-minded;
Let Beauty her desire but name,
And common-sense at once is blinded.
There is no difference in caste,
He may possess a pipe or peerage:
Love is a thing that can't be classed—
It travels cabin style or steerage.

A mild insanity, it seems—
A temporary aberration;
The stricken man as one who dreams,
Is rambling in his conversation.
No heed takes he how runs his purse,
To count expenses savors treason;
He buys enough of silly verse
To make young poets lose their reason.

Oh, you who never yet have felt
These symptoms of a happy lover,
Nor to a blushing girl have knelt,
Nor timidly have leaned above her,
A word with you: When you have found
That only one for whom you tarried,
Don't be engaged a twelve month round,
And make yourself a dunce. Get married!

THE REV. LORD ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, so well known in London as the father and protector of poor boys, is just now going through the by-ways and highways of Scotland preaching the truths of Catholic belief. He has a large painted caravan in which he sleeps at night, and in which he daily offers the Holy Sacrifice for the conversion of the land of his fathers. For Scottish ears the Douglas name hath a music and a romance all its own; and we are not surprised to learn that the Apostolic preaching of this humble yet high-born priest is exercising wonderful influence upon the Caledonian heart.

The Biblical Deluge.

REV. FATHER GEMINER, in an article in the Catholic World, sustains the opinion that the Biblical Deluge was confined to the countries about the Caspian Sea, and that probably it did not extend beyond the mountains towards the west of the present Chinese Empire, and says that it may even be doubted that it covered the mountains of Syria or Asia Minor. He is also of opinion, for reasons advanced, that only a portion, and perhaps only a comparatively small one, of the human family living at that time, was destroyed by the cataclysm.

American Machinery Abroad.

IT is a remarkable fact, observes the Iron and Steel Trade Journal, London, that in the manufacture of different kinds of machinery the Americans can beat us in price. Wages in the United States are about fifty per cent higher than in this country; materials are from twenty-five to fifty per cent dearer; yet the finished machines can be put on the market cheaper. It is true that the Americans cannot send out machines to neutral markets any cheaper than is done by our manufacturers; but it is surprising that they can at least meet us in price.

Base Ball.

REV. FATHER CARR, editor of the Colorado Catholic, says in a recent issue of that paper: "Some of the old Puritan stock may consider base ball an invention of the devil; but for genuine enjoyment and relaxation of mind, give us a good, close game. We are glad to see that gentlemen are devoting themselves, even professionally, to the exercise, and we are also glad that gentlemen are patronizing the game. There was a time when through the disrepute of players, and the doubtful character of many patrons, it lost its hold upon the public; but that time has gone, never, we hope, to return. For exercise of body and mind, base ball stands first among national games. It suits the American spirit: it is scientific: it is healthy, without overtaxing. We advise parents to let the youngsters play the game, looking only to the associations. It is far better to have a boy playing ball, and thus building a strong constitution, than to have him spending his every hour over books, and thus run counter to nature. A young book-worm makes an old invalid; a boy of out-door play and plenty of it, will be a man physically strong and fitted for the brain tax which will come and should come only in manhood."

THE Sultan has forcibly closed a school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, at Sivas, in his dominions. The French government has demanded that it shall be re-opened. But the French government will not permit a Jesuit school to exist in France. A strange government is that of France.

Home Rule Granted.

THERE was a curious contrast in the House of Lords recently, which agreed without a division to a bill granting a Home Rule constitution to the colony of Western Australia. The Tories will not hear of giving Home Rule to Ireland, but without a murmur hand over a territory almost as big as Europe to forty thousand ex-convicts settled on its borders.

Irish and Parisian Beauties.

A FOREIGN correspondent of a New York paper, speaking of a brief tour in Ireland, says: "But if the American visitor be disappointed in the scenery — and he will not if he has an eye for the beautiful — and the hotel accommodations are inadequate and high priced, he will be surprised at the beauty of the Irish girls. The women of Paris are queens in their way. A well-dressed Parisian has more "style" than any other woman in the world, and they are as beautiful as art can make them, but they in no way compare with a real Irish girl for beauty. An hour's stroll on the Grand Parade in Cork, Grafton street in Dublin, or any of the leading streets of Belfast, will be a revelation. There you will find scores and scores of black-eyed women who make no pretension to dress, but who are real beauties in face and form. The true Irish girl has milk-white skin. Her cheeks are as red as June roses. Her teeth are like pearls. Her hair is long, black as a raven's wing and curly, and she carries herself with the majesty of a hussar on parade. It must have been an Irish girl that the gifted Miles O'Reilly had in mind when he wrote his beautiful lines on "Jeannette's Hair."

THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH-AMERICAN: The contribution of one thousand marks to the Johnstown sufferers by the German Dowager Empress Augusta, stands in strong contrast with the contribution of Queen Victoria. The English Queen is enormously rich, and has many times the wealth of Augusta, but she could only afford to send her sympathy. Unfortunately sympathy does n't buy bread or clothing, and the people of Johnstown will probably appreciate Augusta's gift more than Victoria's.

JAKE'S JOKE: Have n't you heard what that was? Why, he was hurrying home in Philadelphia past a saloon, when one of the squatters shouted from the sidewalk: "Hey, Uncle Jake, what 's your hurry? Come in and take something." But Jake shook his head sadly and walked on without slacking his pace, exclaiming: "No, I can't stop now; I've just bought a new bonnet for Mary Jane, and I want to get it home before the style changes." It was a wise precaution.

Temperate Canadians.

MONTREAL TRUE WITNESS: Those who have witnessed with pain the rapid increase in the number of places licensed to retail spirituous liquors in the large cities of Canada, will find some consolation in a report recently prepared by the United States Bureau of Statistics in connection with the consumption of wines, malt, and spirituous liquors.

The consumption per capita in different countries is given as follows, the figures denoting gallons:

Countries.	Spirits.	Wines.	Malt.
United States	1.28	0.59	12.48
United Kingdom	0.98	0.38	32.88
Germany	1.09		24.99
France	1.24	26.74	
Denmark	4.23		
Canada	0.84	0.10	3.50

It will thus be seen that Canada is one of the most temperate countries in the world. The consumption of ardent spirits in the United States is very great, far exceeding that of the people of the United Kingdom; but the latter country distances even Germany in so far as malt liquors are concerned. France still adheres largely to the use of wines, which, unfortunately, are undergoing the grossest adulteration even in that country, as shown by the reports published under the authority of government. The people in the larger cities are, however, largely addicted to the use of *absinthe* which produces even worse effects than the poisonous gins and brandies so largely sold over the counter in English-speaking countries. Canada's rank in the above table speaks volumes for the sobriety of our people, more especially in the rural districts; and a country inhabited by a sober, industrious, and intelligent population need have no fear of the future.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—American edition—ten cents. For sale by all newspaper dealers.

RT. REV. JAMES O'CONNOR has returned to Omaha after a ten days' visit to his old home in Pittsburgh. The Rt. Rev. prelate has been the spiritual director of Miss Kate M. Drexel, and it is under his auspices that her immense wealth will be utilized for the Christianizing of the Indian and negro races. Miss Drexel will receive the religious habit at the Convent of Mercy, Pittsburgh, early in November.

Marshal McMahon.

AT a recent visit to the Paris Exhibition, Marshal McMahon was met by Mr. J. P. Leonard. He said: "I am here just to see how Ireland acquits herself. Take me round to the Irish stands. I am no judge of exhibits, but can make a rough guess at quality, and should be much pleased to find that Ireland is as far advanced as I wish her to be." The Marshal was taken to see the Donegal peasant women's art needle-work, the homespun cloths, and those exquisite damask table-cloths, woven of colored silk and colored flax, which Mr. Ernest Hart had sent. The ex-President was delighted to see that Irish women and Irish girls are still as deft as of old; and he promised that the Duchess of Magenta, when he sent her to look at their work, should show her appreciation by making substantial purchases. He ended his visit with a stroll through the exhibits sent by Victoria and New Zealand. He said that he felt as fresh as a boy, and was never ill for a day, and that he owed his tough constitution to Ireland.

THE highest price ever paid for a modern picture was that given for Millet's "Angelus," at an auction sale in Paris. The original price paid the artist was five hundred dollars, but it was eagerly bought for $110,800. The picture is described as simple, unaffected, yet filled with the spirit of religion and art. An American offered to give fifty thousand francs to the poor of Paris, if the purchaser of the "Angelus" would sell it for the price he paid for it. What a neat fortune this would have been to the artist if he was alive!

THE Earl of Fife, the husband of Princess Louise of Wales, magnanimously refused to accept a wedding present from his tenantry. He thanks them cordially for their kindness; but says these are not times in which the tenants ought to devote their resources to objects which are not strictly necessary.

RIGHT REV. MGR. TONER (formerly the respected pastor of Bradford, Pa., and now attached to the Propaganda, Rome), has been on a visit to his friends in Ballina, Ireland, and also in connection with the missions of the Sacred Congregation. On Sunday, June 23, he officiated in the Cathedral, Ballina, and preached to an immense audience. Mgr. Toner speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the glorious prospects of the Irish cause, springing from the magnificent bond of union that exists between the priests and people,—the faithful priests and the faithful people as he called them, of the grandest and most faithful of all Catholic nations.

CARDINAL MANNING, in a recent masterly speech, summed up the Education Question as far as regards the action which Catholics must take inside their own body. He pointed out in forcible terms that after so many years working of the Act of 1870, there are two million children in voluntary schools to one million in board schools; that, with all their wealth, the latter are only running neck-and-neck with the Catholics, the poorest part of the population, for first place in point of efficiency. He denounced, in fitting terms, the outrageous idea that the government has any right to step in between parent and child in the matter of education, when the former is able and willing to do his duty.

IT is stated that the Beardwood estate of Mr. John Walters, chief proprietor of the London Times, will shortly be offered for sale. This has only transpired since it became evident that the government, for obvious reasons, did not intend to act upon their original intention to ask Parliament to defray the costs attendant upon the Forgeries Commission, the enormous expenses of which have exhausted the financial resources of the "Thunderer."

THE URSULINE CONVENT was destroyed by a mob in Charlestown (now part of Boston), Aug. 11, 1834.

THE dedication of the new building of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society at Lynn, took place on the evening of Tuesday, Aug. 6.

MR. MORGAN GRACE, of New Zealand, brother to ex-Mayor Grace of New York, and an Irishman, has been raised by the Pope to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Count Grace is travelling on the continent, and will visit his motherland.

The Catholic Press.

THE Bishop of Salford is a good friend of the Catholic press. He says: "We are now in the age of the apostolate of the press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands. All should take part in the apostolate. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed. . . . We need writers, a multitude of subscribers, and a numberless body of men and women sowing and scattering the truth wherever English is read and spoken. This means, zeal, labor, and, we may add, humility; for the work has not the apparent dignity of debates on public questions, and passing resolutions, though it will be as certain of its spiritual results."

A MAN who is all the time complaining of the wrong-doing of other people, is said to be growing hump-shouldered, spiritually, because of the load of other people's sins that he is bearing. His own sins give him no concern.

A STINGY man, of Burlington, Vt., drew up some valuable papers, and used ink of his own make to save expense. The other day he found the writing had faded out, involving him in a loss of seven thousand dollars.

THE CHURCH NEWS, published at Washington, D. C., copied from DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for August, Miss M. T. Elder's article, "Why I am proud to be a Catholic."

Emigration.

THE Treasury Department's statement of foreign emigration for June, 1888, reports a falling off during the past fiscal year of over one hundred thousand from the figures of the previous year. "This decline," says the report, "was mainly in arrivals from the following-named countries: From Great Britain and Ireland, a decrease of 27,607; from Italy, 26,229; from Norway and Sweden, 24,196; from Austria-Hungary, 11,637; and from Germany, 10,133." The enforcement of the laws against contract labor and pauper imigration has probably had something to do with these results, notwithstanding the systematical efforts of the British Government to unload its assisted emigrants on this country.

Every Child at a Catholic School.

IN a recent interview, the great Cardinal Manning took great delight in saying there was nothing in his whole episcopal career which gave so much consolation to his heart as the fact that there was not a single Catholic child in London, known to the clergy or anybody who was not in a Catholic school. His Eminence said he was urged to erect a cathedral; but the cathedral he wanted to see during his episcopal career, was a cathedral built up of living stones, the souls of the children of his congregation. He said he would leave to his successors, if need be, to erect a cathedral, but he would do his duty and have all the children in his diocese instructed in the Catholic faith.

How to be a Nobody.

IT is easy to be a nobody, and the Watchman tells us how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime, play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything let it be the dime novel of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be a nobody.

A CABLEGRAM from Rome states that a number of bishops have petitioned the Vatican to canonize Christopher Columbus, on the recurrence of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, which will occur on Oct. 11, 1892.

ONE of the basso-relievo on each of the four sides of the pedestal supporting the statue of Giordino Bruno, represents Servetus being burned to death by order of John Calvin at Geneva! That is the only creditable feature about the whole disgraceful monument to a bad man.

Ice-Water.

DR. HAMMOND, in the North American Review for June, thus discourses: "Water for drinking purposes should never be below fifty degrees. We can almost always get it, even in the hottest weather, as cool as this by letting it run for a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any country well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India 'monkey,' which can now be had almost anywhere in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that if ice-water should generally be discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened, and existence rendered more tolerable."

A very satisfactory way of cooling water to a pleasant temperature for drinking is to keep it in the ice-box. A square glass bottle holding several glasses is best for this, though, if there is room in the ice-box, a pitcher may be used. The square bottle is economical of space, and if filled when drawn from will supply a goodly amount of cool water.

AT a recent reception in Rome was a young Irish lady, who, when the Holy Father had received her in the ordinary form, and when it was expected that she would ask for the blessings usually asked for on such occasions, said: "Holy Father, pray for the cause of Ireland!" The Pope, with a look of marvellous sympathy on his countenance, said: "I always pray for Ireland; it is very near to my heart!"

MGR. POPIEL, Archbishop of Warsaw, has been named Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, and the Czar has authorized him to accept this dignity. It is the first time that such an authorization has been granted by the Russian Government to a Polish Prelate.

The Population of the United States.

THE present estimated population of the United States is sixty-four million. The rate of increase, exclusive of immigration, is estimated at 1.8 per cent. per annum — about one hundred thousand a month. By immigration the increase of population averages over forty-three thousand a month, or over half a million yearly. The aggregate annual growth from both causes will not fall much short of a million and three-quarters. The estimated foreign population is not far below fourteen million.

PROF. FRESENIUS of Wiesbaden, after a long series of chemical analyses, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries, and four pounds of pears, and that one hundred and fourteen pounds of grapes, one hundred and twenty-seven pounds of russet apples, one hundred and ninety-two pounds of pears, and three hundred and twenty-seven pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to one hundred pounds of potatoes.

A Warning.

WE take this interesting piece of news from a Western contemporary: "A newspaper in Ohio recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment in each case for the amount of each claim. Of these, twenty-eight made affidavit that they owed no more than the law allowed, thus preventing attachment; then, under a decision of the Supreme Court, they were arrested for petty larceny and bound over in the sum of three hundred dollars each. All but six gave bond, while six went to jail. The new postal law makes it larceny to take a newspaper or magazine and refuse to pay for it."

NOTES ON RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

P. O'Shea, New York.

MORE'S CATHOLIC; or, AGES OF FAITH. By Kenhelm H. Digby, Vol. II. Containing Books V. and VI.

The enterprise of Mr. O'Shea, in giving to the Catholics of America this great work, is worthy of all praise. This is the second volume, of seven hundred octavo pages, is well printed, on good paper. This great work will be completed in four volumes, royal 8vo, cloth, $15; half morocco, $30. To non-subscribers the price will be (delivered free of express charge): Cloth, per volume, $5 net; half morocco, per volume, $6.25 net. Subscribers are not asked to pay the whole subscription at once. They need only pay for each volume as it is delivered. The volumes are delivered to subscribers in every part of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Ireland, free of express or postal charge.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

A NOVENA IN HONOR OF THE HOLY FACE OF OUR LORD, adapted from the French of the Abbe Jauvier, by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion, with an introductory notice by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Preston, DD., LL.D., Prothonotary Apostolic, Vicar-General. Price 10c.

This little book is embellished with a portrait of the Holy Face imprinted on the Veil of Veronica, and enshrined in St. Peter's, Rome. This devotion is spreading throughout the world.

THE Messrs. Benziger have reprinted Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Parnell Movement. No man is better fitted to write the history of that movement than Mr. O'Connor. He has been in the thick of the fight since the beginning. He is thoroughly equipped for his task, having acquired a brilliant and interesting style, and possessing an intimate knowledge of the political history of Ireland, and a close acquaintance with all who have helped of late years to make it.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

MANUAL OF PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF THE CATHOLIC LAITY. Prepared and published by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Prices from $1.25 to $6, according to binding.

Being prepared and put forth with the authority of the Plenary Council, it will take the place, as the Council intended it to do, of the various prayer-books which have been in use hitherto. It is so arranged that the entire service for the Mass, for every Sunday in the year, can be followed by the congregation just as it is said by the clergyman. It was compiled by Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, C. S. P., of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York city, and has the approval of Cardinal Gibbons, the Papal delegate at the Council, and of Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, who had special supervision of the work. Every page, in proof sheets, was sent to every bishop and archbishop in the United States, and as issued it has the unanimous indorsement of the hierarchy.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

AMONG the great literary works of the nineteenth century is A History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages, by the celebrated historian, Dr. Janssens. The necessity of having this history in English has led a number of persons to ask permission of the author to translate it, says the Church News, of Washington, D. C. Dr. Janssens has given his consent in writing to Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, now a resident of Washington, who is at present engaged in the laborious task of translating the six large volumes, containing about four thousand pages. The first volume will be completed next month, and will soon be given to the publisher, whose name has not yet been made known. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be gained from the fact, that it will require about forty thousand dollars to put the translation properly on the market. When Mrs. Mitchell was in London, Cardinal Manning suggested that it be sold by subscription, and offered to head the list. We have been assured by the translator that it will not be disposed of in this way, but through the channels of the regular trade. It is supposed the first volume will be issued by November. In this connection we will mention the fact that one hundred and thirty-one thousand copies of the original work have already been disposed of. Mrs. Mitchell deserves the thanks of every English student for her labors.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

THE MOST REV. DR. RYAN, coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe, died recently in that town. Archbishop Croke presided at the ceremonies of the funeral.

JOSEPH PROJECTUS MACHEBEUF, for many years Bishop of Denver, Col., died at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, North Denver, on the 10th of July. Bishop Machebeuf was born in Riom, France, June 11, 1812; received his education in the seminary of St. Sulpice, where he was ordained a priest, Dec. 13, 1836. He was given a parish in the vicinity of Clermont, where he remained three years. In 1839, in company with Most Rev. John H. Lamey, he came to America, and was sent to Cincinnati by Archbishop Purcell. Here he obtained a knowledge of the English language, and, in June, 1840, was sent to Sandusky, O., to organize a new congregation. Here he was highly successful. After eleven years spent in Ohio, he went to Santa Fé, N. M., with Bishop Lamey, as vicar-general, in 1851. He remained seven years in New Mexico, officiating in various capacities in church work. In 1858 he removed to Sonora and Chihurhua, Mexico, and was afterward appointed, by the court at Rome, ecclesiastical administrator of Arizona. His career was marked, during his work in the wilderness of that territory, with much adventure. He arrived in Denver in 1860. In the spring of 1868, he received from Rome his official appointment, and, in August following, was consecrated vicar-apostolic for Colorado, in the cathedral at Cincinnati. He returned at once to Denver, and was received with an ovation from Catholics and Protestants alike. Clergymen in Denver, and his people, built the first church, purchased the first pipe organ, the first bell, and erected the first academy in Denver.

CLERGYMEN.

THE Archdiocese of Cincinnati has sustained a great loss in the death of one of her most able and devoted priests. Worn out by unceasing toil to the service of the Divine Master, Rev. Robert F. Doyle, pastor of St. Edward's Church, Clark street, Cincinnati, on the afternoon of July 11, peacefully sank into the eternal rest that he had so well earned by his zealous Christian life. Father Doyle was born June 9, 1849, in Listroline, county Kilkenny, Ireland. He came to America in 1854, and entered St. Thomas' Seminary, Bardstown, Ky. In 1862 he entered Mount St. Mary's Seminary of the West, Cincinnati, where he completed his philosophical and theological studies, and was ordained by the late illustrious Archbishop Purcell, on Feb. 6, 1865.

THE Rev. Pius McPhee died at Tracadia, N. B., on July 12. Father McPhee was in his seventieth year, and has devoted forty-five years of the time to fruitful service in the priesthood.

THE late rector of Archbald, Pa., Rev. Patrick J. Roche, was born in Galway, Ireland, forty-five years ago. He was, for fifteen years, a faithful worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

MGR. JAMES A. CORCORAN, founder and editor of the American Catholic Quarterly Review, died July 16, in Philadelphia, Pa. Mgr. Corcoran was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1820. He made his ecclesiastical studies at the Propaganda, Rome; was ordained priest in 1842; returned to Charleston the following year, and organized the Diocesan Seminary, in which he was appointed Professor of Theology. He held this office, together with that of pastor of the Charleston Cathedral, till 1851. He was chosen secretary of the Baltimore Provincial Councils of 1855 and 1858, and of the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1866. He accompanied the four doctors sent by Gen. Beauregard, in 1862, to the relief of the yellow fever sufferers of Wilmington, N. C., and remained in pastoral charge of Wilmington till 1868. Mgr. Corcoran was present at the Vatican Council, 1869–70, having been selected by the American bishops as a representative doctor of the church in the United States. After his return from Rome,

he was appointed professor in the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, near Philadelphia, Pa. Mgr. Corcoran was a fine linguist, and a man of marked literary ability. For fifteen years he edited Bishop England's paper, the United States Catholic Miscellany. In 1876, he founded, with Messrs. Hardy and Mahony, of Philadelphia, the American Catholic Quarterly, which he brought to the head of Catholic publications in the English language. He is a great loss to the church in America. "Please say nothing in my praise, as it does no good," he wrote to the historian of the church in the Carolinas. He would have asked the same with his latest breath; but it is not easy, in such cases, to respect the wishes of those whom we honor.

The funeral took place on the 20th, from the Cathedral. The services were very impressive, and were attended by several hundred priests, and a large concourse of people. Archbishop Ryan celebrated the Requiem Mass. The assistant priest was Very Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, V. G. The deacons of honor were Very Rev. John Fitzmaurice, rector of Overbrook Seminary, and Rev. Valentine Valentini, one of the professors of the same institution. The deacons of the Mass were Rev. William Kieran, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's, and Rev. Herman J. Haruser, of the Seminary. The Rev. David Brennan, rector of the Church of the Assumption, was master of ceremonies. The Mass was sung by a choir composed of priests and seminarians, under the leadership of Rev. Joseph O'Keefe. Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, preached the sermon, and Cardinal Gibbons pronounced the benediction.

SISTERS.

DIED, in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 13, Sister Angelin, of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum. She was, for twenty-seven years, a member of the Order of the Sisters of Charity, and spent her life in doing good.

MOTHER HORTENSE, Superioress of St. Mary's Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., died on July 8. The devoted religious was, for thirty-three years, engaged in her holy calling. Mother Hortense was the sister of Mr. Manly Tello, editor of the Catholic Universe.

SISTER MARY BARBARA HOGAN died at St. Xavier's Convent of Mercy, Broad street, Providence, R. I., on Sunday, July 7.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE funeral of the late Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, wife of the late ex-President Tyler, who died July 10, took place from St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, Va., Friday morning, July 12, at eleven o'clock. The sacred edifice was filled with representatives of every walk in life. Gov. Lee and Judge Joseph Christian headed the honorary pall-bearers, which included Mayor Ellison, Judges Fitzhugh, Wellford, Witt, and other prominent citizens. Father Charles E. Donohue, of Fredericksburg, celebrated the Mass. Bishop-elect Van de Vyver performed absolution, and read the prayers for the dead, both in English and Latin. Father Donohue accompanied the remains to the grave, where he concluded the services. The procession was one of the largest ever witnessed in Richmond.

MRS. CAROLINE, widow of Thomas Looby, of Salem, Mass., died at her residence in that city, on the 1st of August, aged seventy-four years eight months. She was a remarkable woman in many ways, her generosity being widely known, and her Christian acts familiar with the Catholic people throughout New England and New York. Her husband was also famed for his philanthropy, his gifts including the well-known Looby Asylum, which was the beginning of the present City Orphan Asylum. He not only purchased the house and endowed it with ten thousand dollars, but he was instrumental in getting the Gray Nuns to Salem from Canada to manage the institution. His public bequests amounted to over eighty thousand dollars. He also left a large amount of property to his wife, and specified in his will that a handsome amount of money should be given to the City Orphan Asylum after her death. Both were active and influential members of the St. James Catholic Church, and they were dearly beloved by the members of other Catholic churches far and near. Mrs. Looby was an intense Irish patriot, her hatred to England resulting from cruelties to her parents

many years ago. She was a sister of of the late John Culliton, an influential citizen of Salem.

Mr. John Reardan, an old and respected citizen of Boston, died on the 1st of August, after an illness of several weeks, aged seventy years. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church on the 3d, where solemn Mass was said for the repose of his soul, which may God rest in peace.

The Boston Herald says: Everybody who has admired the beauty of the floral displays on the State House lawn and in the old Granary burying ground on each recurring season — and who hasn't? — will lament the death of John Reardon, to whose taste and skill these things of beauty were due. His full-blown tulip beds were always the earliest harbingers of spring, and the click of his lawn mower in front of the State House was the first reminder to the legislators that the summer was coming and that it was time to adjourn. Green be his grave above him.

William Fitzpatrick died on July 23d, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Hugh Reiley, at Yonkers, N. Y., in his one hundred and sixth year. He was born March 4th, 1784, in the parish of Nockarne, Queen's county, Ireland, and came to America forty years ago, when he was sixty-five years of age.

Sir William Ewart, member of Parliament for the north division of Belfast, is dead. He was a leading Conservative or Tory.

The O'Donnells of France.

Death of Mme. Challier de Grand Champs, of this Famous Family.

We note with regret, the death of Mme. Challier de Grand Champs, of Paris, France, aunt of the Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, of East Boston. Mme. Challier was the daughter of Dr. John B. O'Donnell, and Frances Shiel, sister of Dr. Shiel, all of Ballyshannon, county Donegal, Ire., sister of Dr. James O'Donnell, deceased, of Dublin, Dr. Constantine B. O'Donnell, deceased, and Col. Joseph O'Donnell, at one time in command of the forces of Carrickfergus. She was aunt to the late Rev. John B. O'Donnell, who was ordained at Maynooth College, Dublin, eighteen years ago, and formerly in charge of the Star of the Sea Church, East Boston, also to the Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, his successor; to Sisters Madeleine Xavier and Bonaventure Joseph, both professed nuns in the Convent of Mercy, Manchester, N. H.; and Mr. Constantine A. O'Donnell, of Boston. The late Dr. Constantine O'Donnell was well known in Boston. He made his course in Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris, and practised some years ago as physician and surgeon in Dublin and afterwards in South Boston; and was also a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and considered by his confreres a most skilful surgeon, being often called upon to perform very delicate and important operations. Father Hugh Roe O'Donnell, an alumnus of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, is famous as a temperance lecturer, and was for three years president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Madame Challier de Grand Champs was the widow of Dr. Challier, an eminent physician and surgeon of Amiens and Paris, whose family belong to the old noblesse of France; he was a personal friend of the late Emperor Napoleon III. and a great favorite at court. Madame Challier leaves three children — Dr. O'Donnell Challier de Grand Champs, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, standing high in his profession, having been honored with a medal bearing Coat of Arms of the city of Amiens, presented to him by the city for his display of skill and courage during the cholera epidemic in 1866; Hugo Challier, editor and proprietor of a leading journal in Paris; and a daughter, the present Countess M. Cremoux. Madame Challier was an accomplished lady, a fine linguist, and noted for her charms of mind and person. She was a sincere and practical Catholic. Mrs. Dr. O'Donnell, mother of the late Rev. John and Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Mr. Constantine O'Donnell, also Sisters Madeleine and Bonaventure, is closely related to the orator, historian, and poet, the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, member of parliament. The late Dr. Shiel, who left two hundred thousand dollars to build and endow a hospital for the sick poor

of Ballyshannon, was an uncle of Madame Challier and grand-uncle of Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell. The kindred of the O'Donnells in France include some of the most famous names of the French nobility.

THE death of Miss Fanny Forrester, the well-known Irish poetess, took place at her residence, Bradford, Manchester, England. The deceased lady was the daughter of the late Mrs. Ellen Forrester, author of Songs of the Rising Nation, and inherited much of her mother's talents.

The Festival of St. Ignatius

WAS celebrated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, on Friday, Aug. 4. The panegyric was preached by the Rev. J. B. O'Halloran, of St. Augustine's, South Boston, in which he did full justice to the founder of the Society of Jesus.

BOSTON COLLEGE.—We refer to the advertisement of Boston College on the advertising pages. The terms are very moderate. The first session commences the first Monday in September.

Profession of a Daughter of the Hon. J.C. Madigan.

ON Tuesday, July 16, Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the beautiful chapel of the Monastery of the Second Order of St. Dominic, at Newark, N. J., was the scene of the always solemn and touching ceremony of a nun's profession. On this occasion, the event was of special interest to New England Catholics, the candidate for profession being Miss Alice G. Madigan, daughter of the late Hon. J. C. Madigan, of Houlton, Me. Miss Madigan's name in religion is Sister Mary Albert of the Rosary. Bishop Healy of Portland, Me., and several members of Miss Madigan's immediate family were present. Bishop Healy celebrated the Mass, officiated at the profession, and preached the sermon. His text was "They shall be as the angels of God," and he developed eloquently the thought that by the vows of religion, the happy mortal called to serve God in the cloister, already begins the life of holiness and pure love which the blessed lead in heaven. The Order in which Miss Madigan has made her perpetual vows dates from the thirteenth century. It is like the Carmelite Order, strictly cloistered and contemplative. The nuns offer their lives to God as so many unbroken acts of reparation. They chant the Divine Office daily in choir. The Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is kept up in this monastery. The nuns make the rich vestments used in the service of the altar, and do exquisite illumination, etc., as did the nuns of their order in the olden time. There are now forty-two choir nuns and lay sisters in the Newark Monastery. A monastery of the same Order has just been founded at Hunt's Point, New York. Two other daughters of the Hon. J. C. Madigan are nuns in the Society of the Sacred Heart. One of these received the white veil seven years ago at the great central novitiate at Conflans, France, and is now about to return to France from Eden Hall, Philadelphia, to make her solemn profession.

THE REV. T. J. CONATY, D. D. rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., received a splendid ovation from his parishioners, and the people of Worcester generally, on his return from his vacation trip to Europe. Lyceum Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and crowded to its utmost capacity. Father Heaphy made a brief address of welcome, expressing the anxiety with which he, in common with the members of the parish, followed the footsteps of their pastor during his absence, and the pleasure with which they now greeted his return. Mr. John Timon, on behalf of the parish, presented a feeling and eloquent address of welcome, and a velvet-lined case containing one thousand dollars in gold. On rising to reply Father Conaty was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. He spoke with deep feeling of the pleasure he experienced on his return to the people whom God had committed to his care, and of his appreciation of the kind words and cordial welcome with which they had greeted him. He complimented Father Heaphy on his faithful and efficient administration of the parish in his absence.

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DR. A. M. DAM is a graduate of the regular school of medicine, University of New York. His practice brings him in contact, daily and yearly, with hundreds and thousands of cases, thought by many physicians to be incurable. His wonderful success in restoring health to this class of people is a positive guarantee of his superior skill and judgment.

Persons suffering from long-standing diseases should consult Dr. Dam, personally or by mail, before giving up hope.

NOTE. — Dr. Dam wishes it distinctly understood that he is in no way in competition with regular physicians, who are doing regular practice. He is an expert, and only desires such cases for treatment as have been pronounced incurable by other physicians, or cases where the patient is satisfied that he is not receiving proper treatment.

Persons unable to visit our office, should send for one of our SPECIAL BLANKS, which will be sent to any person, FREE. These blanks enable a person to give a clear and concise statement of their symptoms. After carefully considering the same, Dr. Dam will write his opinion of the disease, and tell whether or not, in his opinion, it is curable. This will COST YOU NOTHING, and may be of great value to you.

Do not give up Hope because you have not found a Physician that understands your case.

The following persons have been cured after being pronounced incurable by their attending physicians:

Timothy Murphy, pedler, Malden, Mass.; under treatment at Mass. Gen. Hospital. Case pronounced consumption; cured.

Ada E. McFarland, 144 Main Street, Charlestown; cured of sick-headache. Case pronounced incurable by five different physicians.

Mrs. Esther Holden, West Bangor, Me., age 83 years ; cured of gravel, fifteen years' duration.

Mrs. M. E. Delano, 4 Hancock Street, Everett, Mass.; cured of facial neuralgia. Pronounced incurable at the hospitals.

Mrs. F. H. Thorndike, 8 Allen St., Boston. Completely cured of sick-headache and dyspepsia, by using $3 worth of Dr. Dam's remedies, after paying other physicians over $1,000 without obtaining relief.

Peter H. Kiernan, 27 Cohannet St., Taunton, Mass., used remedies, and reports remarkable results.

Dennis J. Foley, Keene, N. H., after suffering with dyspepsia for eight years, pronounced Dr. Dam's remedies the best he ever used.

Lewis C. Morrill, 51 Everett Ave., Chelsea. Completely cured of sick-headache after suffering 41 years.

G. H. Osborn, Baxter St., Quincy. Cured of nervous dyspepsia and constipation.

Mrs. F. H. Pratt, East Weymouth, Mass. Fully cured of a stomach trouble of eight years' duration ; pronounced incurable many times.

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THE IRISH NATIONAL COLONIST AND ANTI-EMIGRANT, is the name of an eight-page, neatly printed, monthly paper just started in Boston. The objects of this periodical are to enlist the sympathies of all Irish-Americans, as well as all others interested, in aiding industry in Ireland, and to establish factories in the untenanted farm districts of that misruled country, thereby preventing enforced emigration and affording useful employment to the evicted in their native land. It will also be devoted to the interest and advancement of general commerce. Thomas O'Flynn is editor and manager. Price, $1 a year. Office, 23 Central street, Boston, Mass.

Monumental, Statuary, Marble, and Granite Works.

WE beg to call the attention of our readers, and the Reverend Clergy in particular, throughout the entire country, to the advertisements in our MAGAZINE, of the leading marble and granite manufacturers of Quincy, Quincy Adams, and West Quincy, that appear in our present issue of this MAGAZINE. Messrs. McGrath Brothers, whose works and yards are next to the Quincy Adams station, are very extensive dealers and manufacturers of granite and marble. They can fill all orders promptly from any part of the country. See their advertisement on page 1 in this MAGAZINE. Messrs. McDonald & Kelly, whose yards and works are opposite McGrath Brothers, are large dealers and manufacturers of Quincy and New England granite, polished monuments, headstones, etc. Mr. Thomas F. Carey, close to McDonald & Kelly, has an extensive concern where he superintends all his own work; his works are on Copeland street, West Quincy, and he is a large dealer in granite, monumental, and cemetery work. Next to this is Mr. C. L. Calderera, who makes a specialty of granite and drapery work; his place of business is on the corner of Copeland and Miller streets, West Quincy. Next to this is Messrs. Fuller, Foley & Co., artistic memorials and granite work of every description, West Quincy. Mr. James F. Desmond is another very large dealer and manufacturer of granite, monumental, and cemetery work, Hammond granite monuments, curbing, and headstones. His works are on Miller street, West Quincy; and on the outside of our cover can be seen the advertisement of Mr. T. F. Mannex, one of the most extensive manufacturers of all kinds of monumental work, Quincy granite monuments, statuary, tablets, curbing, etc. His works are located in West Quincy. So that if any of our numerous readers want anything in this line, they can be promptly supplied from any, or all of the above establishments. We guarantee this.

Her Laugh — In Four Fits.

AT ten a blithesome little maid,
Restrained by nought but nature's law,
Went romping o'er the glassy glade
And laughed a merry
Haw, haw, haw.

At twenty she was bright and fair;
But now restrained by fond mamma,
She only tossed her golden hair,
And laughed a rippling
Ha, ha, ha.

At thirty she was more sedate,
And, still from wedded bondage free,
She said her time was growing late,
And laughed a yearning
He, he, he.

At forty she despaired of joy,
For none had come her heart to woo
She sighed for either man or boy,
And laughed a doleful
Who, who, who.

$5,000 INSOMNIA.

INSOMNIA, namely Sleeplessness, has caused, and causes more misery, hopelessness, and utter despair to its victims, than any other ailment that flesh is heir to. Insomnia is not only a source of extreme misery and danger in itself, but is the fountain-head and forerunner of numerous other diseases. Dr. Berkley Howard, late of London, now of Boston, who has himself been a severe sufferer from this terrible malady, has discovered a perfect cure in his own person for insomnia, and prescribes it to his suffering patients with entire success. The remedy is purely vegetable, and is free from all the deleterious ingredients usually found in such remedies, namely, opium, chloral, chloroform, ether, etc. After using this remedy for a short period natural sleep will ensue, and all treatment can cease. Dr. Howard's well-known merits in Europe, and his present success here, is ample guarantee for a trial of this valuable remedy. Dr. Howard will, on demand, deposit the above-named sum against a like amount from any quarter whatever, as a guarantee for the efficacy of this hypnotic, and abide an impartial verdict. This is not a patent medicine, and is prepared only by Dr. Howard, and sent direct from his office as ordered. Address, inclosing stamp, for particulars, DR. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., opp. Museum, Boston, Mass., or seen at Office, daily.

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A Miracle in Lowell.

A WONDERFUL miracle is reported from St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Lowell, Mass., where the feast of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin, was observed. The miracle is the curing of paralysis of Frank Paris of 2 1-2 Race street, Lowell, Mass. Mr. Paris was born in Three Rivers, Canada, forty-three years ago, and is the father of three children, the oldest twenty years of age. He was employed in the Lawrence corporation until two years ago, when he was stricken with paralysis while out walking on Fort Hill Park. Since then he has been unable to move either his left arm or leg, and has carried a cane. He has been a devoted attendant at the novena held at St. Joseph's, and for nine successive days prayed fervently to St. Anne to be relieved of his malady. After receiving the blessed sacrament he placed his cane inside the altar railings, and to the surprise of the immense throng, walked without aid to the last pew of the edifice. Thousands of people visited the church to-day to view the cane. Mr. Paris confirms the foregoing statement, and ascribes his cure to St. Anne. He can now walk, although his limbs are a trifle stiff. A similar incident occurred at the same church a year ago, when Mrs. Charles Hamel, who had been a cripple for twelve years, was cured.

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How They Punish Bank Thieves in Ireland.

AT the Commission Court in Green street, Dublin, before Baron Dowse, James Humphrey, Ross Todd and Henry Morgan were indicted that they, on the 9th of August, 1888, being employed as clerks in the Provincial Bank of Ireland (Limited), did, whilst they were so employed, receive and take into their possession certain moneys to a large amount — to wit, the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds for, and in the name and on account of the said bank, their masters, and then fraudulently and feloniously steal. Second count, charges an act of similar embezzlement within six months from that date — to wit, on the 31st of August, 1888, of the sum of four hundred and thirty-six pounds. Third count charges like embezzlement of £744 18s 8d on the 1st of September, 1888. The prisoners, who looked very depressed, on being arraigned, pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantel clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

The New National Zoological Garden.

DURING the last session of Congress the sum of two hundred thousand dollars was appropriated for the establishment of a zoological garden in Washington. The necessary site for it has now been selected. It comprises about one hundred and fifty acres, lies to the northwest of the city, about two miles from the White House, along the banks of Rock Creek, and is said to be admirably situated and in every way well adapted for its purpose. It is expected that before next winter, the necessary arrangements will be so far advanced that the animals, now inappropriately housed in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution, can be removed to their new quarters.

To any of our readers in town or country requiring law transacted, we recommend them to one of our best young lawyers, Mr. J. P. J. Ward, whose office is 64 Hemmenway Building, corner of Tremont and Court streets, Boston. He is true, honest, and efficient.

What Catholics have done in the Past One Hundred Years.

CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN: — One of the subjects for a paper at the coming Catholic Congress in Baltimore is: "What Catholics have done in the past one hundred years." There is no occasion for such a paper. It is not opportune for the convention to burn incense under the nose of the Catholic public, or to meet as a mutual admiration society. Consider what Catholics have *not* done, so as to profit by their shortcomings. Consider the millions lost to the church during the past century in this country. Consider the wasted opportunities for colonization. Consider the lack of representative Catholic laymen, etc. But don't fritter away the time of the convention by chanting pæans over the fact that one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was a Catholic, and that Gen. Sheridan received the last Sacraments on his death-bed. In view of the multitude that has strayed away from the church, and of the millions who, to-day, need instruction and assistance, let up on the red fire and hurrah business, and go to practical work to be of use in this day and generation.

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Mention DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE when you write. aug 90

Limit Drunkenness.

NEW and ingenious measures to limit the prevalence of drunkenness are now enforced in the larger cities of Denmark. The Danish police are under instructions to drive in a carriage to his home every drunken man found in the streets or in the parks. A man too drunk to tell his name is taken to a station house and kept there till he becomes sufficiently sober to give his address. Then he is accompanied to his residence by an officer in a cab. The carriage bill in both cases is sent to the saloon keeper who sold the man the last glass of liquor he drank before his arrest. Suitable ordinances provide for the enforcement of the payment of the bill by the saloon keeper.

ONE of the largest house-furnishing establishments in Boston is C. E. Osgood & Co., 748 to 756 Washington street, in the building lately occupied by the Continental Clothing House, covering acres of ground. Why, they are selling Roxbury Tapestry and Lowell Extra Super carpets at fabulously low prices, as they are all other kinds of goods in the house-furnishing line. We recommend all our friends to give them a call, if they want to save money.

A Good Prescription.

A PHYSICIAN who is not a Catholic, or with any apparent disposition to become one, said in a meeting of a Medical Society: "When I have a serious case, and my patient is a Catholic, I make him send for the priest and set his spiritual affairs in order." This excited no little astonishment; but Dr. G. maintained his ground. "Try it," he said, "and you will find, as I have done in scores of cases, that your patient, with mind calmed and tranquillized, will reap twice as much benefit from your treatment, as he would unvisited by the priest."

ANY of our readers in want of show cases will do well to call on Mr. C. J. Raymond, successor to Hoffman & Farley, 100 Sudbury street, Boston. All sizes, grades, and styles can be purchased of the new firm at very low prices.

Dublin Review — Brownson's Review.

THE following numbers of the above reviews are for sale at the office of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE:

BROWNSON'S REVIEW.

January, 1874. October, 1875.
July, 1875.

DUBLIN REVIEW.

April, 1879. January, 1880.
April, 1880. July, 1880.
January, 1881. July, 1881.
October, 1881. January, 1882

WE take great pleasure in announcing to the public that Mr. E. T. Lamb, dealer in furniture, carpets, ranges, stoves, and general house-furnishing goods, has made a large addition to his store, and at present has one of the finest establishments at the South End, corner of Union Park and Washington streets. It is the cheapest place in Boston, and you can buy anything you want in his line for cash or instalments. Don't forget this.

A Pious Fraud.

A MOST daring robbery was perpetrated in the Montreal Seminary lately. An apparently pious Father of the Trappist Order honored the above institution with a visit, and set forth that he had just arrived from foreign parts. He was received with open arms, as the Trappist Society is greatly respected by Roman Catholics, and succeeded in making the acquaintance of Father Stewart, of the Trappist Society of Oka. The last named gentleman had come to Montreal on business, and disposed of some butter for four hundred dollars, putting the money in his room while at Mass. The first mentioned stranger made the best of this opportunity, slipped into Father Stewart's room, pocketed the money and skipped. He has not been captured yet. The stranger played the *role* of a clergyman to perfection.

ON the outside cover of our MAGAZINE will be found the advertisement of Mr. F. L. Tay, Jr., general insurance, whose office is at 82 Water street, Boston. Mr. Tay has had twenty years' experience in the business, and is, in every respect, reliable and trustworthy.

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An Important Decree.

By a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, signed by his Eminence Cardinal Laurenzi, Prefect of the Congregation, dated 28th of June, and issued by desire of the Holy Father, the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is ordered to be observed in future throughout the Universal Church as a double of the first class, without an octave or obligation to hear Mass or abstain from servile work.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this Magazine, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct'89

"Irish" and "Germans."

There are not a half-dozen "Irish-American" or "Hibernian" banks in the United States. There is only one "Hibernian" or Irish-American insurance company in the country. On the other hand there are more than fifty "German-American" banks in the western, middle, and eastern states. A dozen German-American fire insurance companies, several "Germanian" life insurance companies, and more than two dozen German daily newspapers. In twenty of the leading cities the German-American element have, aside from their church edifices and Turner Halls, well established club-houses; while not even in New York or Boston where they are strongest, are the Irish-Americans thus supplied. Of course, one measure affecting this matter is the fact that Irish-Americans affiliate more easily with existing national establishments; they are not held together by linguistic ties. But this does not wholly explain the matter. It suggests thought.

We copy the above from the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen. What have our leading young men to say to it?

If you want a nice suit of clothes, well made, well fitting, for either summer, fall, or winter wear, go to Messrs. McFarland & Kilroy, tailors, Liberty Tree Block, 630 Washington street, Boston, and you will be suited there.

Worsteds and Woollens.

The question is asked, what is the difference between worsted cloth and woollen cloth? The answer is: Worsted goods are composed of wool that has been carded and combed, while woollen goods are made of wool that has been carded, but not combed.

The Costs of War.

The total number of troops furnished by all the states for the Union army, 1861–65, was 2,859,132. Number of Federal soldiers killed in battle, 61,362. Died afterwards, 34,727. Died of disease, 183,287. Total died, 279,376. Total deserted, 199,105. Federal troops captured, 212,608. Number of troops who died while prisoners, 29,725. Total cost of the Civil War (direct and indirect), $6,189,929,908.

Number of Confederate troops, who died of wounds or disease (partial statement), 133,821. Deserted (partial statement), 104,428. Killed in action (estimated), 51,525. Wounded in action (estimated), 227,871. Confederate troops captured, 476,169. Number died while prisoners, 26,774.

The money spent for drinks in an American city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, is put down at $25,000 per week the year round. That is $1,300,000 thrown away, and worse; and seven-tenths of it comes from the day laborers.

An Indian, having heard from a white man that too much religion is as bad as none, replied: "I don't know about having too much religion; but I think it is better the pot should boil over a little than not boil at all."

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1889. No. 4.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Deceased Bishops of the United States.

MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., FOURTH BISHOP AND FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK, A. D. 1837.—V.

THIRTEEN centuries ago, long before the foot of a Norman invader had polluted the holy soil of Ireland, there was a place in green Ulster, famous for the learning, the piety, and patriotism of its sons and daughters. In and around this place scores of tapering spires, surmounted by the cross, soared upward to heaven from church and convent and monastery. From morn till eve, from night till morn again, the song and canticle were heard, and from thousands of hearts praise and adoration were poured forth to Him who had suffered for their redemption. In and around this place the doors of the religious houses were ever open to shelter the unfortunate, to clothe the naked, and to rest the weary; the inmates vowed to chastity and charity, lived for love alone and for the service of God. And in this place, when the good bishop, with his priests, proceeded to the cathedral to celebrate the holy Mass, a thousand clansmen of Sir Owen accompanied him, and laying down their spears, knelt, as faithful children should, before the altar of God. This was in the olden time, when Catholicity was in its zenith in Ireland, and when the See and city of Clogher was famous for its piety and patriotism throughout Europe. The See still remains. But where is the city, where the cathedral, the convents, the monasteries, and the alms-houses erected by our fathers centuries ago? Ask the ruins that loom up on every side as you drive past Augher, Clogher, or Auchnacloy? If they could speak, they would tell you that what the Northmen, Plantagenets, and Tudors could not accomplish, the brewer's son, Cromwell, and Hanovarian William, brought to a successful termination — their destruction.

The ancient city of Clogher has dwindled into a village, a small one at that, with about a score of houses, most of them thatched; but

the historic memories that crowd around its name are embalmed in Irish history, and the memory of the men to whom it gave birth will not soon be forgotten. Priests, bards, and warriors were born there who shed glory on the land of their birth. Priests who exhorted their flocks to fight for their faith and motherland; bards who instilled by their songs a fiery glow of valor into the heart of the warrior; and warriors who willingly died for faith and liberty. The city of Clogher is no more; but while the See exists, the name, the fame, and glory of one of its greatest and grandest sons, the giant, John Hughes, — the fourth Bishop and first Archbishop of New York, will last!

John Hughes was a Milesian. There was not a drop of Saxon or Norman blood in his veins.

"He was kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxon nor Italian."

In the Topographical and Historical Map of Ireland, compiled from the ancient Topographies of O'Dugan and O'Heerin, and from the Annals of the Four Masters, the latter the best authority on the ranks, titles, and territories of the Milesian families, we find the Clan Hughes, or McHughs, occupying territory at Clogher. There were also O'Hughes in the Kingdom of Connaught, as mentioned by Keating in the Topographical Appendix to his History (O'Mahony's translation), and he states they were also to be found in Cavan as well as in Tyrone; on both sides he was Milesian. His mother was a McKenna, sprung from the chiefs of Truagh, from a family as ancient and as honorable as his own.

Ireland, prolific land of genius, has given to Europe some of the most profound divines, greatest generals, and ablest statesmen. England, France, Spain, Austria, all have had the benefit of Irish talent and Irish worth. But it is America that has received the great influx of Irishmen, — men of exalted as well as of humble birth, — and she received them with open arms and generous heart, for which generosity they have paid her back, in the pulpit, the council chamber, and the battle field an hundred-fold. It is only in America that Irish talent and genius have had a "fair field and no favor," and, consequently, have taken the lead in almost every department in life.

Patrick Hughes, the father of the first Archbishop of New York, was a native of the county of Tyrone, the land of the Kinel-Owen, the land of the O'Neill. He was born in the penal days, and lived and died while the penal code was still in existence and rigorously carried out. He was a small farmer or cotter (whose hardships and piety Burns has immortalized in The Cotter's Saturday Night); that is, one who rents a few acres (at an exorbitant rent), from the farmer who rented it from his landlord. Early in life he married Margaret McKenna, a scion of the house of Truagh. Sons and daughters came to them, and, as they grew up, the former worked as laborers on the farm, and the latter aided the mother in her household affairs. John Hughes was born in or near Clogher, on June 24, 1797.

Patrick Hughes was educated at a Tyrone hedge school. His parents were too poor to send him to Louvain, or to the Irish College in Paris. His English rulers made it a crime for him, or any of his

countrymen, to become educated in their own country; but, notwithstanding the rigor of the law, many learned men, who had studied at these colleges, came to Ireland, and by a hedge, at the risk of their lives, imparted to their young countrymen all the knowledge, all the learning, all the piety and patriotism which they themselves possessed. In this way was the father of John Hughes educated. These men instilled into the hearts of their young rebel pupils a love of Ireland, a love of Irish song, of Irish traditions, a love of Catholicity, and, along with these, a holy hatred of the Saxon. Some of their pupils afterward became *philomaths*, and, "in words of learned length and thundering sound," thought that they could outdo their teachers. No matter, they meant well. Were it not for them Irish music would be lost to-day, and Moore's Melodies would never have been written.

We can well imagine how young John Hughes, after a hard day's work, while seated beside a blazing turf fire, in his father's cabin, listened to, and drank in, the stories, the legends, and the deeds of his fathers. How his young heart must have throbbed at the deeds of the O'Neill and O'Donnell at Clontibret and the Yellow Ford, and of the prowess of Owen Roe at Benburb; of how the McKennas, aided by the O'Donahues of Cavan, made many a raid and foray on the Saxon, stormed his castles, and carried off his beeves. How, for five centuries, a Norman had never planted foot in Tyrone, and that from the hills of Cavan to where the Finn and Monroe meet and mingle with the Foyle, a foreigner had never displayed his flag. Benburb lay beside him; he had often fished in the stream from whose banks Munroe retreated in despair; at his elbow lay Clontibret, in Monaghan, nor afar lay the Yellow Ford, where Legrave and Bagnell went down. It is no wonder he loved Ireland and liberty; but his love of God and Holy Church was stronger than all. He prized the heroic deeds of his fathers, their bravery and devotion to their country; but more warmly and strongly he prized the devotion of the Irish Catholic priests, in their day of tribulation, and wished, like them, to suffer and endure for the faith. He wished to be a priest, and often in his boyhood prayed that God would some day vouchsafe to him the grace of offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

John Hughes was one year old when the rebellion of 1798 burst out. Though no battles were fought in his native county, persecution was as rife there as elsewhere in Ireland. The Catholics of Ulster were all looked upon as rebels, and, when caught, a short shrift and a ready rope was theirs. Fifty thousand British troops patroled the island; as many more Orange yeomen and mercenary Hessians aided them in murder. Thousands of the latter had fought against Washington in the Revolution, from Brooklyn to Yorktown, and were most accomplished cut-throats; but bad as they were, they were a thousand times outrivalled by the ferocity of the Orange yeomanry. These men were the descendants of the English and Scotch settlers who came to Ulster, after the fall of the great Hugh of Tyrone, and settled there. They were loyal to servility to the House of Hanover, were fanatics in religion, and looked upon their Catholic neighbors with a contempt only due to slaves. So, when the rebellion broke out, the settlers

banded together, under the auspices of the English government, to murder the "Popish rebels." They were armed, drilled, and disciplined by the government for this purpose, and well the Orange yeomanry did their work. After the battles of Ballinahinch and Antrim their ferocity knew no bounds. Raids were of daily frequency, and often the midnight sky was reddened by the blaze of burning cabins, while the inmates were perishing in the flames. Amid such scenes as these John Hughes passed his infancy.

Patrick Hughes did not take part in the rebellion. It was not through lack of patriotism, but because his intelligence taught him that an unarmed people, no matter how patriotic they might be, were no match for one hundred thousand disciplined soldiers, backed up by all the resources of a great empire. He therefore remained neutral. So prudent was he in all his proceedings during this eventful time, that while his neighbors' cabins were burned over their heads, and the jails filled with "rebels," he remained secure and unmolested in possession of his little farm.

Time passed on and John Hughes emerged from infancy to boyhood. The authorities permitted schools to be established at Augher and Auchnacloy. Both of these he attended, and became a proficient in the English branches; but his father did not continue prosperous, and he was reluctantly compelled to take his boy from school, to work as a laborer on the farm. In this laborious occupation he continued for years, spending his nights in study, storing his mind with all the knowledge he could glean from the books that came in his way. So great were the persecutions under which the Catholics suffered, that even the prudent Patrick Hughes could endure them no longer. He resolved to emigrate to America. Accordingly, in 1816, he came to this country, and settled at Chambersburg. Next year his son John joined him at that place, and afterwards his wife and children. At this time Dr. Clarke says: "John worked for a year or more with his father, working in stone quarries, mending roads, and applying himself to any honest labor that presented itself. But it was not long before he became aware of his providential proximity to the College and Theological Seminary of Mount St. Mary, at Emmittsburg, Md.; nor was he long in applying, though unknown and unintroduced, for admission to its classes, upon the condition, usual in such cases, of his rendering a return by teaching the youngest scholars, and by such other services as he could perform. But there was no vacancy at the time. Disappointment did not discourage him; but he went from time to time to the College to seek admission, and was told each time there was no vacancy. Far from becoming disheartened, he became only the more vigilant in watching his opportunity, and for this purpose he went to Emmittsburg, and obtained work there, in order to be at hand when the long-sought vacancy should occur. He worked as a day laborer on a little stone bridge over a small stream on the road from Emmittsburg to Taneytown. His deportments and associations gained for him a consideration not usually accorded to laborers. Here he made the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Cooper,

the benefactor of Mother Seton, who was then pastor at Emmittsburg. So anxious was he to enter the sacred enclosure of the Mountain, that he begged Mr. Dubois, the President, to receive him in any capacity until a vacancy occurred. He was not embarrassed when told that the only situation vacant was one in the garden. He joyously accepted this position as one step towards the priesthood. In return for his superintendence of the garden, he was to receive board, lodging, and private instruction. There seems to have been a chain of providential circumstances leading the way to Mount St. Mary's. His duties were faithfully discharged in the garden, and his hours for study were availed of to the best advantage. His Latin Grammar was frequently his *vade mecum* in the garden, and the observation of this fact by the President led to his being relieved mostly of the garden, and introduced as a regular student in the College in 1820."

In 1825, having already received ecclesiastical tonsure, and subdeaconship, he was made a deacon, and attached himself to the diocese of Philadelphia. He was ordained a priest by Bishop Conwell, at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 1826. He was afterwards appointed to the pastoral charge of St. Joseph's. Here his sermons attracted general attention, and were attended by the elite of Philadelphia. In 1829 he preached a powerful sermon in St. Joseph's Church, in commemoration of the great event just accomplished in Ireland, through the untiring efforts of Daniel O'Connell, Catholic Emancipation. This sermon was his first great effort at pulpit eloquence, and it was a grand success. It was afterwards published in pamphlet form, and was inscribed to Daniel O'Connell. Speaking of this Dr. Clarke writes: "The Church Register, the Protestant Episcopal organ, could not allow this exultation of patriots, in the deliverance of a down-trodden country, to pass without publishing a violent article on the subject, in which 'the trumperies and delusions of popery' were discussed with the usual want of fairness and Christian charity. This was the occasion of a public controversy between Mr. Hughes, whose articles appeared in the United States Gazette, and the Rev. Mr. Delancey, whose organ was the Church Register. This controversy, which lasted several months, resulted in teaching Protestants that the time was past when they could abuse and vilify the Catholic Church with impunity, and that in Mr. Hughes that church had a champion always able and ready to meet their assaults."

About this time the anti-Catholic feeling in the United States was just commencing. The opposition was due, in a great part, to the rapid progress Catholicity was making, which opened the eyes of the bigots of the various sects to the fact that there was a *living* church in their midst; as well as to several anti-Catholic publications of the "Maria Monk" class, which had a large circulation throughout the country. Among the champions who were determined to put down the "Power of Rome" in this country, was the Rev. John Breckenridge, a Presbyterian minister. In 1830 Mr. Breckenridge challenged the Rev. John Hughes to discuss the question, "Is the Protestant religion the religion of Christ?" The controversy was carried on in the Catholic and

Presbyterian newspapers for several months, and attracted such attention, that the articles were subsequently collected in a volume which had, for a time, a wide circulation. In 1834 Mr. Breckenridge renewed the challenge by proposing an oral discussion on the question: "Is the Roman Catholic Church, in any or in all its principles and doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty?" Father Hughes immediately came forward as the Catholic champion. The debate was published in book form in 1836, and has gone through several editions since, all of which have been published by Catholics, and was regarded with great interest by the public of both parties.

In 1837, Bishop Dubois, of New York, having demanded, on account of age and infirmity, some relief from the cares of the Episcopate, the Holy See appointed Father Hughes coadjutor. He was consecrated Bishop of Basilopolis, in New York, on Nov. 26, by Bishop Dubois, assisted by Bishops Kenrick of Philadelphia, and Fenwick, of Boston. "I remember," said Archbishop McCloskey, long afterwards, "how all eyes were fixed, how all eyes were strained to get a glimpse at their newly consecrated bishop; and as they saw that dignified and manly countenance, as they beheld those features beaming with the light of intellect, bearing upon them the impress of that force of character which peculiarly marked him throughout his life, that firmness of resolution, that unalterable and unbending will, and yet blending, at the same time, that great benignity and suavity of expression; when they marked the quiet composure and self-possession of every look and every gesture of his whole gait and demeanor, all hearts were drawn and warmed towards him. Every pulse within that vast assembly, both of clergy and laity, was quickened with a higher sense of courage and of hope. Every breast was filled with joy, and, as it were, with a new and younger light."

In about two weeks after Bishop Dubois was attacked with paralysis, from which he never wholly recovered, and in the following year the Pope appointed Bishop Hughes Administrator of the Diocese. Education was one of the earliest subjects that engaged his attention, and in order to facilitate it he founded a college at Laforgeville. One of his first measures was directed to a reform in the tenure of church property, which was then vested in lay trustees, a system which had often given rise to scandalous conflicts between the congregations and the Episcopal authority. All the churches in the city, only eight in number, were in debt, and five sure bankrupt, and on the market to be sold. Bishop Hughes resolved to shoulder the church debts, to remove them from the hands of the laymen, and secure the titles in his own name. In this undertaking he was violently opposed by the trustees. He, however, succeeded in the end. The indebtedness of the churches in the city amounted to about three hundred thousand dollars, and on this twenty thousand dollars interest was yearly due. To wipe out this vast debt was no easy task, especially as the great majority of his congregations were poor. But so unflagging was his energy and zeal, and so indefatigable was he in the pursuit of his object, that he had the pleasure of knowing before his death, that all the churches were almost clear of debt.

"In 1839," says Dr. Clarke, in his Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the United States, "the Holy See, in consequence of the increased infirmities of Bishop Dubois, relieved him of the administration of the diocese, and appointed Bishop Hughes Administrator. In August of that year, Archbishop Eccleston arrived in New York with instructions to carry this arrangement into effect. One of Bishop Hughes' firs steps was the establishment of St. John's College, at Fordham, for which purpose he purchased the beautiful estate called Rose Hill, remarkable for its natural and cultivated beauties, and venerable in its historical associations with the War of Independence. The estate cost thirty thousand dollars, and the expense of fitting up the buildings for the reception of the students was ten thousand dollars. These amounts were raised by voluntary contributions, by collections in Europe, and by the loan of small sums at five per cent. interest. On the 14th of October, 1839, he addressed a pastoral letter to his diocese, recommending earnestly the new institution to the liberality of the people, and on the 16th of the same month, he sailed for Europe, with the purpose of obtaining the aid of men and money for his diocese. This was his first visit to Europe; he was received by the Pope, king and people, in the various countries he visited, with every mark of respect and kindness. He was delighted with Rome, where he spent three months, and received valuable presents from the Holy Father. He also went to Vienna, to solicit aid from the Leopoldine Society, from which he obtained a liberal donation in aid of his college and seminary. From Vienna he went to Munich, and thence to Paris, and in the latter city secured the services of a community of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to found a school in New York city. He visited his native country, where he formed the acquaintance of Daniel O'Connell, whom he greatly admired. In his native island he saw again, and sympathized with, his oppressed countrymen and the friends of his boyhood. He spoke publicly on several occasions while abroad, chiefly in the interest of the American Church, and after a successful mission, teeming with fruits, he returned to his episcopal city in July, 1840."

During his absence in Europe, the school question was discussed in weekly meetings, held by the Catholics, in the school-house attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral. The bishop arrived from Europe early in July, and attended the weekly meeting in the school-room, on July 20, at which he made his first great speech against the common-school system then existing in New York city and state, and in relation to the common-school fund. As the dispute on the school question continued, it brought the bishop still more prominently before the public. He made speeches at nearly all the meetings. These speeches attracted not only the attention of the Catholics of this country, but even of Europe; and the *expose* of the school-books then in use was extensively copied and commented upon by the European press. It was charged by Catholics that the common schools were sectarian in character, and they complained of the injustice of taxing them for the support of schools to which they could not conscientiously send their children. An association was formed for obtaining relief. It demanded either

that the taxes should be removed, or that a change should be made in the system of education. The Catholics petitioned the Common Council in September, 1840, to designate seven Catholic schools as "entitled to participate in the Common School Fund, upon complying with the requirements of the law." Remonstrances to this petition were sent in on behalf of the "Public School Society," by its president, R. C. Carnell, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and other Protestant clergy, and on Oct. 29 and 30, both parties appeared before the Common Council, and occupied the two days in debate. "The Public School Society" was represented by Messrs. Theodore Sedgwick and Hiram Ketcham as counsel; the Rev. Drs. Bond, Bangs, and Reese, and a Mr. Peck, on behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Dr. Knox on the part of the Reformed Dutch Church; and the Rev. Dr. Spring for the Presbyterian Church. Bishop Hughes answered them all in an elaborate speech of several hours' duration; but, notwithstanding the able and lucid speech of the bishop, the petition was not granted.

The Catholics, under the lead of their talented bishop, were determined not to give the matter up so easily. They presented a petition to the State Legislature praying for redress. A bill in their favor passed the Assembly, but was lost in the Senate, and was finally referred to Hon. John C. Spencer, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Common Schools, who reported unfavorably of the common-school system. This alarmed the society, and they sent a remonstrance to the Legislature against granting the petition of the Catholics. Both parties had a hearing before a committee of the Senate, Hiram Ketcham appearing for the society, and James W. McKeon and Wright Hawks for the Catholics. A bill was framed in conformity with the recommendations of the Secretary of State, and put before the Senate, but after a long debate was finally postponed.

In the ensuing election the school question became a striking prominence in the political canvass. The Catholics, by the advice of Bishop Hughes, held meetings in what was then known as "Carroll Hall," and nominated an independent ticket. The result of the election showed them to be so strong that some modifications of the existing school system were soon effected. Throughout this exciting controversy, Bishop Hughes was the animating spirit of his co-religionists, and was called on at times to defend himself through the press against the personal attacks of his opponents. About eight o'clock on election night, April 12, 1842, a gang of ruffians proceeded stealthily to the residence of the bishop, who was absent at the time, as were also the clergymen belonging to the Presbytery, and proceeded to demolish the windows with stones, brickbats, and clubs. After wreaking their malice to a considerable extent, they ran away to prevent recognition.

In the Know-Nothing days, when bigotry and intolerance were rampart, Bishop Hughes was the greatest enemy and the only one dreaded by these fanatics. They endeavored to enact in New York, as they did in Philadelphia and Boston, the bloody scenes that had

disgraced the fair province of Ulster, in Ireland. But Bishop Hughes was at the head of the Catholics in New York, and — but we will let the eloquent Dr. Clarke tell the story: "The devastating spirit of Know-Nothingism, which had perpetrated such outrages and sacrileges in Philadelphia, was disposed to break forth also in New York; and but for the undaunted courage and bold spirit exhibited by Bishop Hughes, scenes still more disgraceful and fatal would probably have been enacted in the latter city. The New York leaders of this church-burning faction invited their brethren from Philadelphia, more experienced in their favorite occupation, to visit the metropolis of New York. These willing patriots readily accepted the invitation, and a delegation, bringing with them the identical national flag which, it was alleged, had been trampled upon by the Irish-Catholics during the riot in Kensington, were expected in New York in May, 1844, and a public meeting of their friends and a grand procession were arranged in their honor. Bishop Hughes saw at once that the secret object of this movement was to re-enact the horrid outrages of Philadelphia, and he resolved to defend with his flock the churches to the last extremity. But, in the interests of peace, he called upon the Irish-Catholics of the city to avoid all public assemblies, especially the contemplated meeting of Know-Nothings, and to shun the occasion of outbreak. He called also upon the mayor, Robert H. Morris, and advised him to prevent the proposed demonstration. "Are you afraid," asked the mayor, conscious of the real tendency and object of the movement, "that some of your churches may be burned?" — "No, sir," replied the bishop; "but I am afraid that some of *yours* will be burned. We can protect our own. I come to warn you for your own good." — "Do you think, Bishop, that your people would attack the procession?" — "I do not; but the native Americans want to provoke a Catholic riot; and if they can do it in no other way, I believe they would not scruple to attack the procession themselves, for the sake of making it appear that the Catholics had assailed them." — "What, then," enquired the mayor, "would you have me do?" — "I did not come to tell you what to do," said the bishop; "I am a churchman, not the Mayor of New York; but, if I were the mayor, I would examine the laws of the state, and see if there were not attached to the police force a battery of artillery, and a company or so of infantry, and a squadron of horse, and I think that I should find that there were; and if so, I should call them out. Moreover, I should send to Mr. Harper, the mayor-elect, who has been chosen by the votes of this party. I should remind him that these men are his supporters; I should warn him that if they carry out their design there will be a riot, and I should urge him to use his influence in preventing this public reception of the delegates." It is sufficient to say that no demonstration was made by the Know-Nothings. New York was saved from a fearful riot, and the credit was justly accorded to Bishop Hughes' prompt and decisive intervention. The apprehended outbreak spent itself in threats of assassination against the bishop, and in a fierce paper warfare, in which the instigation of Know-Nothing

violence against Catholics found in him a champion able to defend his own camp, and capable of carrying the war into the enemy's country.

Speaking of his patriotism for Ireland, Dr. Clarke writes: "Bishop Hughes' love for his native country was manifested by the profound interest he took in all that concerned the welfare of its people. In 1847, when the famine was raging in Ireland, he sent the collection just taken up for his Theological Seminary, amounting to fourteen thousand dollars, to relieve his starving countrymen. He was a warm admirer of Daniel O'Connell, and friend of emancipation, and was greatly disappointed and mortified by the failure of the movement of 1848.

In December, 1845, Bishop Hughes again sailed for Europe, in order to procure the services of some of the Jesuits, Brothers of the Christian Schools, and Sisters of Mercy. He was successful in his efforts, and returned in the spring of 1846. A few months afterwards he was solicited by President Polk to accept a special mission to Mexico, but declined, on account of having other and more pressing duties to attend to. In 1847, at the request of both Houses of Congress, he delivered a lecture in the Hall of Representatives, at Washington, on "Christianity, the only Source of Moral, Social, and Political Regeneration." In this year his diocese was divided by the erection of the Sees of Albany and Buffalo, Bishop Hughes retaining all the counties of New York south of the parallel of forty-two degrees, with a part of New Jersey. In 1850 New York was raised to the dignity of an Archiepiscopal See, and Archbishop Hughes went to Rome to receive the *pallium* at the hands of the Pope. The first Provincial Council of New York was held in 1854, and attended by seven suffragans, the new bishoprics of Brooklyn and Newark having been created the preceding year. Soon after its close the archbishop made another visit to Rome, in order to be present at the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. On his return he was involved in a controversy with the Hon. Erastus Brooks, editor of the New York Express, and member of the State Senate, growing out of the church property question. At the petition of the trustees of St. Louis' Church, Buffalo, a bill, which subsequently became a law, had been introduced into the Legislature, designed to vest the title of all church property in trustees. In supporting this measure, Mr. Brooks stated that Archbishop Hughes owned property in the city of New York to the amount of five million dollars. The archbishop, who was absent in Europe when Mr. Brooks made this assertion, came forward as soon as he returned, and denied these assertions of Mr. Brooks as incorrect, stating that the property was not his but belonged to the church. A long discussion through the papers was the result. The archbishop subsequently collected the papers on both sides, and published them in a volume, with an introduction reviewing the trustee system. The bill passed at this time, and which gave rise to this discussion, was repealed by the Legislature of 1863.

On Aug. 15, 1868, he laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, designed to be one of the grandest church edifices in America, which it is. At the ceremony on this occasion fifteen thousand

persons were present. The archbishop preached the sermon, and gave an outline of his plan for its erection. He had sent circulars to several prominent Catholics, stating that he wanted one hundred persons to subscribe one thousand dollars each. To this circular one hundred and three persons replied favorably, two of whom were Protestants. The cathedral stands to-day a monument to the genius of Archbishop Hughes.

In the fall of 1861, after the breaking out of the rebellion, Archbishop Hughes, at the instigation of the government, proceeded to Europe to exert his influence in behalf of the Union. He was a devoted Union man, and was one of the first to raise the Stars and Stripes over his private dwelling when the Southern States seceded. After an interview with Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie, he proceeded to Rome, where he assisted at the ceremonies of the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, after which he visited Ireland on his way back to the United States; assisted at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Catholic University in Dublin, and preached the sermon on the occasion, at which nearly one hundred thousand persons were present. On his return he was the recipient of a vote of thanks adopted by both branches of the Common Council of the city of New York, ex-senator McMurray making the presentation address, which was replied to by his Grace, and which was published at the time of its occurrence.

On the 1st of November, 1862, he wrote a letter to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, concerning his European mission, in which he said: "I may say that no day — no hour even — was spent in Europe in which I did not, according to opportunity, labor for peace between Europe and America. So far that peace has not been disturbed; but let America be prepared. There is no love for the United States on the other side of the water. Generally speaking, on the other side of the Atlantic, the United States are ignored, if not despised; treated in conversation with the same contemptuous language as we might employ toward the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, or Washington territory, or Vancouver's Island, or the settlements of the Red River, or the Hudson's Bay territory. From the slight correspondence between us, you can bear me witness that I pleaded in every direction for the preservation of peace, so long as the slightest hope of the preservation remained. When all hope of this kind had passed away, I was for a vigorous prosecution of our war, so that one side or the other should find itself in the ascendency."

In July, 1863, when the great riot was in progress, Archbishop Hughes was requested by the governor to address the people of his faith and thus help in restoring peace. He consented, and though very weak, spoke to an immense assemblage from the balcony of his residence, corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-Fourth street. This was his last attempt at public speaking. Disease had stolen upon him, and his days were numbered. The great heart that only beat for the welfare of his kind, and the glory of his Creator, was about to be stilled forever, and the man, who, by his aggressive genius, made New

York a Catholic city, was about to be numbered with the loved and lost. "He was," says Dr. Clarke, "some time before his death an invalid. He made great exertions in July, 1863, to attend the funeral of Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, and while there, and on the morning of the funeral, he was saying a Low Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased prelate, when his frame began to totter, and he was only prevented from falling by some one who caught him and supported him from the altar. He made several journeys in pursuit of health, but without success. The autumn of 1863 was passed in a state of almost entire prostration. About the middle of December he took to his bed, and toward the last of the month, when informed that he could not recover, he received the intelligence with perfect calmness and resignation, and spent his remaining days in communion with God, and in preparation for his last end. On Wednesday, Dec. 30, he received the last sacraments from his Confessor, the Rev. William Quinn, and from that time none spoke to him on any but spiritual subjects. On Sunday morning, Jan. 3, his old friend, the venerable Father McElroy, S. J., who had come on to visit him, offered up the Holy Sacrifice in his room. On the evening of the same day he breathed his last. Among those present during his last hours were his two sisters, Bishop Loughlan, Fathers Stars and McNeirney, and other clergymen. His funeral took place at the Cathedral of St. Patrick's Jan. 7, and was the most imposing funeral ceremony ever performed in the city of New York. It was attended by eight bishops, and nearly two hundred priests, and a countless multitude thronged the church and the neighboring streets. Testimonials of respect were offered from every quarter, among which were the adjournment of the courts, and the passage of resolutions of sorrow and condolence by the Legislature of New York and the Common Council. The latter body subsequently had prepared and presented to the diocese, a very handsome Memorial in his honor, which stands in the Archiepiscopal residence. It was universally acknowledged that in the death of Archbishop Hughes, the church lost a devoted and laborious prelate, an able and dauntless champion, and a brilliant ornament. Let the controversies and struggles of the past be forgotten, for it must be acknowledged that the motive of his actions through life was the promotion of God's glory, and the extension of His church. WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE Legislature of a Western state having a bill under consideration for the regulation of tax collectors, an honorable member got upon his feet and said: "Mr. Speaker, I go in heavy for that bill. The tax collectors are all a set of knaves. I was one myself for ten years." The bill passed.

NOTHING, indeed, but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover what at the bottom is the true character of any man. — *Burke.*

Cardinal Gibbons on the Character of Christ.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Philadelphia paper, writing from Deer Park, says:

"The Character of Christ and His Religion," was the subject of the sermon which was preached by Cardinal Gibbons in St. Peter's Chapel at Oakland, Md. He spoke first of the humility of Christ, showing that although Christ's teaching was beautiful, His own practical life was still more beautiful. A contrast between the Christian and other religions followed, and then, in gentle, earnest words, Cardinal Gibbons begged that the little flock be not nominal Christians, but "other Christs." To close one's eyes and shut out that plain wooden chapel, the altar with its glimmering candles and bright flowers, and the spare priest in the brilliant robes of his high office, was to dream that one heard a St. Chrysostom, a St. Augustine, or one of the Fathers preaching a direct, simple faith to the early Christians.

It was a marvel, that sermon, and people eighteen hundred years ago would have understood it as they understood Christ's simple teaching. At first, when Cardinal Gibbons begun, the wonder was that he was content to say so little for a man of his learning, and then came the thought that more would surfeit; the great preacher was giving as much of Christ as Christ Himself gave. In language as direct as the courses of the stars, he gave the essence of faith. We speak of the bouquet of wine; Cardinal Gibbons gave the bouquet of Christianity. In appearance the prelate is almost gaunt, his lower face has the square jaw, which denotes conserved strength. His mouth is stern until a rare smile makes it gentle and winning; his gray eyes seem to be veiled by an infinite pity for the pathos of human life, and never do they gleam with absolute joy, or take on the steely look that cruelty gives to gray eyes. His voice has the caressing Irish accent, and his hands have almost as much expression as his face. One watches them almost as much while he preaches, for they seem visibly to express thoughts of pity, surprise, mercy. To see him eagerly bending over those plain mountain folks, his spare face lighted with love, was to think that the humane monk of Eber's Homo sum stood at the little altar.

After the celebration of High Mass the infant daughter of ex-Congressman John M. Glover, of St. Louis, was christened by the Cardinal. Miss Genevieve Paul, of Washington, stood god-mother, and Mr. Edward Jenkins, of Baltimore, was sponsor.

A WISE man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the full value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. — *Steele.*

A MAN has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down. — *Dr. S. Johnson.*

Canada and Her Neighbor.

II.

PASSING from those international misconceptions which are, after all, of minor account, I approach the momentous question of the present position and future political prospects of the two countries. As the conquest of New France in 1759 antedates the opening of the American Revolutionary War by only sixteen years, the two neighboring territories may be regarded as practically of the same age. Yet, when we examine their progress, when we review the advances made by each in agriculture, commerce, arts, science, and literature, and when we consider the comparative increase in population, we are struck with amazement at the broad and vast difference between Canada and the United States. The wonder is, if possible, increased when we pause to consider that the both countries are inhabited by the self-same races, that they both possess excellent soils, and that they both enjoy salubrious climates. It is then the average Canadian wipes a puzzled brow and dolefully asks himself: "Why have we fallen behind in the race? Why does our population not increase more rapidly? Why is the balance of trade always against us? Why is there so little energy and vitality expanded on our dwarfed trade and commerce? Why do we not, as a people, amass more wealth? Why are not the subterranean resources of our country developed? Why cannot we develop a nationality and a literature like our neighbors to the south?" Why, indeed? The queries are easy to put, but difficult to answer. But, one thing is certain, we have not produced in a satisfactory degree any such marks of progress, and it would require the amazing genius of a government statistician to demonstrate the contrary.

Perhaps in no single item of comparison can the people of the United States claim a greater superiority for their own country over Canada than the unrivalled aptitude of the Great Republic not only to attract but to absorb and assimilate great masses of European emigrants. Brother Jonathan takes the multitude of exiles, outcasts from every land on earth, heterogeneous in race, language, and tradition; he melts the different natures in the capacious crucible of democracy, and soon produces an alloy out of which is fashioned the future good American citizen, replete with abiding love for his adopted land, and respect for and admiration of her laws. This process, which is constantly taking place in the United States, is one of the marvels of the nineteenth century, a marvel upon which every progressive Canadian should steadily fix his eye. There is nothing like it going on in Canada, and the pity is that there is not. When Frenchmen or Englishmen or Scotchmen or Irishmen settle within our borders, they do not, as a rule, become Canadians. On the contrary, they obstinately retain their Old-World language and customs, nurse and foster their European prejudices and antipathies, of which they generally import a great and nefarious variety. They are sustained, fed, clothed, and, in many instances, enriched by this country; but, in spite of all,

they maintain a distinct, separate, isolate, and, oftentimes, unsympathetic existence, like Jonas in the body of the whale. Thus, our people, unlike those of the Northern and Western States, are not homogeneous. The racial and sectarian sunderances that keep us apart are, and must long continue, a great and irreparable weakness, and should put all considerations of political independence forever out of court.

What we need to start us on the high road of progress is the energy and aid which might be received from a great country like the United States, famed the world over for its strength, vigor, and assimilative powers. With this class of isolated, if not alien, inhabitants, and, indeed, too generally with almost all classes in Canada, the apathetic, impassive, and indifferent state of *laissez faire* in political and colonial affairs, is, unfortunately the rule of life. The overwhelming majority of our inhabitants came to this country to make a living, and so long as they find means to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, it costs them scarcely a thought which political party holds the reins of power, or whether or not the country is progressing or retrograding.

We are of one country, but not one people; and our wants of union and of energy are our wants of strength. Our provinces are almost altogether unlike. Quebec to-day is little more than a strip of the France of Louis the Fourteenth. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in customs and habits are more akin to Maine and New York than to Quebec or Manitoba. Ontario is a reproduction of Great Britain on a small scale, with all the industrial ability which has made that kingdom great and wealthy, but also with all the race and sectarian prejudices, repugnances, and antagonisms that have from time immemorial occasioned Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen to hate and detest each other as only persons of high descent and orthodox Christianity can. If Quebec and Ontario hold even a brace of fundamental ideas in common, they manage to perfectly conceal them, while manifesting a dangerous and suicidal distrust of each other whenever the slightest occasion arises for such indecorous manifestations. Then, again, the Provinces' different tongues or different idioms and language is the great severer among them. Quebec speaks impure French, Ontario speaks ungrammatical English, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick speak "United States," with local nasal intonations to suit their moist climates. The North-West speaks several outlandish Indian dialects, which are helped out whenever necessary by an incomprehensibleness of French and English. This confusion of tongues is almost as great as that which caused the hod-carriers and brick-layers who worked on the Tower of Babel to leave that pretentious structure, and which led them to "strike" and disperse. Yet our sapient optimists assure us that we can build a tower of Canadian nationality, "the top whereof may reach to heaven," and several feet beyond. I wish I could so think. But, so far as humble observers can see, there is no chance for such a glorious consummation, and our namby pamby optimists, who hold to the contrary, would occupy their time more profitably in striv-

ing to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. "Community of language," says a competent authority, Mr. William Matthews, "is a bond stronger than identity of religion, government, or interest; and nations of one speech, though separated by broad oceans, and by creeds yet more widely divorced, are one in culture, one in feeling." By a parity of disparity, then, the people who have little community of language, and are separated by race and religious creed, cannot be one in culture and in feeling.

The people of Canada are separated not only by what somebody has called "magnificent distances" of lake and forest, but by nationality, creed, language, and interest as well. Could divergence further go? When people do not speak one language they cannot understand each other; when they do not understand each other they mutually mistrust and suspect; and when they mutually mistrust and suspect there can be no esteem, no affection, and no national coherence. A little incident occurred in Montreal after the execution of Louis Reil, the demented leader of the persecuted Half-Breeds, that will somewhat explain the results of our linguistic shortcomings. An Irishman, ignorant of French, observed a French Canadian mob rushing through one of the streets. He inquired of a by-stander the cause of the excitement, and was told the "tiger monkies," as Voltaire would have called them, were about to burn in effigy the members of the Federal Cabinet who doomed Riel to the gallows. Now, the Irishman entirely sympathized with the French Canadians in this affair, so he lost no time in following the angry crowd. Having at length overtaken the now frantic multitude, he proceeded to join them in their cheers and other demonstrations, when greatly to his dismay, no doubt, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a dozen of furious men, who threatened him with tongue and fist. As he could not speak their language, nor they his, remonstrance and explanation were out of the question. The poor man was set upon, soundly drubbed, and left unconscious on the spot where he fell. We may imagine how much comfort it afforded the unfortunate fellow to subsequently learn, while a patient in the hospital, that the affair had been explained to the French Canadians who expressed sorrow for having caused him acute corporeal pain, and heavy pecuniary loss. I am aware that different languages — English, French, German, and several modifications of Spanish — are spoken in the United States; but I submit that an incident like the foregoing one could not occur in an American city of the size of Montreal.

Next to difference of language, as a serious impediment to Canadian assimilation and homogeneity, comes difference of race. The French Canadians, who were only a few thousand after the Conquest, now number over two millions, half of whom reside in the Province of Quebec. They are thoroughly organized, and hold frequent national reunions, at which Quebec is invariably spoken of as *Canada la patrie*. Quebec is, in truth, their country; but they should not forget that Canada is, happily, somewhat broader and longer than that province. Their shibboleth, or rallying cry, is the magnificent aphorism, *L'union*

fait la force, union is strength. The national motto is, "Our institutions, our language, and our laws," to which they hold with marvellous rigidity. A French Canadian invariably calls himself a Canadian *par excellence;* but is unwilling to share the title with such "white trash" as his English-speaking countrymen. They take an unlimited and pardonable pride in their native province and in its great river, the Mississippi of the North. To them there is no country like Quebec, no river like the mighty St. Lawrence. This pride in our noble river is overwhelming in those who dwell upon its banks, whose ancestors hundreds of years ago sailed in their sturdy Norman strength to tempt the unknown sea, conquer a wilderness, and find a home.

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

The French Canadians are, undoubtedly, the most intellectual portion of our inhabitants. They have a literature rich in history, biography, and romance, but almost barren of exact science. It is unique, interesting, and will repay protracted study. The French Canadians have produced more distinguished novelists, poets, historians, clerics, orators, politicians, and statesmen, than the combined remaining Canadian nationalities.

The race is, probably, the most prolific in the world, in which respect, among many more, it forms a striking contrast to the original Gallic race of France. In 1653, fifty years after the arrival of the first French colonists in Canada, the entire population of the country was not more than twenty-five hundred European persons. The first regular census which was taken in 1665, gave the number of families in the whole French possessions in North America as 538 families, representing 3,215 persons. In 1679, the population amounted to 9,400 souls; in 1695, it had increased to 13,639; in 1736, it was found to be 39,063; and at the Conquest the population stood at 65,000 souls. In 1784, the population of Quebec was 113,012; in 1806, it amounted to 64,000; in 1851, it had increased to 193,800; in 1881, when the last census was taken, 1,359,027 was given as the total population of the Province. Of this number, 1,073,820 are of French origin, and it should be remembered that in modern times the French Canadians have received no reenforcement from transatlantic immigration. The direct ratio of increase among French Canadians is greater than that of the millions in France, a surprising and significant fact that speaks volumes for the superior virtue of our Celtic and Catholic province.

It is also remarkable that the criminal statistics annually published by the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, show, year after year, that all the graver crimes are comparatively scarce in Quebec. Two or three brief comparisons from the mass of these statistics may, perhaps, make this assertion good. According to the criminal returns for 1887, from the province of Quebec, for murder, attempts at, or manslaughter, there was one offence to each 182,755 of the population; for offences against females, one offence to each 43,001 of the population; for other offences against the person, one offence for each 1,114

of the population; for robbery with violence, one offence for each 34,810 of the population. The total population of the province in 1887, according to the same authority, was 1,462,043; that of Ontario 2,121,003, or a difference of 658,960 souls in favor of Ontario. Yet, taking the same class of crimes for the "enlightened Protestant province," that cannot abide a Jesuit, we find for murder, attempts at, or manslaughter, one offence to each 111,632 of the population; for offences against females, one offence to each 24,663 of the population; for offences against the person, one offence to each 1,114 of the population; for robbery, with violence, one offence to each 9,385 of the population. Again, Montreal has a municipal population of 198,760, and its ratio of crime to each one thousand inhabitants is 28.27; Toronto has a municipal population of 126,169; but its ratio of crime to each one thousand inhabitants is 39.17, a rather high percentage for a city whose godly people commanded the unbounded admiration of my Lord Lansdowne. St. Hyacinthe, in Quebec, has a municipal population of 6,677, with a ratio of crime to each one thousand of its inhabitants of only 3.14; Hamilton, in Ontario, has a municipal population of 43,082; but its ratio of crime to each one thousand of the inhabitants ranges as high as 55.17, to which percentage, I doubt not, the ignorant and degraded Orange hoodlums, who maltreated William O'Brien, are constant and liberal contributors. When we bear in mind that St. Hyacinthe is a typical French Canadian town, and Hamilton is a typical English town, those figures are their own best comment.

The French Canadians are now flowing into Ontario in great tidal waves, before which English-speaking persons of all denominations retire, like the Indians when pressed by the pale-faced pioneer of civilization. Speaking generally the French Canadians of both sexes are thrifty in their household economy, excellent "culinary artists," but often somewhat disinclined to exertion when absolute want does not render it necessary. They can live comfortably on a smaller income than either the English or Irish, or even the Scotch. They are, therefore, driving before them the races which are more expensive or extravagant in their manners of life, and buying up the vacated homesteads and farms, as the Irish are doing in Massachusetts. The old-fashioned, picturesque *habitant* of Quebec is quiet, inoffensive, simple-minded, and yet acute at a bargain. While there is a loaf remaining in the locker he is as happy as the immortal Miller of the Dee. He prays at the altars of his fathers, respects the *curé*, and pays the tithes when required, which does not always happen, votes for the political party in power, grows his own tobacco, cures it according to his own process, and vigorously smokes it at his own fireside, to the unconcealed but pardonable loathing of alien nostrils. How shall I allude — I have no space for description — to his helpmate? The sunbeam tied with a red ribbon, and flashed upon the world to brighten and gladden, to which the French poet compares his nation, are the only terms that would suit her. From her Celtic descent she is endowed with a sinsuous being exquisitely quick and fine, — a nature of everlasting childhood, with all its freshness of present life, all its thoughtless, un-

reasoning, fearlessness of the future. If there be nothing grand or sublime in such existences, there is much that is commendable from a moral standpoint, and nothing that is positively noxious.

The French Canadian of our towns and cities is a less ingenuous character. He seldom succeeds in commerce, and is an indifferent speculator, as he seems not to be endowed with the peculiar sort of courage that defies monetary risk. The exchange knows him not, nor the counting-house, nor the wholesale establishment; but the little corner shop frequently acknowledges his dominion. He very often invests in the liquor saloon business, and his "place" is seldom worse than his neighbors. He frequently becomes an *avocat*, and acquires "ways" that might well put Ah Sin to the blush. Very frequently, also, he turns barber, and shaves his friends with a Birmingham razor instead of a bill of costs. But, wheresoever placed, or in whatever position, he will be an ardent politician, and will be measurable to shout himself hoarse, and to gesticulate until his limbs grow tired, during the progress of an election. A Frenchman in public office, it must be conceded, is the breathing image and personification of your beggar on horseback. He is narrow-minded, egotistical, insolent, and often ignorant to a marked degree. His every act, word, gesture, and glance seems to be an intonation of the cantata to which the chamberlains in Zadig treated the satrap.

"Que son mérite est extrême !
Que de grâces ! que de grandeur !
Ah! combien Monsigneur !
Doit être content de lui-même !"

This, it must be understood, is the rule, to which there are numerous and notable exceptions. Conceit and empty pride are not commendable qualities; yet they often produce positive good by leading men and women to say and to do ridiculous things which make the rest of the race hold their sides and laugh, and thus please and lighten the universal heart of the species. In truth, an individual would require to be very egotistical and very pretentious, to be more reprehensible for his conceit than the mass of mankind. Self has a wonderful ascendency over the hearts of us poor mortals. Of all the isms of the day, Myselfism is the most potent and universal. It is wonderful how greatly the *Ego*, oft repeated, in thought and word and action, day and night, has to do with every-day life, and how largely it enters into our plans for the benefit of other people. Now a long truce to moralizing; but it is well to remember those facts before bearing too hard on the laughable little foibles and amusing idiosyncrasies of our French Canadian brethren.

The urban French are losing some of their pristine religious fervor, and wide deviation from the hard and narrow path is only too perceptible in many of their more recently organized ethical and political movements, or aberrations, as well as in their latest literature, which smacks all too much of Renan and Paul Bert. Whether old or young, in country or in town, the typical French Canadian is actuated, if not possessed and governed, by two leading national ideas. The

first article of his patriotic creed is, that all the good on earth is confined exclusively to the province of Quebec; and the second is, that the Gallic race is destined to conquer by force of numbers, and to own Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Both ideas are not only extreme, but radically wrong. However, as the vitality of error equals, if it does not surpass, the vitality of truth, this circumstance does not detract from their influence and power with the people. Thus it has come to pass, that the daily increasing French vote in Canada, which is united and wielded as a whole, hangs over the heads of the other races, like the sword of Democles. Such, in rude, and, perhaps, stern, outline, is the race which is becoming so numerous as to excite the rational uneasiness and apprehension of all the other Canadian nationalities; such the people, who, by their phenomenal and unparalleled fecundity, threaten to soon outnumber all the other fractional parts of our integral population.

But one question remains to be asked by me in connection with the French Canadian race. How do those people make for radical political change? The French Canadian, who has never wandered beyond the confines of Quebec, and very little within them, who lives in a kind of seclusion, in a half ignorance that other nations really exist, and that other languages are spoken, is the victim of narrowing influences. Until he is taught better, he will be slow to tolerate political change. But it may so happen that he will, ere long, learn this great lesson. The natural inertness, or, rather, satisfaction with the present state of things of its inhabitants, has led to the falling back of Quebec to a comparatively secondary position in the Confederation. The very motto of the *habitants*, "notre langue, nos institutions, et nos lois," to which they rigidly adhere, prevents their province from bounding into the great race in which her sisters are contesting. When the *habitant* finds this out, and it is a mere question of time, his true patriotism will overwhelm and oust his spurious patriotism. Once the uncanny fact dawns upon his mind, the very love for his province will cause him to make an effort to win back for her the power and influence of which she was deprived. He will then, we may be sure, determine to lop away the mouldering branches of stolid provincialism, invirile conservatism, and debilitating and retrogressive isolation. The more intelligent are, even now, beginning to see, that if Quebec would take its proper place, and if it would rise to the position of leader of public opinion in our Northern Confederation, it must cast away all those obstacles which impede its march, instead of cherishing, as at present, even its flaws, blemishes, and defects.

Their orators may tell the French people, on such occasions as their national festival, that they are happy, virtuous, fruitful, and destined to own and govern the whole Dominion; but after due allowance is made for the personality, the place, and the occasion, it will be still found that much of what he says is unadulterated claptrap. Quebec provincial affairs are very far from being in a paradisiacal condition. If the people are happy they have arrived at the stage by no logical process; if they are fruitful so are other races as well; and if their province

is, according to their own account, fair and beautiful, it must not be forgotten she is also hopelessly bankrupt. Then, the population of Quebec is now rapidly decreasing, and great social and political changes must soon be enforced, if the exodus is to be stayed. The prosperity of purely French districts, like Vercheres and Kamouraska, is by no means great, and emigration from them is rapid. Some go to the outskirts of eastern Ontario, a few go to the North-West, and very many go to the United States. A census of the province of Quebec which was taken only the other day, under the direction of the Provincial Government, discloses the alarming fact that only in four counties within the province was there any increase of population, while the decrease, in many instances, on the other side was very great. Of recent years we have had what may be justly called the saving innovation of a great French Canadian exodus to the Atlantic and Western states. At intervals those willing exiles return to their native province full of enlightenment and of graphic descriptions of foreign sights. Almost every family in the province of Quebec has, at the present, at least one representative in the United States or in Ontario. The intercourse thus produced with strange people, and the knowledge thus acquired of sterling institutions which were hitherto unknown to them, must, in time, carry valuable conviction home to the minds of the *habitants*, that the blessed sun shines elsewhere as brightly as in Quebec, and that their conception of the United States as hitherto formed, which for amusing absurdity is analogous to that which used to be held of New York and the cities and people of the North by the ignorant planters of the South in the days of slavery, might and should be both modified and reformed.

I confess I am, like Lord Beaconsfield, a great believer in race. I believe that blood can do everything in this world, and that blood is thicker than water. What is here set out about the people of Quebec was written by a friendly hand however frank. It could not well be otherwise. The natural friend and ally of the Celt from Ireland is the Celt from France. It must never be forgotten that the French Canadians are a worthy branch of the grand old Celtic race, that ancient and noble people who have written their dreaded names across the broad and checkered face of universal in radiant characters of golden deed and heroic achievement. The Celts of Quebec possess the energy and the intelligence of their ancestors; but, owing to their peculiar situation, those high and useful qualities are at this moment in a dormant or semi-dormant condition.

The great exodus to the States will eventually not only destroy the narrow provincialism, which is a serious defect in the national character of the French, but it will also bind the people of our Celtic race to the Great Republic with indestructible bonds of gratitude and affection. Under the present federal arrangement they are able to wield, thanks to their numbers and the astuteness and sagacity of their representatives, something very like an ascendant power at Ottawa. They would be excusably slow to relinquish such an advantage were it not becoming obvious, that, with a rapidly decreasing

population, the province of Quebec cannot possibly retain it for any considerable period of time. Besides, the other components of our heterogeneous community are beginning to resent what they call the "aggression" of the French Canadians. Even now "civil war" and the "smashing of confederation"—with a small initial—are freely discussed in the fanatical press of Ontario, and the national journals and orators of Quebec respond with torrents of galling abuse. Thus events are bringing the French Canadian face to face with his fate. That this destiny is not to be French domination in North America, nor even in Canada, all will readily allow who remember the strength of the British people north of, as well as south of, the boundary line; but I feel sure the "aggression" of the French will produce good results. It is certain that every advance of the French Canadians upon the British strongholds in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, and in Nova Scotia, Ontario, and British Columbia, as well as in every other locality along the line where the British race is strong, causes the more thoughtful among the English-speaking people to look with longing eyes to the United States, the hospitable and happy home of millions of their kindred. When the arrogant and extravagant assumption of supremacy which is cherished by no inconsiderable number of the French Canadians becomes more evident to the slow apprehensions of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Ontario, and British Columbia, it will cause such an uprising as will probably put an end to the aspirations, or eventuate in the territorial absorption which is familiarly known by the single word Annexation.

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Toronto, Ont.

The Growth of the Church.

A WRITER in the American Catholic Quarterly Review, speaking of the phenomenal growth of the Catholic Church, says that every event, every calamity that has called for the offices of charity to ameliorate the misery of the afflicted, has been heard with willing ears within her fold. Every national crisis, from first to last, has tested and proved the worth and value of the Catholic body. The Revolutionary war crowned Catholics with honor, and partially burned out Protestant bigotry. The war of 1812 had a similar effect. The successive visitations of the cholera and yellow fever were so many glorious battles for the church. The Civil War added greatly to her prestige. The manifest truth is that the Catholic Church emerges with new lustre from every ordeal it encounters. It will be a more potent influence in the valley of the Conemaugh than it has been. Pure and heroic lives, like that of the leper-priest, Father Damien, are great missionaries in this day and country. They have always been. Pulpiteering is feeble in comparison. The church numbers among her children, in and out of the cloister, men and women of pure and heroic life who are not unwilling to sacrifice themselves and win the martyr's crown when occasion calls. This elucidates the law of the growth of the church in the United States.

On the Picket Line.

"YOUR company is detailed for picket duty to-night, captain. Your right will rest on the railroad, and your left connect with the Sixty-ninth. Be on the alert. Gen. Richardson, division commander, has advices from a spy this afternoon that an attack will be made by the enemy on this point during the night. You are aware the Eighty-eighth lost three men there before daylight. Leave with your command at sundown."

This was the brief order delivered by Col. John Burke, of the Sixty-third New York Volunteers to Capt. T. J. Condon, Company G, of the same regiment. At the time (June, 1862), McClellan's splendid army of one hundred thousand men swung around the rebel capital, in the shape of a crescent, and about five miles distant. The sixty-third was attached to the second Brigade (Meagher's), first division, second corps.

"Sundown" saw Company G,— seventy men and officers,— forcing its way through the slashed timber, the picket line being formed on the other side in the woods. Company A, of the Eighty-eighth, was soon relieved, just as the shades of night were settling down on forest and clearing.

"Don't neglect your extreme right, captain," said First Lieut. Dennis F. Burke, in charge of the retiring company. "A trail leads from the enemy at that point, where I had a smart brush with them last night. Three of my best men — Dowling, O'Brien, and McManus — were dangerously wounded, one of them by a bayonet thrust. You will need at least ten men at that point, in charge of a sergeant." Bidding Condon "Good-night and safe return," Burke disappeared with his company in the darkness. (The latter was subsequently promoted to be colonel of the regiment, and commanded the Brigade (Irish) in Grant's campaign.)

The picket line extended one fourth of a mile (on the field of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines) through the underbrush and timber, the men being particularly cautioned to be on the look-out for the appearance of the enemy; to challenge nothing, but fire promptly on the least appearance of danger.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, when everything was as still as the grave, except the calling of the inevitable whippoorwill, a single musket shot, from the right, awoke the echoes, bringing the "reserve" of thirty men, in rear of the centre of the line, to their feet. It was immediately followed by eight or ten shots from the same locality, which showed plainly that the post on the right was attacked. These were followed by a crashing volley from the enemy along the line. A response was promptly forthcoming from the men of Company G, who were not taken unawares. Firing continued for perhaps half an hour, after which quiet again reigned, no advance of the enemy being attempted.

"Orderly," said Capt. Condon to the writer, when firing ceased,

"you go along the line to the right, and see if anybody is hurt. Report to me promptly, and if help is needed will send it from the 'reserve.'"

I followed the winding, indistinct path, visiting each man, and inquiring as to his safety. For two thirds of the distance every soldier was found on the *qui vive*. Four men were badly hurt — Privates McCarthy, Gallagher, Mullery, and Corridon — from gun-shot wounds, one, McCarthy, receiving an ugly, ragged wound in the right arm from a rifle ball. He certainly would have bled to death had I not applied a tourniquet which I always carried, and stopped the flow of blood. No little difficulty was experienced in the pitchy darkness to locate some of the men. We knew the enemy were only a few rods away, ready, at a signal, to make a dash on the Union line. The knowledge of that fact made the writer particularly cautious, as he stealthily advanced, his musket at full cock, and ready for any emergency. My progress was necessarily slow, as there was no beaten track to follow, and the darkness was intense.

It must have been full twenty minutes from the time I left the "reserve," and two thirds of the line had been traversed, that I halted for a moment to make sure of my position. I found myself on a well-beaten track, devoid of underbrush. That fact seemed strange, as I noticed no such path the previous evening when placing the men. Moving along slowly, with my gaze directed to the front, I noticed an indistinct object a few yards distant. Instinctively I halted, and as I did so, there was hissed in my ear, in a familiar voice:

"Who goes there? Is that you, sergeant? Speak! Quick!"

Hastily came the response: "Yes, corporal, hold! it is I."

"My God, sergeant, I came nigh killing you!" was Corporal Scanlon's first exclamation, after he discovered my identity. "I heard you coming slowly for full five minutes. Tinsley and I were ready for anything. Of course we supposed it was a rebel, as no one was supposed to come from that direction except the enemy, and your orders were to fire. My finger was about to pull the trigger — and I don't know why I didn't — when I called out if it was you!"

The men were trembling with excitement. One of them (the corporal) was so overcome he was compelled to sit on the ground, and his companion leaned against a tree. Had the soldiers fired, the shots would have gone through my body. I was not more than three yards distant.

Four hours before I placed two reliable men, Corporal Scanlon and Private Tinsley, on that post. It was in the centre of the trail that led from the enemy. A young pine sapling stood in the centre of the way, which had a crotch in it, about the height of a man's breast. As the men took position, one of them placed his musket in the fork, with the remark: "What an elegant spot to place a man's musket in!"

"Sergeant, my advice to you," said the faithful Tinsley, "is to remain with us till daylight. For God's sake, go no further along the line, or you will be kilt entirely! The night is too dark to pick your

way, and maybe you'll run into a nest of rebels before you know it. Sure, they're beyant there, only a little ways!"

Knowing that "discretion is the better part of valor," I took the hint, but insisted on the two comrades "turning in" (in the underbrush) in their blankets, while I did sentinel duty in their stead, as they slept until daylight.

The post on the right fared badly. Of the ten men and the sergeant there, five were put *hors de combat*, as the enemy had the range to a nicety. They must have taken position in the bush before dark. Of the five wounded, two died within a week, and the other three were rendered unfit for any more campaigning. Net loss of the night's adventure, nine!

Sad to say, Corporal Scanlon received his death wound six months later in the charge of the Irish Brigade at Mayre's Heights, where so many of his brave comrades fell before the rebel cannon. After the last-named battle only a dozen muskets of the seventy of Company G who did picket duty on the 15th of June were left, "present and accounted for." D.

Hospital for Dipsomaniacs and Inebriates.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER:— The Massachusetts House of Representatives very promptly concurred with the Senate in the bill establishing "The Massachusetts Hospital for Dipsomaniacs and Inebriates." For several years repeated efforts have been made to secure such needed legislation. Importunity has at last been crowned with success, and the experiment will be tried in Massachusetts under favorable circumstances. The bill provides for the appointment by the governor of a board of five trustees, who shall have authority to select a site, and erect suitable buildings to accommodate not less than two hundred and fifty patients. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars is appropriated for land and buildings. The laws relating to the commitment of the insane to lunatic hospitals are made applicable to the commitment of inebriates. Persons so committed may be detained for two years; though when it appears to the trustees that any person in the hospital will not continue to be subject to dipsomania or inebriety, or will be sufficiently provided for by himself, or his guardians, relatives, or friends, they may permit him to be at liberty on such conditions as they deem best, and may revoke the permit at any time previous to its expiration. This is a practical application of the parole system. Inmates who are able to pay for board are to be charged for the same. The board of those having a legal settlement in some city or town is to be paid by the place of settlement. The board of those having no settlement is to be paid out of the treasury of the Commonwealth. The practical management of the institution is to be left to the trustees. The new institution will relieve the insane asylums of a class of patients not properly committed to such institutions.

The Riot — True Americans to the Rescue!

Catholicism introduces Refinement — The Professor and Mother Warde — From the Ranks of the Enemy — Miss Rebecca Newell — Bewitched — Converted — Banished — Sudden Death — A Daughter of the People in the Convent — Dismay in the *K. N.* Camp — In other Days Mother Warde would have been burned as a Sorceress — Mrs. Glover executed on less important Charges — The Convent to be blown up — A Death's Head — Silver Plate defaced — "Set Free the Beautiful Yankee Girl" — The Mayor visits Mother Warde — She knew her own Business, but could not presume to direct his Honor — He declares he cannot preserve the Peace of the City — She could if she were Mayor — Mob Law — Placards — Intense Excitement — Danger — American Friends advise the Sisters to leave — They refuse to stir — Ready to die before the Altar — The Convent besieged — Incidents — Bold stand taken by Bishop and Clergy — Disguise — Bravo! — Mr. Ryan — Prayer — Dr. McGowan means to wound and heal — Everything ready for the Gunpowder Plot — Like a Forest stirred by the Autumn Wind — Gallant Defence by Mr. Stead — Remember Limerick! — "Go, say your Rosary" — John O'Rourke — His Beauty departed — Valor — Anecdotes.

THERE is no doubt that the Catholic religion introduced an element of refinement among the "native" class in Providence, R. I., and that it influenced them for good even when they did not embrace it; for the scenes we have described and others to follow would be impossible in any part of the New England of to-day. Despite incessant persecution, the academy opened with a large number of pupils, many of whom were non-Catholics. Some of the most bitter of these afterwards sought refuge in the one fold. Among these was a "graduate" of the "High School" who was admitted to be very finely "cultured"— a Miss Rebecca Newell. She was no longer young, but it was no uncommon thing to see "girls" of twenty-eight or thirty at school in New England in those days. Miss Newell was said to be greatly admired for her personal qualifications, which were of a solid order and did not include beauty or brilliancy. Belonging to an old Puritan family highly, and no doubt deservedly, respected in the city, she described herself as a person who had given her mind to the serious study of spiritual things from childhood. It happened that one of Miss Newell's professors at the High School had been brought in contact with Mother Warde, who, in reply to his questions, told him how and where her early education had been conducted. To his amazement he found that not only she did not say *tin* for *ten*, or *persave* for *perceive*, but spoke with grammatical precision and an elegance of style and purity of diction that was something new in his ears. Of the external gifts of this zealous woman the most remarkable were her soft, sweet voice and her fine conversational powers. Her gift of language was something like genius, and the writer has never known any one to excel her in a qualification so useful in her position. The professor, like many another, was thoroughly fascinated, and spoke everywhere of the Irish nun, whom he considered the most refined and accomplished lady in Providence. This excited Miss Newell's curiosity, and she became most anxious for an introduction; but he, disturbed by prophetic fears as to the result, declined to become the medium of introducing her. She then sent to the convent to ascertain whether she could see the "mother abbess." A very gracious affirmative and an invitation to call as soon as convenient followed.

Miss Newell speedily presented herself at the parlor of the corner house, and the consequences may be imagined. The first greetings were scarcely over when she felt that she was in the presence of a

superior woman, who would lead her to a spiritual life of grace. Though naturally reserved, she soon poured her whole soul into the ears of her sympathetic friend. She had studied the many sects of the city, but had never found anything among them to satisfy to the full the cravings of her soul. She borrowed books to enlighten her ignorance. She asked information on such points as she did not understand, and, finally, she begged to be instructed in the Catholic faith. In due time she was admitted to baptism. This, from the prominence of her social position, became the talk of the town. Rebecca was banished from home by her infuriated mother. Her eldest brother, to whom she was very dear, expostulated with Mrs. Newell, but in vain. He besought the family not to treat his sister unkindly or drive her from home; but his manifestations of love and sympathy, though they comforted her, were of no avail to allay the wrath of the rest of the family. She was sent to Pennsylvania to live with an uncle, a very prejudiced minister, who was instructed not to allow her from his house until she consented to abjure Catholicism. In a short time a distressing event called her home — the death of her well beloved brother. He was a general favorite in society as well as in his family, and was entirely free from the insane bigotry of the rest. While dancing at a ball he was seized with a violent pain in the head, which caused him to hasten home. His mother, hearing him enter the house sooner than she expected, asked the cause. He told her of his headache, but begged her to retire, as it would pass away in sleep. She listened at his door, heard him pacing up and down. Suddenly he fell heavily on the floor. She rushed in to find him a corpse. In an agony of grief tinged, perhaps, with remorse, she summoned her gentle daughter to her side.

The bereaved sister returned broken-hearted to Providence, and, despite the closest watching, she managed to remain faithful to her duties as a Catholic. The terrible lesson she had just received caused her to reflect much on the uncertainty of life, and she often exclaimed: "Oh! how good it is to be a religious, always prepared for death!" She now ardently desired to become one, and, though the difficulties of the state were explained to her, she thought herself called to make the trial. Her entrance on probation was a signal for renewed outrages, not on the lady alone, but on the whole body. All at once it was noised abroad that a daughter of the people was in the nunnery. Like wildfire the news spread in the camp of the Know-Nothings. They unfurled their flag, summoned their brethren from adjoining states to follow the standard through the bigoted press of the day; and flaming yellow posters, placarded all over the city, summoned all good men and true "To the Rescue! All true Americans! Attention! To the Destruction of the Nunnery!"

All free Americans were urged to deliver their young countrywoman immured in the monastic dungeons of Broad street. Although quite old enough to know her own mind, being, to put it roundly, between thirty and forty, she was pictured as a guileless young creature, bewitched by the fascinating Madame Warde, enticed into

the convent against her better judgment, and detained against her will. And this in face of the fact that her friends made daily calls on her to ascertain from her own lips the truth or falsity of these assertions, and that she on every occasion assured them that she was perfectly free to leave any moment.

Had poor Mother Warde appeared in New England in earlier days she would certainly have been burned as a sorceress. A countrywoman * of hers was executed there in the pious early days on less grave charges. The evil passions of men were aroused. For weeks preparations for the destruction of the convent went forward with ever-increasing alacrity. Noisy boasting of the methods to be used in blowing it up assailed Catholic ears on every side. Coming events formed the topic of conversation in every house. Men strode or rode past the convent with scowling faces and angry gestures, denouncing vengeance on its inmates. A death's head was fastened on the hall-door, and the beautiful silver door-plate, the gift of a valued friend, was shamefully defaced. On the evening of the day appointed for the burning of the convent the Sisters, when returning from school, were saluted with cries of "Ah! we'll give you Charlestown." "Unlock your prison and free the beautiful Yankee † lady." "We'll have this vermin out of the city before to-morrow."

Mother Warde was then about forty-four, not much older than the girl of "extreme youth" she had lured into her "den." The mayor, Mr. Knowles, deemed it his duty to call on the "fascinating" mother and advise her to send Miss Rebecca adrift. "Not unless she wishes to go," was the reply. The lady, ‡ who was at perfect liberty to go, and actually did go some months later, refused to stir. "What, then, shall I do," asked the mayor, "to preserve the peace of the city?" Mother Warde sweetly replied to the effect that she understood her own business, but would not presume to counsel him. Pressed again, she said: "Is it possible that your Honor cannot assist in saving life and property in the event of a riot?" He replied that against such a force of armed men as had been called out he was powerless; his fellow-citizens had determined to blow up the convent, even though they destroyed the lives of its inmates. His honor, who seemed anything but honorable in her eyes, then begged her to leave the convent quietly with her community, as ten thousand Know-Nothings were expected from other cities to join their Providence brethren in the work of destruction. "No," said she, "we will remain in our house." And she added, not without a tinge of sarcasm: "If I were the chief magistrate of the city I should know how to prevent a riot and keep order." But the representative of the magisterial dignity of Provi-

* Mrs. Glover, who was accused of witchcraft by a Mrs. Goodwin. The test of her innocence being to say the Lord's Prayer, the hapless lady could say it in Latin or Irish, which her accusers did not understand, but not in English.

† At this date the word *Yankee* was used often and boastfully for *American* in New England. It was also synonymous with non-Catholic. Children spoke of the Yankee church, the Yankee school, etc., meaning the Protestant church and the common school — the latter as well as the former being entirely non-Catholic. An American family being converted and instructed at the convent, the only child, a girl of twelve, when being prepared for her first confession, asked: "And must I confess all the sins I committed when I was a Yankee?"

‡ Miss Newell was found to have no religious vocation. But she always remained a fervent Catholic and kept up a correspondence with the Sisters. She was living quite recently — perhaps is still.

dence could see no way out of the dilemma but submission to the demands of the mob.

Mother Warde, more anxious than Mr. Knowles to prevent bloodshed, appealed to Governor Anthony. He was very kind and promised to use his influence with the citizens; with the mayor he could do nothing, as that functionary signed K. N. after his name. Whatever the governor did had no effect.

The flaming orange placards called out the *K. N.*, but there was a large contingent of *O's* and *Macs* who determined to come out without being invited, and proclaimed that the opponents of religious liberty should not have things all their own way as at Charlestown. They resolved to defend their rights and show their strength in protecting the consecrated virgins whom they called the guardian angels of their children. Two hundred men, mostly from Tipperary, came in small detachments to the convent, and told reverend mother to have no fear, for they would, by God's blessing, guard her and hers from evil. Several of the most respectable persons in the city, some non-Catholics, besought the Sisters to accept the shelter of their homes until peace should be restored. One lady asked reverend mother to come to her house with all her valuables, for persons and things could be effectually concealed therein. Amused at the various propositions made her, she assured all of her trust in a higher power than man to deliver her and her community from the poor, misguided creatures who knew not what they did. Should God demand the sacrifice of their lives, they would assemble in the chapel and die before the altar.

So, when on a clear, frosty evening in November, 1855, the native element several hundred strong, mustered round the luckless house on the corner, they found the best positions occupied by stalwart men, who, far from being frightened at their number, were eager to do battle with them. A demand was made for the innocent girl who had been coaxed from her happy home "by that designing old creature," Madame Ward. The lowest and grossest reviling followed the mention of her honored name; then all was dead silence. The bishop, who had made his will, arranged his affairs, and prepared for martyrdom, was on the door-step, and several priests, in attire that was not exactly clerical, were scattered through the crowd. A straw hat and a linen duster partly concealed the bishop's face and the generous proportions of his commanding figure. When the mob a third time demanded the youthful maiden, and threatened the Sisters with death, Bishop O'Reilly exclaimed: "The Sisters shall not leave the house for an hour. I will protect them with my blood, if need be." Then arose many a "hear," "hear," and "bravo!" in response; but the mob continued to scream and yell and vomit forth the most awful blasphemies against everything that Catholics hold most sacred. The friends of the house passed in and out through the garden wicket, and the Sisters took care to provide an excellent supper for their gallant defenders, making them promise, as they came in in groups, that they would not fight without orders; for, we grieve to say, many among them were eager to give "the mean curs" who could shout before

poor women, but were very meek before men that meant to show fight, what they called a "sound drubbing." No one in the convent slept that night. A Mr. Ryan, from Tipperary, begged reverend mother to remove the prohibition, and let the boys give just one whipping to "the sneaking ruffians." But she was most anxious that all should pass off peaceably. The prayers of the Sisters were granted. To their regret, the crown of martyrdom was not awarded them, but no one of their defenders was hurt. The convent was saved by prayer and confidence in the divine protection, though the arm of flesh was not wanting.

The Sisters often, in after-times, spoke of the events of this fearful night, which were not without their ludicrous aspect. The details were sufficiently interesting. After dusk, four hundred Irishmen, armed to the teeth, glided noiselessly into the convent garden, and took their places according to orders. Mother Warde went to every man, and exacted a promise of him not to fire a shot except obedience and necessity required it. All readily promised to carry out her wishes. Had they not remained quiet during the excitement of the past three weeks, and never given the least provocation to the enemy? She then turned her attention to the good order of the convent within. As she passed, the side door opened, and a little gentleman popped in. He showed her a shining revolver; and, on taking off his cap, a quantity of sticking-plaster, and other material useful in a mêlée, tumbled out. It was Dr. McGowan. He came thoroughly equipped to do some fighting on his own account and assist the wounded.

Between nine and ten the rioters began to move at a given signal. They were fully armed, and had in reserve kegs of powder and everything else necessary for the success of this gunpowder plot. One of the Sisters, who could see all from the darkened windows, wrote:

"They came with hearts on fire and furious hate against those who had never injured them. Many of them were in after-years nursed by the Sisters of Mercy, especially during the war. The night was beautifully clear; the moon shone out with unwonted splendor, distinctly revealing, as far as the eye could penetrate through the dense mass of human beings, each individual countenance glaring wildly at the doomed abode. Perfect order prevailed; the multitude waved to and fro like a vast forest stirred by the autumn wind."

Within the convent all was silent as the grave. The novices, unconscious of danger, had enjoyed their recreation in an apartment in the rear, and were now in prayer. The seniors kept the men quiet; their arms lay on the floor or on a table, and the owners were ready, at a signal, to act on the defensive or the offensive. About eleven o'clock, the bishop and Mr. Stead, the former owner of the Sisters' property, appeared on the front steps, and the riot act was read. Mr. Stead courageously addressed the angry multitude:

"The first shot fired at this house will go through my body. Let me tell you there are four hundred strong Irishmen, armed with deadly weapons, within the enclosure of the garden walls. At the least attempt at violence, they will defend it. Should even a stone be

thrown at the building, your lives will answer for it. Our streets will become rivers of blood, and your homes will be fired."

These very pointed remarks were received with a silence that was more sullen than golden. There was an odd blending of the ludicrous with the tragic in the events of the night. Mr. Stead had scarcely ceased speaking, when a fine-looking old Irishwoman, who, probably, "remembered Limerick," came suddenly upon the scene, breaking through the ranks of the Know-Nothings, and asked if she could be of any use, were it only to "scatter Hail Marys among the haythens." This innocent apparition naturally made one of the disguised clergymen very angry, and, quite oblivious, for the moment, of the place and the circumstances, he eyed her sternly, and exclaimed in stentorian tones: "Woman, go home and say your rosary!" Thus adjured, she courtesied deeply, and moved slowly to the edge of the mob, where he lost sight of her. The words were taken up and repeated in mocking tones by the besiegers. They sarcastically advised their friends to "go home and say the rosary," — no doubt the best thing they could have done, if they only knew how.

John O'Rourke, the convent man-of-all-work, was particularly anxious to have "a lick at the villains," whose threats he had frequently heard during his business trips through the city. "If they hit us," he would say, "they will get the worst of it." He had borrowed an old rusty carbine from a man in Owensville, and spent a day brightening it for use. Before the siege, he presented himself to Mother Warde with a revolver in each pocket, and said: "Madam, I'm ready for the night. You'll see how John O'Rourke will do battle for you." He expressed an unchristian eagerness to break a lance with some of the persecutors of his friends the Sisters. "They'll meet with their match in me," said he, with great complacency. The good mother remonstrated with him, saying it was a shame to speak so of men whom killing might send before God in their sins. But the uncompromising volunteer thought "they might as well go that way first as last." John proved invaluable on that fatal night; but, to his great regret, was not allowed to use his weapons.

Though plain in person, John was stylish in dress. One morning, as he was coming up from the cellar with a hod of coal, he struck his head against the trap-door, and rolled down the stairs with the contents of the hod. He was found prostrate on the floor, proclaiming most piteously that he was "killed entirely," his face all smeared with blood and coal-dust. To the doctor, who was hastily summoned, he said excitedly: "Oh, doctor, am I disfigured for life?" An aged Sister, who was dressing his wounds, gave him poor consolation. "Yes, John," said she, "your beauty is gone forever." This was more grievous than the pain. For months after he heard Mass behind the vestry door, and it was impossible to get him beyond the yard. The children enjoyed his misery, and could scarcely refrain from laughing whenever they spied his face, covered with patches of court-plaster. He found it hard to become reconciled to his misfortunes. "Oh!" he would say, "if I had only received my wounds fighting the Yankees,

what a proud and happy man I'd be!" But, in point of fact, John was not the bloodthirsty creature he proclaimed himself. He was very tender-hearted and would not harm a living thing.

When the misguided numbers collected around the convent, swelled by confederates from Boston, Salem, Taunton, and other places, who had been pouring in all day in special trains, learned that the Sisters would be valiantly defended, they wisely concluded to raise the siege. They had come out to fight against women, but had no notion of risking their precious lives in combat with men. One by one they slunk away through every egress in the opening crowd. By one next morning not a man was to be seen in the streets near the convent. The defenders sat down to supper, sorry that their only part in the defence had been to lie in ambush. Several days before the Know-Nothings had ordered a sumptuous banquet in the hall over the railway depot to celebrate their triumph. But they never assembled to partake of it.

The strangers took the first opportunity of leaving Providence, glad to escape alive to their homes. It was the intention of the mob to destroy the bishop's house and all the Catholic schools and churches. The only injury done to the convent was done early in the evening by a small boy who broke a pane of glass, but who promptly ceased stone throwing when an American gentleman threatened to have him arrested. Had the mob attempted the destruction of the convent the city would have become a scene of frightful carnage and destruction. Employed in almost every "Yankee" home were women and girls of Irish lineage, who declared that if the convent were destroyed they would set fire to the houses of their employers; and some of them, no doubt, in the passion of the moment, would have imitated their masters in the work of destruction. The prayers of many holy souls, the gallantry of the defenders, and the intrepid spirit shown by Mother Warde and her friends, no doubt averted what would have been a terrible disaster.

The city was very quiet next day, and it was funny to see many subdued-looking men tearing down the yellow placards. No disturbance of any kind has since occurred, though insulting epithets often reached the Sisters' ears. Boys, elderly, and even aged persons forgot their manhood and abused them on the streets. Persons who dressed like gentlemen, but behaved worse than galley slaves, addressed them in contumelious language: "You darsn't look up; if you open your eyes I'll tell the priest on you." "Laugh, and I'll give the priest ninepence * to forgive you." "Oh! you're adoring the Virgin now." "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" "Do tell me, how much must I pay the paddy priest to take my grandfather out of purgatory?"

Not for a generation have insults of this kind been offered to the Rhode Island Sisters. The spirit of bigotry which so fiercely assailed them in the beginning has almost entirely passed away, and their blameless, useful, and edifying lives have won the love and esteem of all denominations.

Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.

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*Ninepence was, perhaps still is, a Spanish coin of twelve and one-half cents.

Autumn Woods.

BLITHE summer now departs,
The golden grain and luscious fruit appear;
The forest late resounding far in song,
Brings now no thrilling cheer.

Serener autumn comes
With woods in newly tinted dress, freed streams,
Those rich in beauties rare, these joyous run
Catching the golden beams.

In fair yet lonely vale
Majestic stand old trees, their leaves of gold,
'Tween mountains bleak that raise their heads in air,
And hills of graceful mould.

These ancient guards and true,
In love send forth from sides of crusted stone
Refreshing streams, that through the woodland wind
And autumn lay entone.

When through these woods I roam,
With sporting zephyr soft, as comrade mild,
My heart once more rebounds with buoyant life,
That animates the child.

In summer's golden days,
The gloom was deep the while on forest path,
The sun in glory now sends in his rays,
A beam each leaflet hath.

The gently rippling stream,
That long hath flowed and varied not in shade,
Now glides along 'neath shrubs that o'er it droop,
In crimson garb arrayed.

Behold yon grand old oak,
A canopy where lad, to maiden fair,
His love might vow, her blush e'en then unseen,
As all is roseate there.

Oh Autumn! spouse of thought,
Too soon you seek your aerial home — your charms
You leave to winds that haste on frozen air
To grasp with ruthless arms.

We now reluctant leave
Your loved retreats, for care's enduring strife,
To wait and work till autumn's golden fruit
Shall deck the boughs of life.

SARAH COTTER.

St. Mary's of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio.

Total Abstinence — Archbishop Croke — Cardinal Manning.

THE annual Convention of the League of the Cross of Great Britain and Ireland was held this year at Thurles, Ireland, and presided over by the Most Rev. Bishop Croke, who, in the course of his remarks said:

There are those, who, like the great English Cardinal — may God bless and strengthen him! — and several of our own ecclesiastics and virtuous laymen, have no need whatever, but the contrary, to take the pledge; and yet who have taken it, solely for their souls' sake and the good of their weaker brethren; and of this honored class I shall simply say that they deserve immortal credit, are entitled to a rich reward from God, and are sure to get it. And now, having said so much, with your kind permission, on the temperance question generally, I beg leave, in conclusion, to offer one or two practical remarks. First of all, I cannot acquiesce in, but, on the contrary, most earnestly repudiate, the injurious assertion that the Irish, as a nation, are more addicted to drink, and, as a matter of fact, drink to greater excess than either the Scotch or English. Secondly, I am convinced that if our people had their rights — if they were as well fed, as well clad, as well housed, and generally as well and as suitably surrounded as the corresponding classes in other countries — they would be in this matter of temperance, as in all other virtues, quite on a level, at least, with their aspiring and censorious neighbors. Thirdly, it should be borne in mind that what is temperance in one man may be excess in another. Finally, care should be taken in this, as in all other relations of life, to be tolerant of the views and weaknesses of others. Your acquaintances should not be condemned for not taking the pledge, though they may appear to need it even more than you did; nor should you pose or parade yourselves as their superiors because you have done a good deed, and bravely made a sacrifice for which your feebler friends were not prepared. For the rest, gentlemen, I have to repeat to you my welcome to Thurles, my sincere thanks for your address, and my best wishes for the cause of Christian temperance.

CARDINAL MANNING'S LETTER.

WESTMINSTER, July 15, 1889.

To the Pastors and People of Ireland and of England, met in Convention at Thurles: When, in past years, the Convention of the Cross met in Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle, I had great joy, knowing how powerfully the League of Total Abstinence was sustained and spread in England by these yearly meetings. But I have never rejoiced with such confidence as in this year, when our League of the Cross and St. Patrick's League of the Cross meet together, and that in the heart of Ireland and under the authority and protection of my dear brother and friend, the Archbishop of Cashel.

I take this as a pledge that the League of Total Abstinence, both in Ireland and England, will root itself firmly and spread itself more widely than ever.

Twenty years have taught me that the great bar which in our day closes the soul of man against the word of God and the Holy Sacraments is excess in intoxicating drink; and that the surest discipline, both for the salvation of the intemperate, and for the sanctification of the temperate, is total abstinence. Temperance is good; total abstinence better. We are all pledged to temperance by the vows of our baptism. No one is bound to total abstinence. It is the free choice of those who aspire to live by the counsel of a higher life.

Happy are the homes where father and mother are pledged to that higher life. Happy are the children who have never known the taste of intoxicating drink. Happy are they, who by total abstinence, have broken the bondage of intemperance. Happy are they who have taken this pledge, not from any need of their own, but to save others, by word and by example, from spiritual death.

In such homes and hearts the peace of God will reign. And happy, above all, are the pastors who go before their flocks in St. Patrick's League of the Cross. The apostleship of Theobald Mathew in Ireland and in England is not dead. It is risen again, full of life and power. This day is witnessed by the Rock of Cashel.

May God bless Ireland and all the homes of St. Patrick's League.

Old age keeps me from you but my heart is with you all.

Our devoted priests and faithful men of England will tell you how we rejoice in all your joys, and sorrow in all your griefs. The unity of our faith cannot be more perfect, but this day at Thurles will bind us forever in a fervent brotherly love.

May the God of peace be always with you.

✠HENRY EDWARD, *Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.*

Peach Stones as Fire.

IT has been demonstrated in Vaca Valley that peach-stones will make as good a fire for household purposes as the best of coal in the market, says the Vallejo (Cal.) Chronicle. The fruit-growers, instead of, as heretofore, throwing the pits away, dispose of the stones at the present time at the rate of six dollars a ton. A sack of the stones will weigh about eighty pounds, and will last as long as an equal number of pounds of coal, and give a greater intensity of heat. At many of the orchards in the valley may be seen great stacks of peach and apricot stones, which will eventually find their way to San Francisco and other places to be sold for fuel. The apricot stones do not burn as readily as the peach, and will not command as good a price. The fruit raisers will, undoubtedly, be pleased to learn that they now have another source of revenue open to them. A large number of peaches are dried during the summer season for shipment. As soon as the owners find that they have a market for the stones, a greater number of pounds will be dried than heretofore.

The Laughing Plant.

PALGRAVE, in his work on Central and Eastern Arabia, mentions a plant whose seeds produce effects analogous to those of laughing gas. The plant is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety is found at Kasum, and another variety at Oman, which attains a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreading branches, and light-green foliage. The flowers are produced in clusters and are yellow in color. The seed pots contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, the taste is sweet, and the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. These seeds, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a very peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly and boisterously, and then sings, dances, and cuts up all kinds of fantastic capers. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is extremely comical. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted individual falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been made by him.

JOHN HUGHES.

Born in or Near Clogher, Ireland, June 24, 1797.

Died in New York, January 3, 1864.

THE STATUE OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES

ERECTED IN THE GROUNDS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.,

ON THE 2D OF OCTOBER, 1889.

The Statue.

THE idea of honoring the memory of Archbishop Hughes has ever been dear to those who have ruled the destinies of the college. One rector has succeeded another — one administration has supplanted another, and all have felt that a tribute to commemorate her founder would be a gracious act on the part of Alma Mater. Nor was the idea confined to the faculty: the ecclesiastical superiors of the Archdiocese of New York have cherished the same thought; the clergy, especially those who recall the Archbishop's gifts of mind and heart, have looked for some one to take the initiative in such a movement; and the laity, Catholic and non-Catholic, by whom his memory is held in benediction, feel that in honoring their first great Archbishop, they do honor to themselves.

His successor, the late Cardinal McCloskey — the first President of St. John's, and the first American Prince of the Church — often expressed the wish to see a small offering made by all the faithful in order to secure means of erecting a statue to the great Prelate. He felt that the successful efforts made by Archbishop Hughes to place the church on a firm basis have shed an influence on every member of the flock. And for the laity,— especially those who knew him and still survive him,— we have only to mention his name as a topic of conversation, and at once we are struck by the admiration and enthusiasm with which they speak of him.

The faithful of his day compared with our own were few; they were troublous times for the young American Church; bigotry and calumny were the favorite weapons of her enemies; but wherever a foe arose to attack the church, there at once was seen the great Archbishop battling with pen and tongue in defence of the faith. No wonder, then, that years after his death, when his sacred dust was transferred from its temporary tomb in the old Cathedral of St. Patrick in Mott street, to its last resting-place, under the high altar of the Cathedral on Fifth avenue, that the ceremony called crowds from their daily avocation to testify by their presence their love for their spiritual Father, and their esteem and affection for his memory.

At the beginning of the present scholastic year, our Rev. Rector, in conversation with some of the newly-elected officers of St. John's Alumni Association, determined that grand as had been the college's success in the past, still it should only add momentum to its progress, and that a brighter future ought to gladden her path. The Alumni also felt that now that they were large in numbers, gratitude at least should prompt them to add their mite in seconding the wishes of Father Rector. Various schemes were suggested and debated; Second Division needed better quarters; a new infirmary would be a benefit to our old professors in their declining years; but these were burdens that seemed too heavy for the shoulders of the Alumni Association.

Finally, this being the fiftieth year of the inception of the college, and the twenty-fifth year since the death of its founder, Archbishop

Hughes (January, 1864), it did not take a long process of reasoning to conclude that the present year would be a most auspicious one in which to erect a statue to his memory. The Alumni have taken the work upon themselves, and hope to see it crowned with success. It cannot but benefit St. John's; in fact, that was one of the motives that prompted the Executive Committee to undertake the project. As they declared in the circular announcing the scheme to the members, they felt that though it is very good to meet annually and congratulate each other, and renew old friendships, still some practical work, beneficial to the college, would give a better reason for the existence of the St. John's Alumni Association.

Oct. 2, 1889, has been set down for the unveiling of the statue; it is cast from the model made by the famous sculptor, William Rudolph O'Donovan. Competent critics have already attested its artistic worth; and eloquence, music, and pomp of ceremony will be enlisted to make the day and the year memorable in the annals of Fordham. Besides the sanction of the Rev. Faculty it will please all to know that our present beloved Archbishop has heartily approved of the work, and by an offering of one hundred dollars to the fund has shown his desire to see the success of the work realized.

Pres. of the Alumni Association, in Fordham (N. Y.) Monthly.

An Explanation of the Constitution of the United States.

PREPARED FOR USE IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND COLLEGES. BY FRANCIS T. FUREY, A. M.*

If this book were introduced into every Catholic high school, academy, and college in the United States, and its study made obligatory upon all their students, that fact would, of itself, furnish a triumphant rejoinder to the accusation, frequently made by bigots, that Catholics are not good Americans, and cannot be. The accusation is stupid and false, and extraordinarily unjust, and it has been answered and refuted a thousand times by words and deeds. But in the matter of teaching our children about our government, its nature, and its history, Catholics are probably about on a par with Protestants. Both have alike neglected this important branch of education. Professor Furey, in the preface to this book says: "In some states it [our system of government] is not a part of the school training at all, while in those on whose programme it finds a place, it is taught only in the most careless and superficial manner. And worse still, there is no thoroughly good text-book on the subject . . ." The "good text-book" is now and here provided. It is in question-and-answer form, and in explaining the Constitution it goes over the entire ground of the origin, growth, development, and present condition of our frame-work of government. It is written clearly; it tells precisely the things that every citizen of the United States ought to know and

*The Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

which not one citizen in a hundred knows. There is nothing partisan or prejudiced in the book. It is a plain and comprehensive manual of information about our laws, the relations of the states to each other and to the general government, the senate, the house, elections, taxation, commercial regulations, naturalization, the courts, powers granted and denied to Congress, the government of territories, admission of new states, and generally whatever is included in the text of the Constitution or which necessarily and immediately flows from it. Many an intelligent citizen of this country who has gone abroad has found himself greatly mortified at being unable to answer some very simple questions put by interested foreigners about our system of government. "How long do your senators and congressmen hold their seats?" "How much are they paid?" How are they elected?" "What is the form of government of your territories?" "How does a territory become a state?" "Can a private citizen sue a state?" "Can a state impose protective duties?" "What constitutes treason in the United States, and how is it punished?" "What is the exact operation in detail of your election of a President?" These are questions which every school-boy should be able to answer. By the study of this book every school-boy and his father and elder brother may be able to answer them. For the plan and execution of the little manual, we have only commendation to express. Catholics are loyal Americans. They realize the blessings which they enjoy in this country. Their children should be taught to understand our government; and to know upon what frame-work our precious rights and liberties are built up and sustained. This book provides such instruction. It should be in every Catholic school in the land.

Our Lady of the Snow.

On August 5th, the feast of *Sta. Maria ad Nives*, or our Lady of the Snow, was celebrated in the Basilica of St. Mary Major. The feast had its origin in this way: A pious and wealthy Roman of the time of Pope Liberius, having no children, wished to dedicate his property to the Blessed Virgin. He and his wife prayed Our Lady to make known to them in what particular way it would please her to have their property devoted. On the night of August 5th — a time when great heat prevails in Rome — both he and his wife dreamt that snow fell on a certain spot where Our Lady wished them to build a church in her honor. They arose in the morning, and, in confirmation of their dream, found part of the Esquiline Hill covered over with snow, and determined to have a church built there. That is the traditional origin of the Basilica of St. Mary Major, and the feast is called St. Mary of the Snow. By way of commemorating it, on the feast day white flowers and bits of white paper are let drop down from the top of one of the side chapels like flakes of snow.

He who trusts in himself is lost; he who trusts in God can do all things.

Vol. 22, No. 4, Oct. 1889

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.*

In the history of Newfoundland we are at every step confronted by the ubiquitous Hibernian Celt, always and everywhere faithful to his mission, "until the Bael-beine fires of St. Patrick are as cosmopolitan as the drum-beat of Great Britain." And as the fire of faith annually shines with more vivid effect as the day of our saint recurs, nowhere are its lessons more thoroughly appreciated than in this sentinel isle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the work of Dr. Howley the Celt finds a prominent place, for a Catholic Church history, of any portion of the British Empire, which would ignore the labors of the Irish would be a veritable absurdity. But the case is not changed if we go outside the domain of purely ecclesiastical history. If we turn to pages of the general and secular history of this island, we find the the same abundance of reference to the Fate-driven Irishman. Thus in "Newfoundland" (Hatton and Harvey; Cupples and Hurd, 1888) we find it stated that, "Hoping to permanently increase the scanty population of Newfoundland, Lord Falkland, viceroy of Ireland about 1625, sent out a number of emigrants from that country. At a later date these were so largely reinforced by settlers from Ireland, that the Celtic part of the population at this day is not far short of equality in number with the Saxon portion" (p. 27). And referring to the year 1763, these authors say, "The intercourse with Ireland at this time was considerable, and large quantities of fish were sent to Belfast, Cork, and Waterford. The intercourse with Ireland had led to the settlement of Newfoundland, of numbers of Irish who had fled from the oppression of the penal laws. To the shame and disgrace of Protestantism, these exiles arrived in Newfoundland, only to find that the spirit of persecution was rampart even in that distant colony" (p. 50). At this time the permanent population numbered seventy-five hundred, of whom forty-seven hundred and ninety-five were Roman Catholics, most of whom had emigrated from Ireland. And at p. 52, we are informed, that, in 1755, Gov. Dorrill issued a proclamation commanding all masters of vessels who brought out Irish passengers to carry them back at the close of the fishing season. A special tax was levied on Roman Catholics, and the celebration of the Mass was made a penal offence. A few disguised priests had come out in fishing-vessels to minister in secret among their co-religionists; but, owing to the strict surveillance of the local government [? despotism], they had no fixed abode and could not safely remain. Ten years later, in 1773, Hatton and Harvey tell us at p. 56, "Ireland still continued to send emigrants to Newfoundland in considerable numbers, notwithstanding the disabilities under which Catholics labored. Harsh regulations against the Irish were enforced by successive governors. One of these was that not more than two Roman Catholic men should dwell in one house during the winter; and another, that all Roman Catholic children should be baptized

*Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland by Very Rev. M. F. Howley, Pref. Ap. Boston: Doyle & Whittle, 1888.

according to the law. But the irrepressible Celts still came; and, as for conforming to baptism according to law, that was not their fashion. In 1800, when a new fetter had been forged for Ireland, Messrs. Hatton and Harvey tell us (p. 68), "Debt, want, and oppression drove many to emigrate in those troubled times. They carried with them the embittered memories of their wrongs. Many from Ireland, especially after the troubles of 1798, found a refuge among their countrymen on the shores of Newfoundland." Coming to the comparatively modern period of 1786, our authors inform us that "religious toleration being proclaimed, many priests of the Church of Rome" (Catholic Church, gentlemen), "appeared in the Island. They toiled with commendable devotion among their flocks, loyally battling with hardships and privations." The hardships and privations are indisputable; but the aptness of the word "loyally" is not so clear. Again, following Messrs. Hatton and Harvey, we find that in 1802 the population of St. John's was thirty-four hundred and twenty, Catholics being in a proportion of nearly two to one. In 1807 it had risen to five thousand and fifty-seven. "The emigration from Ireland had added considerably to the number of inhabitants" (p. 72). About this time the Benevolent Irish Society was formed, being the first National Society established in Newfoundland. Hatton and Harvey (p. 78) tell us that during the years 1812–16, "large numbers of emigrants, many of them from Ireland, sought a home in Newfoundland." And again, at p. 394, we have the positive assurance that "The Roman Catholic settlers came from Ireland." Again, in 1834, the population was composed of "one-half Protestants and the other Roman Catholics, the latter being Irish or of Irish descent."

Nine and twenty years ago the lamented Bishop Mullock, lecturing in St. John's on the development of Newfoundland, referred to the noble and praiseworthy part played by the Irish settlers in that island, in the following words:

"I now pause to make a few reflections, which in a Catholic audience the majority of whom look to Ireland with affection, as the land of their forefathers, may be interesting. History, as well as faith, teaches us that man can do nothing of himself. 'Unless the Lord buildeth the house in vain do they labor who build it.' The history of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland most strikingly shows this. Twice under the most favorable auspices was the Catholic Church planted in this island, — twice it failed to take root. Calvert in Ferryland, intended particularly this province of Avalon to be a city of refuge to his co-religionists, . . . the English branch of the Catholic Church never took root. The most powerful monarch of Europe, Louis XIV., established, as he thought, Catholicity firmly in Placentia, founded a convent of Franciscans, and laid, as he imagined, the foundations of our faith broad and deep. Again a failure. The lily of France never throve on the soil, and with the departure of the last French governor the Catholic faith died away. The very churches were transferred to the professors of another creed. Well, the Irish laborers came out to earn a subsistence by braving the dangers of the

ocean; they were not of the class of men who generally succeed in establishing a church. Their faith, bitterly persecuted in their own country, was strictly prohibited in Newfoundland; they had not wealth nor education, nor any of those human gifts which would give them influence in the land; still the hidden seed germinated; the weakly plant, trampled on, cut down wherever it showed itself, now begins to throw out vigorous shoots, and, at present, thank God, it flourishes like a tree planted by the running water. This is the work of God and it is wonderful in our eyes. Calvert failed; Louis failed; but the poor, persecuted Irish fisherman succeeded, and the proud monument of his or his children's faith, — the cathedral — crowns the culminating point of the capital of the island." Eight years later, Cardinal Manning remonstrating with Earl Grey, on the misgovernment of Ireland, and referring more particularly to the iniquitous exactions of the Anglican establishment, depicted in fervid words the Christian generosity of the Irish people, "who have raised by their alms the grandest cathedrals of these days." And the sons of Ireland in remote Terra Nova take an honest pride in his particular reference to the cathedral which the profuse devotion of their fathers erected at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars.

The men to whom Bishop Mullock addressed himself, needed no assurance as to the truth of his words, the majority of them were sons of men who had suffered persecution for conscience' sake. Some few of them could remember when the Mass was banned; and it was fresh in the minds of most of the audience, that the illogical upholders of tyranny, had refused them the benefits of Catholic Emancipation, under the pretence that the penal laws did not extend to Newfoundland, and that their repeal could bring no relief to those who for nigh two hundred years had groaned under them. In happier days it is not easy for us to realize the insufferable insolence of these minions of oppression. But now the generation, who saw and knew these things, has chiefly passed away, and pending the time when the great work shall appear which will do justice to the heroic and gigantic labors of the Irish confessors and apostles in every clime, we gratefully hail such a book as Dr. Howley has given us.

Before entering into details of the herculean labors of the Irish (which are the inspiration of these articles), it may be well to briefly outline the geography and discovery of this fateful island. It is situated east of the Gulf of St. Lawrence which separates it from Canada to the west; its north-west being bounded by by the straits of Belle Isle, which are only about ten to twenty miles wide, separating it from Labrador, while its north-eastern and southern shores are washed by the Atlantic. It lies between latitudes 46° 37′ and 51° 40′ N., and longitudes 54° 41′ and 59° 31′ W., St. John's being 1,665 miles from Galway. It would be a bold writer who would venture to assign a date for the first Celtic arrival in Newfoundland. Passing by the traditional voyages and discoveries of the Scandanavian sea-kings, Biarne, Leif, Thorwald, and "one Thorfinn, a person of great substance, illustrious lineage, *and Irish descent*," who sailed from Green-

land in the year 1003, to explore the continent, and is believed to have touched Newfoundland, we find that it was sighted on June 20, 1497, by Sebastian Cabot, who, disembarking four days later, named the haven St. John's, and the island Terra Baccalearum, because he found there a multitude of large fish, which the aborigines called Baccalaos. Cabot had sailed from Bristol under the auspices of Henry VII., which fact prompts some people (whose sentimentality outruns their discretion) to claim for Terra Nova the dubious honor of being the oldest British colony in the Western world. If words have any meaning, it is not the oldest British *colony*. I doubt if it can be called a *British* colony at all, having in mind the unremitting efforts of the British government to *prohibit* all colonization there. Messrs. H. & H., referring to the difficulties which were placed in the path of our early settlers remark (p. 76): "In contrast to this hard usage was the policy pursued at the very same time by the British government, in promoting the settlement of the neighboring provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada. Millions of money were lavished by the government in promoting the settlement of these colonies. Large grants of land were offered free of charge; settlers were advertised for; their expenses were paid; means were provided for their subsistence till the land made returns; hundreds of miles of road were constructed." In Terra Nova the reverse was the case. "Every improvement was accomplished by the hard toil of the poor settlers themselves, in opposition to the wretched policy of the government." When to this is added the statement that, *seventy-five years ago*, it was unlawful to build a house there without permission, and very difficult to obtain permission, there is surely good reason for protesting against the *blatherskite*, which is dinned in our ears. The greatest length of the island from Cape Ray in the south-west to Cape Norman in the north is three hundred and seventeen miles; and its greatest breadth from Cape Spear in the east to Cape Anguille in the west is three hundred and sixteen miles. The area of the island is about forty-two thousand square miles, which would leave it larger than Ireland, and the twelfth largest island on the globe. It is doubtful if an equal area of land, in any part of the world, can show such an extensive coast-line,— estimated to amount to two thousand miles,— and which is indented with magnificent bays, such as Placentia Bay, ninety miles deep and sixty miles wide at the mouth, and the Bay of Notre Dame, ninety miles wide and fifty miles deep, containing an archipelago of nearly four hundred islands. Fit home for a gallant and adventurous race, worthy to rank with the Vikings of old in physical bravery; men who hold their lives in their hands, as they tread the unstable ice-floe pursuing the seal, or man their frail dories seeking the cod, on the fog-haunted steamer-crossed Banks of Newfoundland. An intelligent, industrious, and energetic people, brave, enterprising, and fearless, large of brain and strong of muscle; fish-eating sons of Neptune, skimming the billows, and daring the sea-god to battle royal. Men, to whom like their Milesian ancestors, sweeter far than Elysian strains are the sounds of

"The dashing of the surf along the shore,
The dashing of the barks against the beach,
The ripple of the waves around the prow,
The groaning of the hulls of painted ships,
The voices of the sailors shouting out
Against the wind,
The leaping foam,
The fresh salt sting and savor of the sea,
The shriek of winds, the dipping of the stars."

The population at the present time is stated to be one hundred and ninety-six thousand, of whom about ninety thousand are Catholics. This population is but the merest fringe upon the enormous coast-line, and, as a consequence, the settlements are scattered, inter-communication seriously hampered, and schools rather sparsely attended. The interior of the country is as yet little known, but so much of it as has been explored does not confirm the impression of barrenness which is conveyed to the mariner by the rugged capes and sterile headlands, which confront him on approaching the coast. On the contrary, exploration has shown that there are considerable tracts of excellent land, although the great number of lakes of various sizes detract considerably from the cultivable area. It is estimated that one third of the surface of the island is occupied by water. Chief of these sheets is the Grand Lake, fifty miles long, and having an area of a hundred and ninety-two square miles. This includes an island having an area of fifty-six square miles. This great lake is only fifty feet above the sea-level, whilst Red Indian Lake, coming next to it in size (sixty-nine square miles) is four hundred and sixty-eight feet above sea-level, and the comparatively small lakes of Victoria, and George IV., have an altitude of 1,160 and 1,237 feet, and an area of 16 and 8 square miles respectively.

The governmental system consists of a governor appointed by the British Crown; an Executive Council of seven members (selected by the governor from the majority of the members of the lower house) who advise with the governor upon all important matters; a Legislative Council of fifteen members appointed by the governor for life; and a House of Assembly consisting of thirty-three members, elected quadrennially by household suffrage; every man, rich or poor, of legal age, occupying a house, large or small, for two years prior to the election being entitled to vote. This franchise has recently been extended in favor of non-householders of the age of twenty-five years. There are no regular divisions of counties or departments. The electoral districts are certain portions of the coast line, in most cases receiving their names from the principal bay within its bounds. These divisions are somewhat irregularly constituted; but the chances are that despite their seeming inequality, that the laws are as fairly framed and as honestly administered as in any land under the sun. The attachment of the islanders to their institutions is well exemplified by the spirited opposition which is evoked by the bare mention of union with the Canadian Dominion. It is a source of genuine pride that the freedom of the island from outside dictation was maintained in 1869

by the Irish Catholics and liberal Protestants, and they stood as nobly by their country in 1888. The present system of government dates to 1855, and in a more restricted form to 1832.

For about thirty years after Cabot's discovery little or no attention was paid to the island by the English Government, by whom no interest was taken in the teeming fisheries which were assiduously fished by the Biscayans, Bretons, Spaniards, and Portuguese. Thus Varrazzani, writing in 1524 to Francis I., says, "This land was known to the Bretons in days gone by." There is a tradition that the peninsula of Labrador derives its name from a Basque whaler (La Bradore) who frequented its coast about the time of Cabot's discoveries. The indefatigable Cabot continued his explorations under the English flag; and, in 1553, while seeking a north-east passage to China was cast ashore, on the inhospitable coast of Scandinavia and frozen to death. Thus perished the discoverer of an island, which shall ever stand as an indisputable witness of the capacity of the expatriated Celt to win and maintain his liberties. In 1527 an expedition, in which Cardinal Wolsey was interested, reached Newfoundland; but little is known of its subsequent history. There may have been an Irish contingent amongst it, — a notable Irish trait being the faculty of taking the lead in such expeditions. It would be odd indeed if the early history of our island knew naught of the sea-roving MacNamara's and O'Malley's whose ships brought from Spain wine and horses; naught of the roving O'Driscoll's, like bold "Fineen of the Ships." Father J. B. Tornitori, writing in the seventeenth century, relates that ere the pinnace of Columbus touched the land of San Salvador, one of the crew tumbled overboard and waded ashore, thus evading the admiral's order that no man should land before him. This, of course, was a Hibernian, — no less than Pat Maguire under the Latin incognito Patritius Maguiras. It is also a matter of history, that Columbus in his second voyage in 1493, carried with him Father Boyle, O. S. B., as Vicar Apostolic, and that several of his crew were Celts. Another interesting fact is that Columbus travelled to England to interest Henry VII., in his explorations. Possibly he did not neglect to enquire in Ireland as to what was known of the fabled world beyond the western ocean, and at that time (1485) there was a convent of Franciscans in the large island of Arran at the entrance of the Bay of Galway, who were, no doubt, even then training themselves to become, as Dr. Mullock says, "the apostles of the New World."

As yet no evidence is forthcoming to assure us that a representative of the old adventurous Milesians accompained Cabot on his discovery of Newfoundland; but when we recall the fact that he sailed from Bristol, between which port and Ireland an intimate connection had always existed, it does not seem rash to assume that there must necessarily have been with Cabot one or more members of that race. McGee (Hist. Ireland, p. 143) says: "From the earliest period slave-dealers from Ireland had frequented Bristol, the great British slave-market, to purchase human beings." It is worth noting here by way of parenthesis, that the Synod of Armagh (1171) declared all English

slaves free, and anathematized all who retained any connection with that odious traffic in human beings. But long ere this, the old Irish, with their natural intuition of the spirit of Christianity, had forsaken this business, and at this time, and for two centuries previous it was monopolized by the Christian Danes (so nearly related to the grand Anglo-Saxon family) of the eastern and southern sea ports. It is only fair to the Saxon to remember that towards the end of the seventeenth century the tables were turned with a vengeance; Bristol slave-hunters being then very active in kidnapping Irish youth of both sexes to the West Indies and New England settlements. It is quite possible that the final preparations of Cabot were completed in Cork or Waterford, just as two centuries later English fishing captains for Newfoundland were accused of doing. Count Montalembert refers to the passionate love for travelling of the Irish Saints, and we can readily believe, that, on their little island, at the western extremity of Europe, with the untravelled mysterious ocean extending beyond them; listening to the mysterious and fateful surges thundering around the shores of the isles of Achill and Arran; or exhausting their force upon the capes of Slyne and Erris and Malin; or rolling in their rugged grandeur into that Bay of Brendan whence the sailor-saint was reputed to have sailed to the Western World, we can readily believe that Irish priests would remember the pious old Gaelic proverb, "on the cross the face of Christ was looking westward." Dare we doubt that they would sail west, as they sailed north in the fifth and ninth centuries to evangelize the Shetland and Faroe Islands, and perhaps *via* Iceland and Greenland to the American continent? A thousand years later when men began to talk of a trans-Atlantic electric cable, it was proposed that it should be laid in the wake of the sailor-monks. But long before the material cable was laid, an electric affinity existed between Terra Nova and Erin; a chain of sympathy begotten of common trials and common triumphs, and which holds them in bonds more enduring than iron.

On April 20, 1534, Jacques Cartier sailed from Saint Malo, named after a nephew and fellow-voyager of Saint Brendan (a most appropriate starting-point!) and after a passage of twenty days sighted Newfoundland, near that cape of Bonavista (*Buena Vista*) which gladdened the weary eyes of Cabot thirty-seven years previously. Finding his northward progress blocked by ice he entered the harbor of Catalina and remained there ten days. "It is established beyond doubt that Cartier had priests with him, and that Mass was said for the first time in New France, at the harbor of Brest, Labrador, on June 11, 1534" (Howley p. 72). We may, therefore, assume with almost positive certainty that the early days of May saw Cabot's chaplain offer in Catalina, the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in North America, so far as modern discovery is concerned. On June 25, 1615, the Franciscans celebrated their first Mass in Quebec. There is no record of any Anglican minister in Newfoundland, till 1622, nearly a century behind the pioneer priests who accompanied Cartier.

As a sample of how the old Celts applied themselves to navigation we may quote from O'Halloran's History of Ireland: —

"In the year 1170, Maidoc, third son to Owen Gwineth, prince of North Wales, by an Irish princess, finding his country in great commotions, and his brothers engaged in civil wars against each other, retired to his maternal patrimony of Clochran in Connaught. Having great experience in maritime affairs, he fitted out a number of ships with which he sailed so far north as to discover lands till then unknown, and these regions, in the opinion of the antiquarian Humphrey Lloyd, must have been part of New Spain. If so, Irishmen and Welshmen may claim the honor of this discovery, prior to Columbus." Aristotle (B. C. 384–23) gives us a good illustration of the natural forces most dreaded by the ancients, and pays a tribute to the advancement of the knowledge-loving Celt when he says, "The Celts fear neither earthquakes nor waves." And not one whit less daring than these old heroes, were the brave Bretons and Basques who followed so rapidly in the track of Cabot. In 1656, Dublin Castle transported four hundred and fifty Dominicans to Barbados; but even they were not Irish pioneers in the West Indies, for, in 1633, Father White, S. J., on his way to Maryland, found "Mouserrat inhabited by Irishmen who have been expelled by the English of Virginia." We have no record that any Irish monks were transported to Terra Nova, although there may have been some of them among the *Irish slaves* found there by the French expedition of 1697. Proof upon proof might be cited in evidence of the zeal for exploration which characterized the Irish, and it would, indeed, be strange if the Cartier expedition did not carry some roving Celt, desiring like Ulysses, to

> "Sail beyond the sunset and the baths,
> Of all the Western stars."

In 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of St. John's under a charter from Elizabeth. Messrs. H. & H. (pp. 16–17) relapse into eloquence over this "scholar, soldier, colonizer, and philosopher," who "won high distinction in Irish and continental wars." In Irish history his most enduring memory will be connected with his raids into Galway, and participation in the massacre of Smerwick, under orders from Raleigh on Sept. 10, 1580, when eight hundred Spaniards having surrendered under a flag of truce, were treacherously butchered and flung into the sea. Of this infamy gentle Elizabeth wrote: "It was greately to our lyking." Of Gilbert's doings in general Raleigh wrote: "I never hard nor rede of any man more fered than he is among the Irishe nacion." W. C. Bryant says admiringly, "Among Irish outlaws who were no better than half savages, he showed little of the quality of mercy." In 1581, Raleigh complained that what was wanted was the fire and sword of Gilbert who boasted of putting man, woman, and child to death. And Froude, "the snob historian" (with evident regret that the present time is unpropitious for the like exploits), says: "He regarded himself rather as dealing with savage beasts than with human beings, and when he tracked them to their dens, *he strangled the cubs and rooted out the entire brood.*" To all such snobs and flunkys, admirers of aristocratic wrong-doing, we commend the saying of Burke: "There never was a mean and abject mind that did

not admire an intrepid and dexterous villain." Gilbert brought no missionaries; but, as a talisman to save the island from Jesuit intrigues, he erected a pillar upon which was placed the royal arms, and as an antidote to the Popish impressions which might have arisen from the early discoverers, he proclaimed that all should use the Book of Common Prayer, and that those "who violate this command shall lose their ears." Long live religious freedom. If his spirit can look at Catholic St. John's to-day, small comfort will flow from the result of his elaborate precautions to secure for our island the blessings of that gospel which shone in Boleyn's eyes. On his homeward voyage he was drowned by his ship foundering, and we are expected to admire his unaffected piety, as he sits with the Bible in his hand, telling the crew that "Heaven is as near by sea as by land." So also, perhaps, is retribution for

"The hypocrite of creed
With the Bible on his lip, and the devil in his deed."

The next important event in our history is the colonization scheme of Sir George Calvert. A pamphlet entitled A Discourse and Discovery was written by Captain Whitbourne, who gave most enthusiastic praise to everything connected with Terra Nova, not forgetting even to refer to the "meekness of the wolves." This publication caused Calvert to turn his attention to Terra Nova, as a place where he might possess that freedom which was denied him in England, and at the end of the year 1622, he received a charter from his colony from James I., and, in 1625, he was created Baron of Baltimore. It was not altogether an accident that the man who was to kindle the fire of liberty in the New World, should have borne the name of Baltimore. Just beside that small seaport in Cork stood the castle of O'Driscoll, until it was burned by the English in 1539. The site occupied a rocky point, where, in the early dawn of history, the Phœnicians built a tall tower from whose summit flared the fires of the worshippers of Bel (the Sun), hence the name Baltimore or *the great house of Bel.* Thus the heathen fire of sacrifice became a precursor and a type of that flame of freedom, which, in another land, with a newer Baltimore, shall endure for all time. We do not learn positively that any Irish were sent by Calvert to his Ferryland colony; but we do know that ten years later (when having abandoned Terra Nova he sailed for Maryland), he was accompanied by "two hundred Irish and English emigrants." Knowing also that Calvert had an estate in county Longford, it would be more than strange if he had none of the church-building Irish with him. This much is certain: That although the meagre documents at present known throw little light upon the subject, there must have been from this period, a steady, persistent, though unostentatious, movement from Ireland to Terra Nova. Nothing but a persistent and long-continued influx of these pillar-stones of Right and Justice could have overborne the brutal laws enacted against them. In 1627, Baltimore paid his first visit to the colony accompanied by two Jesuits, Fathers Smith and Longueville. Just previous to this time some desultory attempts at settlement had been made on a small

scale in another part of the island. But the names of their promoters awaken no interest, while the name of Baltimore shall be held in benediction as long as men honor glorious conceptions and practical efforts tending to the elevation of humanity. These insignificant colonies, however ineffectual for good, could, on the other hand, supply mischief-makers. An Anglican minister named Stourton (a derelict who floated into Ferryland as kindred spirits floated into Maryland and destroyed the constitution which had sheltered them) waxed wrothy against the Jesuits, and made himself generally so troublesome, that Baltimore was driven to the extreme measure of expelling him. Forthwith our firebrand proceeded in hot haste to England, and charged before the Privy Council that Baltimore, not content with the Jesuits Smith and Longueville, had also "in the same year" received into his colony, "another Jesuit, Hacket, and forty papists" and how the said "Hacket and Smith celebrated Mass every Sunday, and used all other ceremonies of the Church of Rome in the ample manner as 'tis used in Spain." The name Hacket seems racy of southern Ireland, and, perhaps, we may some day learn that the "Jesuit Hacket and forty papists" came from the village of Baltimore, which, in 1631, a traitor, Hacket, was to assist in destroying. Reference has been made to an Irish contingent sent to Terra Nova by Falkland, who is credited with "a desire to increase its scanty population." This is a very far-fetched theory, without the slightest foundation on contemporary facts. He was removed from the Irish Viceroyalty in 1629, because his "vigor" did not satisfy the priest-hunters. It was no love for the Irish that prevented his rule from being acceptable to the ascendancy party. As a parting kick to Ireland, on April 1st, — how the date and the folly harmonize? — he issued a proclamation suppressing the public exercise of the Catholic religion, and prohibiting all its ministers "celebrating their service in any church, chapel, or other public oratory, or any place whatever, or to teach any school . . . within the said kingdom. And we do further charge and command all and singular the owners of such houses of friars, colleges, monasteries, schools, oratories, mass-houses, and nunneries, that they, and every one of them respectively in default of the persons before named, their voluntary relinquishing of the said houses upon pain to have their said houses seized upon to his majesty's use; and both one and the other to be proceeded against for their unlawful assemblies, and maintenance of such unlawful conventicles, and corrupt nurture of children, in the severest manner." (Cause of Ireland Stated.) Whatever may be thought of the composition of this manifesto there is no mistaking its anti-Catholic virulence. The ascendancy outcry against Falkland was probably because of his connivance at Catholic worship during the years 1623–25 while James was negotiating for the marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta of Spain. James solemnly swore to suspend the operation of the penal laws; to procure their repeal in Parliament; and to grant toleration of worship in private houses. When James died in 1625 and Charles married Henrietta Maria of France, the English commons petitioned him to enforce the laws against recusants. Charles acceded to this

pious request, and being remonstrated with by Henry IV., of France, replied that he looked upon the promised toleration merely as an artifice to obtain the papal dispensation. (*Vide* McGee's History of Ireland.) Thus it will be seen that the Irish who came to vanquish intolerance in Terra Nova, were not unacquainted with the foe they were to encounter. In 1635, the English Star Chamber enacted that in Newfoundland, "Divine Service should be performed, according to the ceremonial of the Church of England, on Sundays." This is a characteristic contribution to our missionary literature.

About the year 1650, the French began to settle in the Bay of *Plaisance*, and to found the town of that name. The situation of this town rendered it eminently suitable for maritime pursuits, and especially so for fishing purposes. An additional recommendation, in those troubled times, was the security with which this port could be fortified. In all the early French voyages and expeditions, the commander was invariably accompanied by Catholic priests, — generally of the Franciscan or Jesuit orders. Indeed, the same applies to all the Latin races, and hence it is that we find them so successful in winning the good-will of the aborigines of the American continent. Very often the priest was himself the explorer. "The missionary fathers were the pathfinders of empire in the far west." (Withrow, Hist. Can.) These priests cultivated amicable relations with the savages, and thus were the chief factor in the extension of New France. Terra Nova, in common with continental New France, was included in the immense diocese of Quebec, of which Abbe Laval was appointed bishop, in 1658, with Abbe St. Vallier, as vicar-general, in 1684, and coadjutor in 1688. The new coadjutor was a man of great energy and zeal. In 1689 he applied to the Franciscan Convent at Quebec for missionaries to go to Placentia (Plaisance). At this time there was already a chapel there, which was probably served by the naval or military chaplain, whom the fortune of war brought there occasionally. Bishop St. Vallier accordingly went to Placentia, and founded there a Franciscan monastery, near whose site some old French-inscribed head-stones may still be seen. But of the monastery not a vestige remains. On or near its site stands an Anglican church, built by the boor who sat on England's throne as William IV. Probably the Franciscan fathers were only established in a provisional residence, and never had the chance to get permanently located. In 1692, an English squadron, under Commodore Williams, attacked Placentia, but were repulsed, owing to the strength of the French fortifications. The men who, in 1713, were to build, at Louisburg, the strongest fortress in the world, at a cost of five million dollars, knew how to do their work. In the autumn of 1697, Capt. D'Iberville sailed from Quebec, with a commission to harass the English settlements in Terra Nova. He arrived at Placentia on the 12th of September; but, owing to disputes between himself and the *commandant* at Placentia (M. De Brouillon), the combined expedition did not start for St. John's till Nov. 1. On the way they reduced the English settlements at Ferryland, Bay Bulls, and Petty Harbor, and, on the 28th of November, attacked St. John's, which surrendered two days later.

After this they reduced several minor English settlements, and, towards the end of January, laid siege to Carbonear, where they were met with defiance. On Jan. 29, some prisoners were brought into camp, among them *eight Irishmen*, "whom the English treat as slaves," says the good chaplain of D'Iberville's flag-ship. Such was the fate reserved, in this remote island, for Irishmen.

> ". . . Kindred to the mariner, whose soul's sublime devotion
> Led his caravel like a star to new worlds through the ocean."

On the 8th of February, the French attacked Harbor Content, where they found a fort commanded by an Irishman who shortly surrendered. Then they returned to Carbonear, where they learned that the English had captured one Frenchman and three Irishmen, who had taken part with the French. It makes one's heart beat faster to think of the joy which this French expedition must have brought to these poor hunted Irishmen two centuries ago. The English appreciated so well the French friendship for their Irish cousins, that when an exchange of prisoners was proposed, they demanded the release of three Englishmen for each Irishman surrendered to the French force. Some hitch occurred, and the French burned Carbonear, and then departed on their errand of devastation. On Feb. 20, M. De Montigny, who had been reconnoitring, arrived with twenty Irish, who had gladly joined him to escape their task-masters. In 1713, the treaty of Utrecht interrupted these skirmishes. By it our island was ceded to England, subject to some imperfectly defined fishing rights, reserved to France. For the five years preceding 1713, the French had possessed St. John's, and the Catholic religion was openly professed. The treaty was devised to protect the religious interests of the inhabitants; but who ever heard of a treaty preventing "British fair-play" from persecuting the Catholic faith, after it ceased to be politic to refrain from doing so? The profession of Catholicity gave great discomfort to zealous Protestants, who were shocked to find that "the priests publicly practised their sacerdotal functions as if popery were the established religion of the country." Then Gov. Edwards, encouraged by the laws of England, harassed and annoyed the French Catholics and their clergy, so that they disposed of their properties as best they could, and left the island, like the unprogressive Frenchmen they were, — utterly unable to appreciate the blessings of Anglo-Saxon freedom of conscience. Now, surely Popery is a thing of the past, and the spirit of cut-throat Gilbert may behold the desolation, and rejoice? Not so; Ireland was still there. Unconquered Ireland! then, as now, weak in material forces, but strong in righteousness; then, as now, blocking the way of the oppressor, — opposing a flaming sword to the doer of evil things. Slowly, but surely, the Irish were flowing into bay and harbor and cove and creek. The flowing tide was with them, on which was borne the seed of Christianity, and the promise and potency of a glorious fruition, denied to the planting of Calvert and Louis. This was the mighty and irresistible flood before whose rushing waves the symbols and emblems of tyranny vanish like the evil things of night under the rising sun. The Irish were hated and despised by their tyrants, whose

enmity the waves of the broad Atlantic could not wash away. But little recked our gallant pioneers; they who had defied Cromwell were not the men to quail before his pinchbeck imitators. And still they came. As the *wild geese* fly north in spring-time, so fled our nation-builders from the freedomless crags and desolate shores of green Erin. They came, those volatile, emotional, and unstable Celts, whom, we are told, cannot compare with the Saxon, — tenacious of purpose. But, despite all the obstacles and oppressions, they held their ground and flourished. Kicks in abundance fell to their share; he kicks to most purpose who kicks last. In 1670, the Trade Committee of the House of Lords complained that the ship-owners were illegally bringing passengers to Terra Nova, and that they fitted their ships from Ireland. Little dreamt the bluff English mariners (as they received their complement of white slaves) that they, too, were unwittingly the instruments whose efforts were tending to the vindication of the old Celtic race.

In 1718, the first permanent governor (Osborne) was appointed. Before this, the administration of what passed for justice was arrived at by the most extraordinary process recorded in the annals of misgovernment. According to an act in 1698 (the Parliament of the Revolution, as H. and H. ruefully acknowledge), the governing power for each year was vested in a trio, into whose appointment fitness or unfitness, knowledge, ability, or intelligence, never entered as a determining factor. The first three fishing captains arriving at St. John's became, *ipso facto*, admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral. These men exercised despotic and unlimited power. Such a parody on justice is without precedent in the annals of humanity. Their common pastime was flogging an Irishman. It is not clear that the appointment of resident governors improved this state of things. Instead of an intermittent and spasmodic despotism, we were now presented with an *organized* anarchy, if I may use the paradox.

In 1755, Gov. Dorrill ordered the arrest of a priest in Harbor Grace. The priest escaped; but the house in which Mass had been celebrated was offered as a *burnt-offering* in honor of freedom of conscience. Dorrill's ingenuity was also exercised in endeavoring to banish Catholic servants from the island. In Harbor Grace, George Tobin was fined ten pounds "for inflaming Catholics against Protestants," — recall Parnell's simile of the rat and the elephant. Elsewhere a ship's captain was fined for "hoisting the Irish colors," condonation of such an offence being clearly incompatible with the security of the crown. In Harbor Main, one Keating (no doubt instigated by the devil) had Mass celebrated on his fishing premises, which was contrary to the peace of his sovereign lord, the king. Keating was fined fifty pounds; and, in order to convince him that he enjoyed freedom of conscience, a warship was sent to tow his wharves into the harbor, where they were set on fire. Keating, not yet being able to admire the freedom whose fruits tasted so bitter, was banished from the island, in company with several other Catholics, who had, also, feloniously assisted at Mass. But some one in authority whispered to Dorrill that his fanaticism had

gone too far, and he decided to pay Keating for his property. The necessary funds were accordingly raised by fining *a number of other Catholics*. This system of black-mail was so profitable, that, after all charges were met, the sum of one hundred pounds remained in hand, and therewith Dorrill built a jail. To-day the village of Harbor Main possesses a sturdy Catholic population of close upon one thousand, a commodious church and presbytery, a convent of Irish Presentation Nuns, and parochial schools. These sample infancies will give sufficient example of the outrages which, daily and hourly, were heaped upon the faithful Irish.

On 24th of June, 1762, four French frigates captured St. John's; but after three weeks they surrendered it to the English. We are informed that, during these hostilities, the Irish showed very little zeal for the English cause. The reinstatement of the English caused a renewal of the anti-Catholic ordinances. Gov. Palliser, "difficult as it may seem, surpassed all his predecessors in bigotry." In 1775, Gov. Duff "renewed all the regulations against the Papists." When crime was thus sanctioned by the strict letter of the law, imagination fails to realize the demoniac outrages unloosed by its spirit. These were dark days for Catholics in Terra Nova. But, in the touching words of Dr. Bernard O'Reilly in regard to their fathers: "They suffered, they kept the faith; they put their trust in the God of their fathers, — the God mighty and powerful to save; they hoped against hope, and rose superior to every trial." All through these dark days, the faithful *Soggarth aroon* ministered as best he could to his hunted flock. The names of the priests who labored in our island prior to 1784, are almost absolutely unknown. But we can readily imagine how the hunted priest on the hill-sides of Erin, pitying the melancholy condition of his outlawed people in distant *Talav an Eask* (the Fish-land), and, urged by a mysterious summons (even as the voice of the Irish had appealed to the slave Succat), would hasten over the western ocean to bring them the consolations of religion. Of course the Anglo-Saxon brands them seditious and turbulent priests. The same old cry: "This Man is no friend of Cæsar; he preaches sedition to the people." The names of Father Kain, in 1770–76, and of Fathers Daily, Power, and Mahony, are known. Other priests must have been in the island, but their sufferings and labors are to us unknown. At Renews is still shown a veritable *Corrig an Affrion* (Mass rock), where the people were wont to assemble during the shades of night. Saddest of all the outrages of a lying history is the impression conveyed, that our negative knowledge of these apostles, arises from their unworthiness. Oh, perish the thought! The confessors, who kept alive the embers of faith in Terra Nova, were not, could not be, silenced or suspended priests. The flourishing Catholic Church in Terra Nova to-day protests against the supposition. Men of the truest martyr spirit were needed, and they came. Not like Fridolin and Columbanus; not like Killian and Gallus; not like Cataldus and Romauld, — with pious acolytes bearing the processional Cross and religious banners, and shaven friars, chanting the hymns of the sanctuary. No; they came in disguise, men

under a ban to minister to a people whom the law did not recognize, except for the purpose of plunder and persecution; and, for hymns, their ears were greeted with the obscene curses of the rough sailors. In tears and tribulations they planted, and their spirits rejoice in the harvest. From 1780 the records are no longer stained with such hideous outrages; but, until lately, the memory of those bitter times had not left the hearts of the older people. But intolerance and prejudice were there, and only the Recording Angel knows the innumerable crimes perpetrated against our pioneers of Faith and Freedom.

The canonical mission of Dr. O'Donel, in 1784, opens a new era, of which notice must be reserved for another occasion.

J. W. O'R.

Wages in the United States in 1800.

THE condition of the American wages class nearly a century ago is full of instruction. In the large cities, unskilled workmen were hired by the day, bought their own food, and found their own lodgings. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer, and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid six dollars a month from May to November, and five dollars a month from November to May. Hod carriers, mortar mixers, diggers and choppers, who, from 1793 to 1800, labored on the public buildings and cut the streets and avenues of Washington, received seventy dollars a year, or, if they wished, sixty dollars for all the work they could perform from March 1 to Dec. 20. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or, as money then went, forty cents a day; at Lancaster, eight dollars to ten dollars a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania, workmen were content with six dollars in summer and five dollars in winter. At Baltimore, men were glad to be hired at eighteen pence a day. None by the month asked more than six dollars. At Fredericksburg, the price for labor was from five dollars to seven dollars. In Virginia, white men employed by the year were given sixteen pounds currency; slaves, when hired, were clothed, and their masters paid one pound a month. A pound, Virginia money, was, in Federal money, three dollars and thirty-three cents. The average rate of wages all over the country was sixty-five dollars a year, with food, and, perhaps, lodging. Out of this small sum the workman had, with his wife's help, to maintain his family.

What Leading London Papers Say.

THE Daily Telegraph says that tenants have a perfect right to combine, and that every honest man ought to wish success to the new movement in Ireland. The Morning Post (Conservative) also approves the new league.

Stabat Mater.

A New Translation. By Rev. F. J. Sullivan, S. J.

SORROWFUL the mother stood,
Weeping by the precious wood,
Whilst on it hung her Son.
Tender moanings told the smart,
Told the anguish of her heart,
Through which a sword was run.
Oh! how doleful and distressed
Was that maiden-mother blessed
Of sole-begotten One.

Whelmed with grief, with anguish rent,
Sore indeed did she lament
To see her Offspring slain.
Where's the man with feelings true,
That with tearless eyes could view
Christ's mother in such pain?

Who could see that Mother mild
Grieving for her peerless child,
And not with pity mourn?
She beheld her dear Jesu
Tortured for a sinful crew,
His flesh with scourges torn.

She beheld her only-born
Die forsaken — all forlorn —
Whilst yielding up his soul.
Mother! fount of love divine,
Make me feel a grief like thine;
With thee let me condole.

Make my heart with fervor glow;
Make me in Christ's favor grow,
And in his love abide.

Holy Mother! act this part:
Deep engrave within my heart
My Saviour crucified.

Give me portion of his pains,
Who, by wounds and torments, deigns
To prove his love for me.
Let me weep with thee yet more,
And the crucified deplore,
As long as life shall be.

Near the cross with thee to weep,
Fain would I my station keep,
A sharer in thy woe.
Virgin Queen of virgin train!
Let my pleadings be not vain;
But bid my tears to flow.

In Christ's passion let me share,
And his death about me bear,
Yea, in his sweet wounds dwell.
With his bruises make me sore;
With his cross and sacred gore
Inebriate me well.
Screen me, Virgin, judgment-day;
Let me not be cast away,
To feed the flames of hell.

Lord! when death shall close my eyes,
Through thy mother grant the prize,
The crown of victory.
When this body turns to earth,
Bid my soul renew its birth
In Paradise with thee.

AMEN.

Feast of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Sept. 22d.

Self-Sacrificing Examples.

HONOLULU (H. I.) BULLETIN: Rev. Father Leonor, of the Roman Catholic Mission, went to America in 1883 to seek out a Sister for the management of work among the sick people generally (including the care of the Walluku Hospital), but especially among the lepers of this country. He applied to over fifty orders, and Superior-General Marianne, of the Franciscan Order, at Syracuse, New York, was the first to offer herself for the not attractive station. This Mother even eagerly embraced the commission, bringing six Sisters with her. Upon her original term of enlistment expiring, Rev. Mother Marianne, at her own earnest solicitation, was retained at the head of the work of charity, for this purpose resigning her high office of Superior-General of the Order. The Sisterhood have charge of the Bishop Home (founded by Hon. C. R. Bishop) on Molokai, and lately two Sisters have gone over from Honolulu to assist the Mother in the care of the Boys' Home. There are fifty-four girls now in the Bishop Home, who, by excellent behavior, show appreciation of the benefits of the institution. The Boys' Home, having over one hundred motherless lads, will no doubt soon, under the additional help referred to, be reportable as a model of comfort, cleanliness, and neatness.

The Boston Herald on Irish National Education — The School Question.

BEFORE Rome had arisen to the dignity of a Tiberian village, Ireland was a nation. After the fall of the empire, and when Gothic kings sat on the throne of the imperial Cæsars, Ireland flourished in civilization, arts, and learning. The Romans had overrun the world, and conquered it, all — except Ireland. Nial and Dathy had laid the Roman eagles in the dust throughout Britain, and as far as the Alps. All military power had gone down before the Roman legions save that of the Irish; and when Europe was devastated, convulsed, and covered as with the pall of eternal night, far away in the Isle of the Western Seas the lamp of faith, of sanctity, and learning shed its rays on the darkened world, a beacon-light to all that sought a refuge within the peaceful shores of Erin.

But Ireland's days of tempest and darkness and blood were at hand. Her scholars and saints had gone through Europe, even to the gates of Rome itself, and planted the Cross, and the seeds of religion and of knowledge wherever they went.

Then came the Dane and the Saxon and the Norman, and Ireland was given over to rapine and slaughter and fire and sword, such as no other nation whose history is known ever suffered before. Her schools and temples were destroyed, her language prohibited, her religion banned, and in large districts of country her people were swept off the face of the earth. A man on horseback might ride for days and not see the face of man, woman, or child, nor beast in field, nor a green blade of grass to greet the eye.

Surely, Ireland was indeed conquered. The massacre of her people by the Puritans had no parallel in history.

Then were those of the Irish people who survived the massacres plunged into ignorance and despair. Education of the people was unknown in Ireland, for the educators were hanged if they dared to teach. They were but few, however, and they soon died out.

When the night of storms had passed the hedge-school began to appear. Anything in the shape of a school was welcome, and the boys in the west and north-west learned Latin as children learned to drink milk. The boys of the south learned mathematics, while those of the north and east learned both, with an avidity that made it plain that the people were rising once more from their enforced degradation.

Having failed to break and destroy the Irish, England saw that it would never do to permit them to educate themselves, and so she would educate them after her own style and fashion.

In 1831 the national system of education was established in Ireland. It was innocently believed at that time to be a national system. The text-books used in the schools had some references to Ireland; but after a while all this was changed, and patriotic verses, like the "Downfall of Poland," "Scots Wha Ha'e," "The Exile of Erin," and

even the "Blind Harper" were carefully eliminated from their pages. In their stead the pupils were taught to sing —

> "I thank the goodness and the grace
> That on my youth have smiled.
> And made me, in those glorious days,
> A happy English child."

They were bad English children, those Irish pupils. Very bad. But there had been some good seed sown in the early days of the new system, and all the power of England could not root it up. It subsequently blossomed into patriotism.

Then came the religious question; and even the Boston Herald is bothered about it, because it does not understand it. The same question has bothered the English government almost since the foundation of the system, and it was right and natural that that government should be tortured and troubled until it changes its odious tactics, or becomes relieved by the establishment of Home Rule.

It will scarcely be believed by the Boston Herald, and other respectable American newspapers, that the system of education in Ireland would not be tolerated in either England or Scotland. In England the denominational system prevails, and the same in Scotland. But the latter country has also its parochial schools, the legacy of the Catholic Church to that country before the days of the "Ruffian Knox." Those Scotch parochial schools (Presbyterian) are said to be among the best in the world. The teachers are invariably able and learned men, and generally hold their well-paid positions for life. Scotland owes everything she possesses to those schools. Does it not then seem strange that education in Great Britain is everything that the people could desire, while the so-called national system in Ireland is repugnant to four fifths of the entire people of that country?

The Boston Herald says: "The national schools in Ireland are being quoted to prove that parochial schools are not absolutely necessary, and that Catholic and Protestant children can be educated together with satisfactory provision for religious instruction, and without the infringement of the rights of conscience."

The Herald is altogether at sea on this question, and does not appear to have even the remotest idea of the facts in the case. The government exacts strictly secular teaching in the schools of Ireland for four hours in the day, and for five days in the week. No religious instruction whatever can be given during school hours. The children might just as well be pagan as Christian, as far as the government or its system of education is concerned. No religious sign or symbol — the cross, the sign of man's redemption, for instance — must be seen during the hours of instruction. No school can be opened or closed with prayer under any circumstance, and a heavy penalty is inflicted by the Board of Education if its rules of non-religious instruction are violated. Even where all the children are Catholics, — and this means three fourths of all the children in attendance at the national schools throughout Ireland, — the rule is as rigid as the proverbial rules of the Medes and Persians. This is the "satisfactory provision for religious

instruction" of the Herald. But let the Herald be helped out; it has got mixed up on the subject. After all secular instruction is over in those national schools; an hour each day *may* be devoted to religious instruction, and every child objecting to the kind of instruction given is at liberty to rise and leave. If no religious instruction whatever be given during that hour of grace, — and this is the case in many districts, — the teachers in such schools become the favorites of a number of the school commissioners. Now, when a child is compelled by conscience to leave its school, because of the religious instruction given after school hours being contrary to its religious belief, no matter whether the child be Catholic, Protestant, or Calvinist, how can the Boston Herald, with truth, insist that, in Irish national schools, there is "satisfactory provision for religious instruction, and without the infringement of the rights of conscience?" There is no such thing as satisfactory provision in schools where Catholics and Protestants are in attendance, and this is the class of schools to which the Herald refers.

In the majority of the schools, all the children are Catholics without exception, and the religious instruction given in those schools, after school hours, is certainly of a Catholic character, but completely divorced from education, the very thing that Catholics are battling against in this country. In the few schools where the children are all Protestant, the religious instruction is of a Protestant or Calvinistic character. In schools where the pupils are both Catholic and Protetsant, if the religious instruction given be Catholic, the Protestants leave; if Protestant, the Catholics leave, sure. Where now comes in the "satisfactory provision of the religious instruction" of the Herald? In the mixed schools, the children of either denomination, who are compelled to leave, get no religious instruction whatever. As for the Catholics, so long as religious instruction is divorced from all secular education, they are compelled to bear an injustice which the special hour of religious instruction will not compensate. As for Protestants and Presbyterians, — we say it respectfully, — they are satisfied with some Bible reading at any hour, and do not complain. Outside of these, which is a mere fraction of the whole, there is no such thing in all Ireland as "satisfactory provision for religious instruction."

The Herald continues: "The Roman Catholics there feel, as they feel here, the importance of the parochial school; but this kind of school cannot succeed largely there, because," — mark these words, — "both in religious and secular teaching, the national are superior to the parochial schools." So the Protestant religious instruction in some national schools is superior to the religious instruction of the Catholic parochial schools! This dunderheadism of the Herald is of the same type of logic as that which prevails among Protestants in Boston on the question of the public schools. There is neither "rhyme nor reason" in it, and questions of such vital importance as these can never be settled until men's minds are trained to view the whole matter impartially, and with calm, clear judgment examine the full scope of all the interests involved.

But where, oh, where, did the Herald learn that the secular teaching of the Irish national schools was superior to that of the parochial schools? Will the Herald give its authority, if it have any, for this assertion? Will it kindly furnish the public with proof of the superiority of the secular education of the national over the parochial schools? This would be a white feather in the cap of the Herald if it would furnish the desired proof.

The Irish parochial schools are taught by the Christian Brothers, an order that belongs peculiarly and only to Ireland. These are trained for their life-work with a care that cannot be excelled. They have text-books that are not surpassed by any; and at the annual public examinations, — which are examinations and not shams, — and especially in competitive examinations, their pupils carry off the honors and prizes so regularly that nothing else is ever expected. Protestant and Catholic examiners bear testimony to the great superiority of the pupils of the Christian Brothers who preside over the parochial schools.

As we have now seen that there is no such thing as religious instruction in the Irish national system of education, and that the whole spirit of the system is opposed to such instruction, what becomes of the Herald's declaration about the superiority of the religious instruction given in those schools over that given in the parochial schools? It was because of the want of religious instruction in the national schools that the parochial schools became a necessity, and were established. But why was there not some decent provision made for religious instruction in an Irish governmental school system? The Irish are a religious people, and their persecution for centuries was because of their devotion and adherence to their Catholic faith.

It is not necessary to travel far for an answer.

The English government, finding it impossible to annihilate the Irish people, conceived the idea of educating them without any regard to religion, hoping thereby to break the bonds that had bound the people to their clergy. Loosen that bond, destroy the power of the Irish priesthood, and the people, even if infidel, would be more acceptable to the English government. It was a deep and cunningly devised scheme, for the Irish were eager to grasp at anything that afforded them the means of education; but the glorious hierarchy of Ireland stood like a rock of adamant between the people and their enemies. They were true watchmen on the walls of Israel, and all the power and force and money of the government failed before the united strength of that immortal body. Conscience, that had led the people into caves and up to the mountain tops to worship God, and made them a nation of martyrs, still reigned, as it shall reign forever, and England was again defeated in her cunning device of godless education for the Irish people.

It was about the very time that the national system of education was introduced into Ireland that England proposed to advance three millions of dollars to pension the bishops and priests of Ireland. It was a tempting bait to an impoverished clergy, but it did not take. This

was not an offering of generosity or an act of justice by way of reparation for the spoliation of the church in Ireland. No; it was to purchase the silence of the hierarchy in all political movements, and to stamp out all and every aspiration for nationhood. The government only wanted a little nominal veto, if necessary, in the election or appointment of bishops. That was all. The Scotch bishops, before that, had quietly accepted government aid on the sly; but the Irish bishops did not even know of this; hence theirs was the greater honor for refusing to be pensioned.

The Irish parochial schools are, unfortunately, not as numerous as the necessities of the people demand. This is easily explained. The poverty of the people, the result of their misgovernment, leaves them without resources. They are first taxed for the irreligious national education, and then they voluntarily tax themselves for whatever parochial schools they possess.

Wonderful people, and wonderful vitality!

Is not this very like the condition of things here? With the properly instructed Catholic, it is either the parochial school or no school at all for his children, a very sad and a very hard alternative.

It is pretty well known that the Irish are, by nature, strong lovers of education, and they prove it, too, by running the risks they run in permitting their children to attend the public schools. They remember, with bitter memories, how their fathers were made ignorant by process of law, and how they themselves were sneered at by the wise ones of the world, because of their ignorance. It was a stroke of terrible cruelty, on England's part, to first reduce a whole nation of people to ignorance, and then taunt and upbraid them for being ignorant. But this was not all; other nations, and other peoples, particularly those of this country, had their scoff and their sneer ready at hand for the "ignorant Irish;" and here it was that the blow, and the sting, and the reproach cut most deeply. England had her imitators even here, and the descendants of those whose knowledge and learning had filled Europe with new life, and saved it in its death throes, were subjected to the cruelest taunts and contumely that men could bear.

[Just a moment here for a first-class, brief story of "Irish ignorance." Twenty years ago, in a town in Massachusetts, an Irish-American was anxious to cast his first vote. He was just three weeks a citizen, but dreaded the ordeal of writing his name, an electoral test for the right to vote. He hardly knew how to hold a pen, and was about to give up the attempt to vote, when a happy thought entered his mind. On the appointed day he appeared, with others, in presence of the mayor and councilmen. His turn came near the last, for he was very backward. When his name was called, he boldly advanced to the desk, took a firm grip of the pen, and dashed off a straight line of "something," as he subsequently styled it. The examiners looked at the writing; some of them thought they had their spectacles on the wrong way, declared they could not read it, and asked for an explanation. "That's my name," said the unterrified writer, "well written in my native Irish; an' if ye gintlemen cannot read the grand ould

Celtic characthers, the loss is yours widout any fault of mine. I can't write English, an' wouldn't if I could; now make the most of yer ignorance." A roar of laughter followed; the logic was irresistible, and the possessor of Irish mother wit "passed."]

In the same issue of the Boston Herald that contained the article, "Settling the Question in Ireland," which called forth this article, there appeared a brief report of a lecture, by one Rev. F. J. Lansing, delivered in Tremont Temple. His subject was, "The Morality which Romanism would Teach our Youth." It would be beneath the dignity of any one aspiring to the possession of common sense, or common decency, to answer the wild and vapid utterances of this unfortunate zealot and fanatic. But the readers of this MAGAZINE can judge from the following the sort of men who dominate the hysterical women of Boston who are crazed over the school question. Says Mr. Lansing: "We have seen the antagonism which the Church of Rome displays toward our Constitution." No, sir. Never saw it; never heard of it; don't believe it, not if you were to swear to it a million of times. It isn't true, and you know it isn't true.

Continuing, Mr. Lansing says: "It is the purpose of Rome, not to modify, but to totally destroy, our public schools." Rome has got nothing to do with the public schools; neither has the Catholic Church in this country (that's what Mr. Lansing means by Rome), the slightest intention of interfering with the public schools. But the preacher knows better. Hear him again: "The morality of the Roman Church sanctions lying, fraud, and perjury." Queer kind of morality! He goes further, and says the church sanctions stealing and murder! This is the language addressed to the overheated partisans of the public schools of Boston. No wonder that people, who listen to language like this, lose their senses, and play the part of rampant foolishness at school elections. Why, the preaching of old Lyman Beecher, that led to the destruction of the Charlestown Convent, was not worse, nor of a more sanguinary hue, than this language of the gentle lamb Lansing. If a Catholic priest were to utter such charges as these against his Protestant neighbors, he would soon meet with his deserts, and have lots of time given him for reflection. But such a supposition is simply impossible. There are no Lansings in the Catholic Church, which, while big enough to embrace the earth, has no room within its pale for such as he.

The Boston Herald has another article on the school question in a recent issue, under the heading, "The Step that Costs." It refers to the late election of Catholic teachers at Rondout and Sing Sing, and the election of a Protestant trustee at West Chester, N. Y. It condemns the introduction of the religious issue, and adds:

"This cloud is to-day no bigger than a man's hand, and it appears in a clear sky; but there is the possibility of an expansion of it that might involve the whole country in a religious contention. It is a danger-signal seen in advance, and we have to thank certain excellent, but over-zealous, Protestant clergymen of this neighborhood, for first insisting that obnoxious text-books should be retained in the public schools, which was nothing less than the insistence upon Protestant control in a field where, by common consent, sectarian educa-

tion was to be strictly disallowed. What we have to insist upon, is, that neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic shall be allowed to carry the religious issues into national education."

The placing of Catholic teachers in the public schools is altogether outside the question of Catholic contention on the school question. It has got nothing to do with the great main question; so the Herald may live at peace with itself and the world, nor feel the least alarmed for the peace of the country. In the public schools in New York City, there are hundreds of Catholic teachers, male and female, and Catholic inspectors, and Catholic trustees in abundance. What of all this? It does not touch, even remotely, the Catholic side of the question. What Catholics require and desire, is, leave to educate their children as they see fit, to make them good citizens and good Catholics. But they do not want to be taxed for the education of other people's children, while they attend to the education of their own. This would be un-American, and, consequently, unfair. There is nothing new in these requirements of Catholics. Their brethren are in full possession of this fair play in England, Scotland, Belgium, Canada, etc. Catholics do not want to lay a finger on the public schools, nor on the system of education pursued there, which, after all, is a most excellent system, apart from the detestable lies against Catholics in some of the text-books. If Protestants will only listen to us, and reason with us, they will soon find out how fair and just are our demands.

PETER MCCORRY.

The Benefits of Confession.

CONFESSION, says the Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, affords relief to the despondent, encourages the timid, and guides the unwary. It wipes away tears of bitterness that might end in despair; it dissolves enmities; it heals rankling wounds; it covers shame, that, exposed, might lead to self-destruction; it saves from unperceived precipices; it breaks chains forged by long habits of vice; it snatches from the plunderer his prey, and gives it back to the despoiled ones; it disarms the conspirator, and throws a shield around the unprotected; it raises the sinner from death to life. Those who know human weakness, and all the mental anguish that, in some form or other, distresses almost every individual of the human family, may conceive something of the advantages of an institution which inspires entire confidence, and secures advice and consolation in the most afflicting circumstances. The confessor does not mock the sorrow of his penitent, or reproach him with his misfortunes. He bids him hope when all around have abandoned him; and, as soon as he discovers that his compunction is deep and effectual, he says to him, in the spirit of Him who does not break the bruised reed: "Son, be of good heart, thy sins are forgiven thee." It may be impossible to restore the unhappy offender to his place in society, even to the affection of a fond parent, whose feelings have been outraged, or to rescue him from the arm of the law, which is outstretched to inflict the severest penalty; but, in the name of Him who came into this world to save sinners, the priest of God assures him of pardon and salvation.

"Humanity" Martin, of Galway.

Apropos of Mr. Bergh and his noble work, it may interest the readers to know that the founder of the original society for prevention of cruelty to animals was an Irishman. His name was Dick Martin, and he was a member of both parliaments from the county of stones and handsome women — Galway. Martin was a perfect specimen of the Irish gentleman of a century ago — wild, generous, witty, warm-hearted, and determined. His "bulls" convulsed the house, and so did his frequent assertion that he could drive thirty miles between the entrance gate and entrance hall of his estate. This was true, but it yielded him so little that he was never known to have one hundred pounds at one time in his life. "Humanity" Martin, as he was known, had no political influence. Nevertheless he was the first man who dared to propose legislation for the protection of animals. He was met by a storm of derision and ridicule. His proposition was considered a death blow at the free-born right of an Englishman — the right to do what he liked with his own. "The next thing you know they will imprison a man for pounding his wife," remarked a noble lord. With difficulty the brave Irishman mustered a meeting to petition parliament. It was held at Slaughter's coffee house, in St. Martin's lane, June 24, 1824. The society was formally organized, and though the meeting was thin, it was enthusiastic. Col. Martin's stanchest supporter was a Jew, Lewis Gompertz — honored be his name — and he was the only other present who even professed to believe that parliament would turn any but a deaf ear to the petition. This was openly declared, and Martin responded with a voluminous oath, involving his eyes, that he would "make 'em do it," and he did. In a country where conjugal privilege included the right of a man to beat his tenderest half with a stick no bigger than his thumb, the difficulties the society found in protecting horses and dogs may be imagined.

Kissing the Pope's Foot.

In his collection of Essays, Monsignor Seton says: "The custom of kissing the Pope's foot is so ancient, that no certain date can be assigned for its introduction. It very probably began in the time of St. Peter himself, to whom the faithful gave this mark of profound reverence, which they have continued towards all his successors — always, however, having been instructed to do so with an eye to God, of whom the Pope is Vicar. In which connection, most beautiful was the answer of Pope Leo X. to Francis I., of France, who, as Rinaldi relates (Annual Eccles., an. 1478, num. 30), having gone to Bologna, humbly knelt before him and kissed his foot, saying that he was 'very happy to see face to face the Pontiff Vicar of Jesus Christ.' 'Thanks,' said Leo: 'but refer all this to God Himself.' To make this *relative* worship more apparent, a cross has always been embroidered on the shoes since the pontificate of that most humble Pope, St. Gregory the Great, in the year 590."

Irish Literary Men of New York.

In no city in the Union are so many first-class newspaper men to be found as in New York. It is safe to assert that the New York Press Club is the most representative body of brainy men in America. These men are not accidental journalists, and do not belong to "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." They are well-trained veterans, whose life-work is devoted to their profession. For years they have toiled; and their expertness and proficiency are the result of long and careful training and valuable experience. Hence the roster of the New York Press Club contains names that are veritable household words in the broad domain of journalistic fame. They are representative, in an intellectual sense, of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. A New York journalist is a man of varied information, unbounding energy, and an iron constitution. Lacking these qualities, he does not fill the bill. This, by the way, is preparatory to what I have to say in reference to some leading Irish-American journalistic types. That our countrymen are fully represented in the various walks of life goes without saying. Perhaps in no other business or profession are so many men of Irish birth or descent to be found as in the newspaper editorial sanctums. This is particularly true of New York city. Here they are to be found in more than their proportionate numbers, as editors and reporters. They are all good fellows, full of vitality, and always on the alert for "a beat" for their papers. No more intelligent and energetic class of men exist anywhere. I can only particularize a very limited number of the whole, beginning with one who takes first rank for his versatility and pluck; a combination which has carved for him an unenviable reputation and a fair share of prosperity. I refer to

AUGUSTINE ELLICOTT COSTELLO.

Mr. Costello needs no introduction to the readers of your magazine; for wherever a patriotic Irishman exists, there Mr. Costello is known and honored for his sacrifices as a nationalist and patriot. Looking at Mr. Costello to-day, it is hard to believe that twenty-five years ago he was a well-known public character. He is still youthful looking, healthy, and as full of vitality as ever. In fact, he is in the very prime of a vigorous manhood. He confesses to forty-four summers, but looks eighteen years younger. His future is full of promise. A man of large heart, liberal education, and genial bearing towards his fellows, Mr. Costello in his public life has shown that a sincere, honest Irishman can fill any position to which he may be called with ability and courtesy. His life is a huge volume of reminiscences. He was born in the West of Ireland, and is in heart and principle a typical Galway Irishman. From boyhood he has been ardently attached to the politics of his native land, and has since been identified with every patriotic movement looking to the welfare of Ireland. He landed in this country at the breaking out of the Civil War, and entered into mercantile pursuits. He was one of the shining lights

during the Fenian organization, and no one was more active than he, in exhorting his countrymen to join the movement. He was the centre of the Garryowen circle which met in Hudson street, and was one of the first men to volunteer to join the ill-fated and ill-advised expedition to Campobello. He was a delegate from his circle to the Philadelphia Fenian Convention of 1865, and in the early part of 1867 when Col. James Kelly, then at the head of the military department of the Fenian Brotherhood, issued a call for men to go to Ireland, Mr. Costello resigned his centreship and situation and joined the band of forty men who voyaged on the famous expedition known as the Jackmel Packet or Erin's Hope.

The vessel was a brigantine, and was not suited for an ocean voyage. She carried some six thousand stands of arms, eight million rounds of ammunition, four small pieces of cannon and accoutrements sufficient to equip a brigade. Gen. Nagle was in command of the military forces and Capt. Kavanagh of the vessel. They received sealed instructions to sail for the western coast of Ireland, and when off Sligo Bay, they were to be boarded by an agent of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood who would guide them as to their final and future movements.

They were for a week sailing off the coasts of Donegal and Sligo, and were several times boarded by coast guards. Her Majesty's fleet were scouring the waters for the intrepid little craft, and three formidable men-of-war were lost on the dangerous coast during the search. Being disappointed, and apprehensive of capture, they held a council of war and concluded to put into Sligo, rally the peasantry and have a brush with the enemy. A pilot was taken aboard and the vessel's head turned to Sligo.

In the night the long-looked-for "agent" came alongside in a yacht. He proved to be Col. Richard O'S. Burke. He was opposed to a landing. The leaders had been arrested, and the people disheartened.

But land they would no matter what might be the consequence. The course of the vessel was changed for the south-west coast, where it was believed men would be in readiness to receive the arms. The vessel arrived off the coast of Dungarvan, county Waterford, on a foggy morning in the middle of April, 1867, and when the fog lifted a coast guard station was revealed. There was nothing to be done but to land. The party had to wade their way to shore shoulder deep in water. Daniel Buckley, the informer, had shown his cowardice by refusing to leave the vessel. He was afraid to hazard a plunge in the briny deep. Costello forced him overboard. It would have been Buckley's last bath had not Mr. Costello saved the wretch's life by rescuing him from drowning. It was this fellow who subsequently went on the witness stand, and helped to swear Costello's life away.

While escaping through the mountains on their way to Cork flying columns of police and soldiers were sent in hot pursuit of them, and the whole party with few exceptions were arrested. Mr. Costello and Col. Warren after being kept in Kilmainham jail, Dublin, for five

months, were brought to trial. Col. Nagle and the rest of the party, were discharged without a trial. Warren was found guilty, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. The jury disagreed in Costello's first trial; but being brought before a second tribunal, he was convicted and sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude. His speech on that memorable occasion will rank in history as second only to Robert Emmet's. Messrs. Costello and Warren being American citizens, their trials raised an important international issue between this country and Great Britian. They claimed the right to be tried as American citizens, and to be given a jury half alien. The British officials ignored their claims to citizenship, and treated them as British subjects.

Costello, Warren, and Gen. Halpin were chained together, and in the depth of night, they were put on board a packet and taken to Milbank penal prison. Mr. Costello's release, however, was accomplished by the United States government two years later. The issue raised by the ignoring of his American citizenship by England was finally settled by the ratification of a treaty between the two governments in which England backed down from her old doctrine of "once a subject, a subject forever." This "naturalization treaty," as it has since been called, restored Warren and Costello to freedom once more.

Soon after his release Mr. Costello came to the United States and at once joined the staff of the New York Times. The Times, though still maintaining its strong sympathetic relations with England, and having strongly pronounced views on the Irish question totally at variance with those of Mr. Costello, he resigned his position two years afterwards and joined the staff of the Herald. His graphic and industrious pen has covered for the Herald miles of manuscript upon every conceivable subject under the sun, and contributed to general knowledge a fund of curious and interesting information, which future historians will find as valuable in facts as in suggestions. If Mr. Costello had not given himself up so much as he has done to journalism, he would have enriched the permanent literature of this country. The record of his literary labors is an eminently distinguished one. He is the author of Our Police Protectors, Our Firemen, and a few other works of unsurpassed excellence. Mr. Costello's private character can hardly be done justice to in this sketch; but affectionate remembrances of him will long be kept green in the memories of the many who have the best cause to know how just are his dealings, and how generous his impulses. His personal appearance fairly indicates these characteristics. He is above the average height, of robust frame, and possesses powerful muscular development. Great strength of character is clearly portrayed in his face, in which pleasing animation, self-possession, and determination are also forcibly indicated. To a genial manner, he adds the suavity of a polished gentleman, and he is frank in his opinions, conciliatory in attaining his ends, peculiarly companionable in his intercourse with friends, and liberal-handed in a remarkable degree. Several years

ago he married a charming lady, — the least that can be said of her perfections, — and has three daughters, who, like their parents, are devout Catholics, and accomplished and beautiful girls, of whom their father may justly feel proud. He is a fluent speaker, and is destined to leave his mark, strong and clear, in the history of American literature.

The Morning Journal occupies a unique position in New York journalism. It idealizes the frank stupidity of the country humorist, and represents all that is erotic and sensational in literature. The success which it has achieved is mainly due to its present managing editor, Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke. The bound which the Journal has taken in public estimation and influence, since Mr. Clarke assumed editorial charge of it, is ample endorsement of the wisdom of his policy. Mr. Clarke was born in Ireland, at Kingstown, near Dublin, on the 31st of July, 1846. He received his education in England, and in 1863 entered the English Civil Service in the department of the Board of Trade. Being a journalist by nature, and holding strongly pronounced views on the Irish question, which then commanded the attention of the world, Mr. Clarke resigned his position and set sail for the United States. In May, 1868, he arrived in America, and soon found employment as an editorial writer on the Irish Republic, a weekly newspaper which never was a financial success. Concluding that the Republic offered few chances for the rise in life of a young and ambitious man, Mr. Clarke turned his attention towards securing a place on the daily press. The Herald was then looked upon as the best paying paper in New York, and in February, 1871, Mr. Clarke, after a long siege, that would have tried the patience of anybody but a man determined to secure a foothold there, was put in charge of the Police Bureau in Mulberry street, at a salary of forty dollars a week. In December of that year he became dispatch editor, and wrote an editorial on a supposed congress of dethroned monarchs to be held in Europe, which attracted the attention of Mr. Bennett, Sr., who said that it was the best thing that had ever appeared in the Herald. Shortly after this Mr. Clarke was relieved of the dispatch editorship and became a regular editorial writer on the Herald. In January, 1874, he became night editor of the Herald, which position he held for two succeeding years; in 1875 he was restored to his position as editorial writer, and during all these years, whenever a great story was on hand, he was almost invariably put in charge of it.

In May, 1883, Mr. Albert Pulitzer, who had at this time made a striking success of the Morning Journal, sent for Mr. Clarke, and to the young journalist's surprise, offered him the managing editorship of the Morning Journal, which he accepted. It is evidence of Mr. Pulitzer's discernment, as well as tribute to the editor's high character and journalistic capacity, that Mr. Clarke's advancement has given complete satisfaction to the staff, and that the immense improvement in the paper from every point of view is conceded by all — Democrats and Republicans alike — to be due to the enterprise and journalistic skill of Mr. Clarke. One of the most attractive features of the Journal, is its

humorous, vivid, and condensed transcript of the world's news, the humors of New York news being more particularly developed. After Mr. Clarke took charge of the paper, it soon became apparent that extended machinery would be required. Mr. Pulitzer then asked Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. to make him four Hoe perfecting presses, each machine to print from a continuous roll of several miles in length, to fold the sheets, and count them into quires ready for the newsdealer. Mr. Clarke is a strong type of an enterprising, progressive, self-reliant Irishman. Of medium height, he is broad chested, sturdy in build, and suggests in his manner and conversation the "calm grip" of Irish thought and character. His hair is black and combed over his forehead with careless grace. Blue, intelligent eyes, and a mouth and jaw indicating strength of will, he impresses you at first sight as a man of points, and suggests activity both of mind and body. Studious and thoughtful, his face has an expression of kindly geniality, though it is easy to see that his nature is as sensitive and enthusiastic, as it is gentle and self-denying. He is a man who makes you at home at once. There is no affectation of superior wisdom, no self-consciousness to hold you in check. There is no more popular managing editor in this city than Mr. Clarke, and it is no idle phrase to say that his friends are legion. Mr. Clarke's wife was a Miss Mary A. Cahill, an estimable and accomplished lady, and his family consists of two sons and a daughter, who are as handsome and entertaining as they are bright.

Mr. Charles O'Connor Hennessy, or Charley Hennessy without the "Mr." as he is affectionately styled in New York, although the youngest city editor in this country, has many attributes which in an editor make special appeal to Irish sentimentalism. His ancestry is a guarantee of his being a thorough-going enemy of Ireland's enemy. He is a son of Mr. John C. Hennessy, one of the editors of the Times, and is yet scarcely twenty-six years of age. In presiding over the city department of the Daily News, Mr. Hennessy has shown great administrative capacity, and the phenomenal success of the News is entirely due to his able management, his admirable accuracy, and the charm and vigor of his writings. Since the beginning of the land agitation in Ireland, the Daily News has gone through this country like wild-fire, for it is in itself a host of nationalist propagandism and the most reliable medium of supplying the Irish people here with news — a matter of more difficulty in New York than might seem from a Boston point of view. Mr. Hennessy is what might be aptly termed a born newspaper man.

Preferring a journalistic career to any other, young Hennessy made his way to a good position on the New York Star, then under the management of the late John Kelly. This was seven years ago. Independent as he was industrious, he could always be relied on for any work he undertook. His "copy" was prompt to time and worthy of the occasion, and he was always business-like and conscientious to a fault in fulfilling his strict duty and earning his salary. After a brief reportorial engagement on the Star, Mr. Hennessy accepted a position on ex-Senator McArthur's Telegram, at Troy, where he served a year.

He came to New York three years ago, and became a reporter on the News. When Mr. Penny, who was city editor at the time, resigned in order to become private secretary to the district attorney, Mr. Wood sent for Mr. Hennessy, and offered him the city editorship of the News. The Daily News absorbs the brains of some of the cleverest writers of our city. Young men with an ambition to shine, and to make their mark, soon drift into the News office, and begin their literary career as reporters. This is the evolutionary school, and soon their usefulness and ability are recognized, and fame and fortune in time awaits them. Mr. Hennessy is a master of literary style. His articles are singularly compact, containing more in half a column than the writing of another would in three times the space, and every sentence fitting into every other as perfectly as bricks in a wall. They are always rich and brilliant, with allusions and illustrations drawn from the stores of the writer's learned memory. The Boston public have had a taste of his ability in this capacity through his New York letters to the Boston Globe, which are models of terseness and graphic force.

Mr. Hennessy is below the medium height, is sturdy in build and suggests in his manner one of the most remarkable of his qualities — the gift of inspiring people with confidence, and enthusiastic attachment. His hair is black, and a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses shading a pair of dark, intelligent eyes, give him a very intellectual appearance. Personally he is the best of good fellows, and is a strong favorite in literary and Bohemian circles. Mr. Hennessy is also editor of the Home Seeker, is president of the Daily News Building Loan Association, and is doing much to aid the public in the construction of their own homes.

No article on the Irish litterateurs of New York would be complete without assigning a prominent place to Mr. John C. Hennessy, the telegraph editor of the New York Times, and father of Charles O'C. Hennessy.

Mr. Hennessy is a native of Listowel, where he was born fifty-six years ago. His father was a well-known literary man, and noted as a professor of mathematics, but died at the early age of thirty-five, leaving a number of unfinished manuscripts both in the English and Irish languages. John C. was then only ten years old, and at the age of fourteen he was private tutor in a gentleman's family near Listowel. At the age of sixteen he first contributed to journalism as a special reporter on the Tralee Chronicle (Kerry), then published by James Raymond, Esq. He wrote several graphic sketches of doings in North Kerry for that paper, while, at the same time, acting as accountant in the rent office of the Earl of Listowel. He subsequently removed to Lismore, in the county Waterford, having obtained the clerkship of the Poor Law Union there, by competition. While there he wrote a pamphlet on the duties of poor law officers, in which he argued their claims for superannuation — a measure which was subsequently passed by Parliament. While Honorary Secretary of the Poor Law Clerks' Association, he contributed largely to the Metropolitan and Provincial Press on topics affecting poor law officers, and it was mainly through

his persistent efforts that the poor law clerks were made superintendent registrars under the registration of "births, deaths, and marriages act." Sir Robert Peel, who was then chief secretary for Ireland, complimented Mr. Hennessy for the clearness and force of his argument, and eventually adopted the views put forth by Mr. Hennessy.

From 1855 to 1862, Mr. Hennessy contributed to the Tipperary Examiner, then under the management of Mr. Andrew Harnett, B. L., and on which John F. O'Donnell was reporter; and also wrote for the Waterford News.

Mr. Hennessy's literary career in New York began in 1870. He joined the Times' city staff in October, 1870, and within a year was promoted to the position of copy-reader at the city desk. In another year he had charge of the day desk in the city department, and for ten years was the night city editor of that paper. He conducted the celebrated Beecher trial in 1875, and edited every line of the copy.

Mr. Hennessy has frequently contributed to the editorial columns of the Times on various subjects, and is noted as one of the best copy readers connected with the New York press. His powers of condensation without destroying any important fact in a report are admitted to be *par excellence*. At present he is one of the telegraph editors of the Times, and while the Celtic Monthly was under the management of Mr. James Halligan, Mr. Hennessy contributed to that periodical several articles on Irish national affairs which attracted wide-spread attention at the time. His three sons, Joseph, John, and Charles O'Connor Hennessy, whom I have already referred to in this article, are newspaper men of local celebrity.

These are but a few of the brilliant Irish journalists of this city, who have reflected credit upon themselves and the profession of journalism, by their honesty, faithfulness, and efficiency, elements that cannot fail to be of the greatest benefit in every printing-office and editorial room.

JOSEPH W. GAVAN.

Oil Upon the Troubled Waters.

WE hear a great deal, nowadays, about calming a raging sea by pouring oil upon the water, and scientific men are trying to make the idea a practicable one, calling the method a new invention. But the ancients were familiar with the theory, and Pliny, in particular, fully describes its workings. The Venerable Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History of England, makes mention of the use of oil for this purpose. "A priest, about to undertake a sea-voyage, called upon the saintly Bishop Aiden and besought his blessing, which was freely given, together with a pot of oil, and this advice: 'Remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I give you, and anon, the winds being laied, comfortable fayer weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you againe with as pleausaunt a passage as you have wished.' In course of time, the tempest overtook the frail bark which bore the traveller; and, as it grew more fierce, he bethought him of the good bishop's advice, and poured the oil upon the waves, and they subsided, as if by magic."

Life on the Ocean Wave.

A TRIP across the Atlantic is now considered of no more moment to the bustling, go-ahead activity of our American life, with the competence that it brings, than a visit to a neighboring state would elicit a score of years ago.

Nowhere is this more evident than upon the Cunard wharf at East Boston upon each sailing day of those iron steamers, sailing with passengers for Queenstown and Liverpool. There the well-to-do merchant; the clerk, who once thought a trip to Europe as far beyond his salary's reach as a voyage to the moon; the Irishman, who, perhaps a generation ago, left his native land with poverty and a strong heart his only passports to American citizenship, now a man of property and standing in his community; the factory operative returning from Fall River or Lowell to the great manufacturing centres of England,— are all grouped and gathered to show, in one chaotic picture, the divergent lines which separate our industrial New England life.

It was half past three in the afternoon of the 20th of July, 1889, when the word "all ashore!" was sounded from the deck of the Catalonia. The lines were slipped, handkerchiefs from friendly hands on shore waved to those on the steamer's deck, and faces grew more distant. One by one the islands were left behind, with the city resting in the sunlight, and beckoning to the traveller a warm good-by. The blue hills, usually the last point visible, was already hid beneath a veil of sunny mist, when the last point of our modern Athens disappeared from view, and we were sailing down the south shore, with the red sun flattening in the sea. With the twilight stars appearing in the sky, I paced the deck and listened to the jovialness expected upon a Cunarder in her first night out from Boston.

On the main deck a crowd had assembled to listen to the patriotic songs of a young Irish girl singing the "Shamrock of Ireland," and other patriotic songs, that brought to those returning to Erin's shores, pleasures they soon should see again. She had just begun T. D. Sullivan's now national hymn of "God save Ireland," when a young man, unable to withstand his admiration, grasped her hand. This was the signal of jealousy from her admirer, and instantly the new-comer was knocked down. The singer ceased her songs,— all was changed to excitement,— when a new-comer, a third party, appeared upon the scene. His appeal to reason prevailed, apologies followed, the bearded rivals kissed with a smack, that was heard and applauded upon the saloon deck, the singer once more began her songs, and all again was well.

I found the passengers generally, except those in the first cabin, to be from Great Britain. The Irish in the intermediate were of those in middling circumstances, returning, many of them, after a departure of thirty to fifty years, to once more see the green hills they loved and had not forgotten. Perhaps there are no other people, and I speak in disrespect of no nationality, who retain that burning, never-dying love

for their land which the Irish race exhibits. To the American it is unexplainable. To the Irish themselves it has been their only solace, except their religion, through centuries of woe.

Their traditions, history, climate, that which made William of Orange exclaim when first he saw an Irish landscape, "Such a land is worth fighting for," added to the warm temperament of a Southern race, makes the Irishman's memory of home as green as the hills he left.

The events of note which generally occur upon an ocean steamship sailing to Liverpool are scanty. Groups of sea-sick passengers lying upon the deck, others promenading or seated upon chairs or camp-stools, reading and chatting, while the great ship, with sails bent, is reeling off the miles indicated by the spinning log-wheel at the stern, — this is ocean life upon our large steamers.

The fifth day out a birth of twins occurred; but both died and were buried in the sea. The second Saturday night out a poor fellow who had been unfortunate in securing work in America, and was returning home to Ireland at the expense of the British government, attempted to jump overboard, — he having been made a butt for the jeers of the steerage passengers, which, added to his misfortunes, almost turned the poor fellow's brain. A collection was taken up for him on Sunday which amounted to four pounds, and to him was, no doubt, a large inheritance; besides showing him the kindness existing in hearts that he thought had no charity. The Catalonia, like all other Boston boats, is not one of the Cunard's fastest; but, like all the line, she is safe. The good luck of this line, as it is called, is proverbial; but it is more than luck: it is because of its exactness in discipline, and care in construction, which makes the passenger feel, when he entrusts himself to this company, that he has all the care against accidents that wisdom and experience can suggest.

With only a passing sail to break the monotony, and seeing the same faces continuously for days, one feels a strength of affection for those he meets on shipboard which months of acquaintance on land could not bring forth.

On the ocean one feels the omnipotence of the Creator, and the littleness of self. The waves, those ceaseless monitors of God's power, ever breaking and swelling before his view, remind him of the uncertainty of life's span, wherein the soul is left for a time to love the soul it meets.

Such were my thoughts as, the night before we expected to arrive at Queenstown, I was conversing with a young lady who, a year ago, had left Dublin, where she had taught school, expecting to find the same vocation in Boston. But she failed in that, as well as in the other employments to which she was fitted. She had been brought up in a convent in Dublin; and I thought I never saw the fruits of our holy religion more fully shown, than in her gentle manner, as she said in parting, — her countenance illumined with innocence and faith, — "If we do not meet in this world, I *know*, I *feel*, we shall meet in the next."

Like the sorrow that has ever shadowed her history, Ireland

usually greets the exile returning to her shores with a tear. So it was with us as, on the morning of July 30th, at two o'clock, the Cow and Calves light was made, and the Fastnet was soon flaring far beyond. As we neared Brow Head, where the Cunard signal station is, we were standing close in to land; it was now three o'clock, and through the darkness, from the steamer's deck, go up three rockets, — a wait of some minutes and no answer on shore. Then more rockets, six in succession, and, finally, bomb-rockets. Now the light appears upon the land, and awaits the answer from the ship. Two more rockets from the vessel, — this is to let them know we are from Boston, — three rockets indicating New York. Nearing Cape Clear Island the morning becomes lighter, and the abrupt, clear cut shore, rising high and bold, with the little village peeping out from behind the hills, was plainly seen. This cleft in the hills, where the village stands, was done, tradition says, by Finn McCool, the giant, by a stroke of his sword. Passing this island, the distant coast of Kerry, the extreme south of Ireland, could be seen rising in the misty horizon. Far beyond, and nearing us, in a cleft of the hills, could be indistinctly seen the skirtings of famous Baltimore. Gradually, as daylight became more clear, the green fields and the white-walled dwellings came more distinctly into view.

The hatchway was now opened, and the steam windlass began its work of hauling up trunks labelled for Liverpool. The passengers from every part now crowd around to see if their baggage is on deck. Trunks are opened to prepare any goods that might be suspicious, to avoid the custom officers. The fog and mist, that seemed clearing, now settles over the land as we are passing the harbor of Kinsale, and as we enter Queenstown at nine o'clock, we are in a dense fog. How disappointing to the exile returning to his native land to enter this beautiful harbor with no view of its grandeur. To the tourist travelling for pleasure it is hardly to be wondered at, if he leaves behind, with an unfavorable impression, the fairest shores and most charming scenes of the old land, which Ireland well may claim as her own. But we are now anchored; the tender is alongside, and with heart-felt good-bys and well wishes we bid adieu to Erin for a time, and are again on our way to Liverpool. JAMES RILEY.

The Irish Flag at Fontenoy.

THERE hangs to-day from the wall of the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, one of the flags carried by the Irish Brigade on that field of Fontenoy where Irish valor turned defeat into a victory for the French army. That flag is the property of the French nation, and the Second Battalion of Irish Volunteers, whose headquarters are in Chicago, has resolved to petition the French minister at Washington that the flag be presented to its organization as descendants of the men who served France so faithfully on that memorable eleventh day of May, 1742. The idea originated with Capt. P. J. Coleman, commanding the Grattan Guards.

Erin Machree!

How dear to my heart is the Emerald Isle,
With its wealth of past glory — its tear and its smile —
Its sorrow-clad centuries — starry crown'd slope,
Now dark with grief's cloudlets — now bright'ning with hope ;
How oft in my day-dreams I 've felt the strange spells
That bind me to Erin — its vales and its dells;
How oft has my heart gone beyond the deep sea,
To greet thee, Mavourneen, dear Erin Machree !

I have lived in thy glory and breath'd thy air;
I have knelt at thy shrines in the incense of prayer;
I have felt the warm pulse of thy patriot heart,
Now joyous at meeting, now grieving to part.
In all thou hast arch'd my young life with thy love,
As bright as the bow of God's promise above,
And wherever thy star may shine forth in the sky,
I pledge thee my faith and my love till I die.

'Tis strange that, though cradl'd 'neath maple and pine,
My soul should thirst strong for thy patriot wine;
In childhood I dreamt of thy ivy-crown'd tower,
And in fancy I 've strayed by the streamlet and bower —
And I 've wandered afar from the place of my birth
To the land of my fathers — the fairest on earth —
And with heartfelt devotion I 've wished thee as free
As the home of my birthplace, dear Erin Machree !

Oh ! land of my fathers, my faith, and my God;
How I long for true freedom to kiss thy green sod !
Then my soul will sing clear as the lark in the sky,
And chant notes of thy glory that never will die;
For from east unto west, in the warmest acclaim,
Will ring in bright numbers thy deeds and thy fame,
And the harp of thy freedom be heard o'er the sea,
In the land of the Maple, dear Erin Machree !

Toronto, Ont. THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A.

Gov. Seward and Archbishop Hughes

WERE always on terms of kind and friendly feeling one towards the other. Seward was anxious to go as far as he could to regulate the public-school system so as to make it in some shape acceptable to Catholics. The archbishop knew all this; but he also foresaw all the dangers that a purely secular system of education would bring to Catholic children in attendance at the public schools. But at this time the Protestant religious instruction in those schools made them doubly dangerous. There were but seventeen wards then in New York city; there are twenty-four now, and every ward was bound to have at least one school-house. There was none in the Catholic Fourth ward, and in order to show and prove his great liberality, and particularly his respect for the governor, Bishop Hughes permitted the establishment of a public school in the basement of St. James' Church. The concession was subsequently poorly repaid.

The Catholic University of America.

When it was announced that the prelates of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore had decided to establish the Catholic University of America, and that this design was made feasible by the princely donation of Miss Caldwell, supplemented by the assistance of other generous friends, every Catholic heart rejoiced at the glad tidings, and sent forth prayers for the successful issue of the great enterprise.

The selection of the Right Rev. J. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, for the important position of Rector, was a most judicious one. The man who, a few years ago, was elevated from the rank of an humble assistant priest to the hierarchy of the church, was now called upon to leave his beloved cathedral in Richmond, and assume duties the most arduous and exacting that could have been imposed upon him; to fill a station bringing him into contact with the prelates and scholars, of not merely one diocese or province, but of the entire civilized world. It was a task that would have frightened a more timid man; but, with the courage of a Peter the Hermit, and with the motto of the old crusaders, "God wills it," Bishop Keane accepted, and at once entered upon his new duties.

In the short space of time that has elapsed since his appointment, the Rector has travelled all over this country, and has traversed Europe, visiting all the famous universities of the Old World, soliciting the material aid necessary for his great work, and searching for the men best calculated to uphold the higher interests of the new foundation. His success has been marvellous, for God, working by natural means, has so blessed his labors and his eloquence, that Catholics have responded with generous enthusiasm to his appeals, and the success of the University now seems assured.

There was, at first, much discussion as to the selection of a city for the seat of the new University; and, after it was decided to locate it at the capital of the United States, the croakers and groaners, who, like the poor, are "always with us," could not be persuaded that the site selected was a good one; but their croakings, fortunately, did not retard the great work. The Middleton property, a tract of sixty-five acres, north of the city, adjoining the Soldiers' Home, the most beautiful suburb within the limits of the District, was bought, about two years ago, for twenty seven thousand dollars, and the work of excavating for the first of the buildings was immediately begun.

The University will consist of a group of colleges ranged around a central park. The grand Hall of Science and Letters will be in the centre; the laboratories will be on either side; the library will be to the front; and a beautiful knoll, to the right and rear, will be reserved for the astronomical observatory. A handsome church will be between the park and the divinity building, connected with the latter by an arcade enclosing, and, to a certain extent, isolating the divinity grounds from the other departments.

It was decided to commence with the Divinity Building, and to

erect the others at a later time, as if to emphasize the fact that the word of God is the beginning, as well as the end, of all truth; and that learning founded on religion, science going hand-in-hand with faith, is the only true wisdom, the only education worthy of the ambition of an intelligent man. Modern science, with its wonderful discoveries and developments, will here receive the recognition always accorded by the church to Truth, though prudently withheld from the mere wild theories of scientific inquirers; and the necessary agreement between the truths of natural science and the teachings of theology will be clearly demonstrated. Nor will the vital questions of to-day, the problems that so deeply agitate the social world, be neglected in the course of studies to be pursued.

It must be remembered that this College of Divinity will be open only to priests, or to those who have taken a three years' course in theology. The other departments will require an equally high standard of scholarship for admission; so that, instead of conflicting with existing colleges or seminaries in this country, as many have feared, the University will offer advantages not heretofore found on this side of the Atlantic, for those who have the time and inclination to pursue still higher studies after finishing an ordinary collegiate course.

As the time approaches for the opening of the university, every eye turns with hopeful interest towards the spot where stands the first bulwark of that noble foundation. The corner-stone of the Divinity Building was laid by Cardinal Gibbons, amid imposing ceremonies, on the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, May 24, 1888; and since then, the work has progressed so rapidly that the building, with the exception of some interior finishing, now stands completed. The grounds are reached by means of the steam-cars, or by private conveyance, a drive through the beautiful park of the Soldiers' Home bringing one to Harewood road which separates the university grounds from the park. There is also an electric railway leading out of the northern portion of the city, which will soon be extended to the gates of the university.

The structure already finished is of blue gneiss rock from the Georgetown quarries, with trimmings of Ohio sandstone. The central portion, fifty-six feet front by seventy deep, is five stories high; the wings, one hundred and five feet by forty-five, are four stories high. The grand front, two hundred and sixty-six feet in length, faces the Soldiers' Home on the west.

The style of architecture is the Romanesque, and is at once massive and ornamental, giving at a glance the idea of beauty and solidity perfectly combined, bringing to mind the beauty and durability of the doctrines to be taught within those privileged walls. The niche over the grand entrance, will be occupied by a superb Munich statue of our Blessed Saviour. The finials of the pinnacles over the centre and wings, will be ornamented by six ideal figures of philosophers. The view from the upper windows is enchanting, especially that from the south, where the eye takes in at one rapid sweep the whole of Washington, the capitol, the monument, the public buildings,

the symmetrical plan of the streets, the wide avenues, the countless parks dotted like emeralds over the surface of the city, and, beyond them all, a winding silver thread of water, the historic Potomac on its ceaseless journey to the sea.

A survey of the interior, now rapidly nearing completion, will amply repay the curiosity of the visitor. Running north and south, the entire length of the building, is an arcaded corridor. On either side of the entrance are parlors. To the south are class-rooms, and further on, the public lecture-hall. On the same floor is the prayer-hall, used for devotional exercises. In the north wing are pantries, kitchen, and dining-rooms. The chapel, which occupies the rear of the centre, will be beautifully finished. At its entrance will be placed a marble statue of Our Blessed Lady; this is the gift of Madame Roux of Paris, and is now being executed in Munich, at a cost of five thousand francs. A grand marble altar for the east end of the chapel, and six smaller ones for the north and south sides, are also being constructed in Munich.

The second floor contains the apartments of the rector, vice-rector, and other professors; also the guest-chambers, and a fire-proof room for the preservation of the archives. The third floor is likewise divided into suites of rooms for the professors and students, consisting of a sitting-room and bed-room for each. The fifth floor, extending over the centre building only, will be used as a general recreation room, a kind of gymnasium. Here, surrounded by grand and imposing scenery, far from the bustle and turmoil of the world, and blessed with a plentiful supply of health-giving fresh air, the wearied student may enjoy the exercise and relaxation so essential to those engaged in mental toil. The reading-room, library, and quiet recreation rooms are on the floor below the chapel.

In each wing is a brick shaft enclosing the elevator and ventilating flues; around these shafts are stairways, in addition to the grand stairway in the centre building, and there are two steam boilers under each wing to supply the heating apparatus. The time-keeping will be pneumatic, twenty clocks on this system being now in course of construction by Lenman, of Baltimore. Everything is as near fire-proof as possible, the lathing being of wire, the division walls of brick, and terra-cotta lining on the outer walls. The floors, of Carolina pine, are double to muffle sound. The interior finishing and furnishing is of oak.

The opening of the University, on the 13th of November next, will be a day forever memorable in the history of America. It will mark the dawn of another century in the labors of our hierarchy, to be blessed, let us hope, by success commensurate with the efforts and prayers of the faithful workers. The exercises will be as solemn and impressive as possible, and consist of the dedication by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, solemn pontifical High Mass, sermon, a banquet to the invited guests, an oration by Bishop Spalding, the reading of a Latin poem by Professor Schroeder of the faculty, and a reception by the Cardinal and prelates.

On the following day, the students will enter on a four days' retreat preparatory to beginning the regular labors of the year, which will be opened on Monday, Nov. 18, with solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost, and all the beautiful and impressive services customary on such occasions. Surely, a course of studies commenced under such blessed and inspiring influences must, necessarily, be fruitful of grand results.

AGNES HAMPTON.

Washington, D. C., August, 1889.

In Heaven we Know our Own.

WE shall rise again with the same persons, with the same countenance, only freed from all defect and made light by the light of Jesus; with the same characters, only with a perfection coming from God; the same as we are in childhood and manhood we shall be, and we shall know each other. Every one will know every one they have known in this life. Not only shall we know each other and all the saints, but, moreover, we shall know all the saints who are not yet born; we shall all know each other in the light of God's countenance. Therefore, do not mourn for those who are dead as those who mourn without hope. Do not ask, "If we meet, shall we know one another?" Fathers and mothers, children who are gone before you, you will meet them; they will know you, and you them in the kingdom of God. Brothers and sisters, they will know each other. Do you think that Martha and Mary and Lazarus do not know each other? — that Andrew and Peter are not brothers still? — that Philip and James do not know one another? One great proof is this, that Jesus, the Son of God, and Mary, the Mother of God, are side by side in the kingdom of God, in all the perfection of maternal love, and in all the perfection of filial love, and will be for all eternity. These bonds and the spiritual sanguinity of pastor and flock, all these will be eternal in the kingdom of God. Then, lastly, there is an eternal home for you. This earthly home is passing away. To you that are young, and think little of death, it is like the great ocean which is far off, and the sound of which you cannot hear. But as life goes on the sound comes to you, as the sound of the sea when you are drawing near it. It is like going to the sea-side. First we hear the distant murmur, and this grows and grows until we hear the full dash of the waves. The home that is now so full of bright faces, of memories of the past and hopes of the future, all that will be gone before long. But when that day of desolation comes, and you may be all alone in that home which is now so full of happiness, say to yourselves, I have an eternal home which will never pass away. My Father's house has many mansions, and in that Father's house is the home of all His children. They will meet once more in perfect identity, perfect recognition. That home will never be desolate, and none shall evermore go out, for it shall be full of the children of God to all eternity.

Cardinal Manning.

ALL that is bitter, as well as all that is sweet in this life, comes from the love of God for us. — *St. Ignatius.*

Our Next Pope.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, when questioned, recently, as to the many rumors concerning the movements of the Pope, and particularly as to the public assertions of the near removal of the Papal household from Rome, said that no credence whatever should be given the statements. Said his grace: "It seems to me that the progressive newspapers of the age do not hesitate to map out the future of Popes and peasants, and the heartless way in which they periodically embroil the nations of Europe in wars, would be highly censurable, if the wars, so ably planned, ever reached realization. Of course, it is all readable; but, as I said, too much reliance should not be placed upon things one reads in the public prints. Now, for instance, the current number of the Contemporary Review has, as its leading article, an anonymous communication, in which the writer gravely outlines the only way in which the future of Catholicism may be preserved, Cardinal Gibbons is indirectly selected as the next Pope, and the seat of the Holy See is transferred from Rome to London. Now, the truth of the matter is, that it is absolutely beyond the power of human knowledge to say who will be the successor of our good Pope Leo. God, in His Divine Providence, watches over the chair of Peter, and, in His own time, will guide the wisdom of the Conclave of Cardinals, that a worthy man may be chosen. To speculate as to the man who will be called, is sheer nonsense. But I trust it will be many years before the Holy Father will be taken to his reward; and, in the meantime, the affairs of the church will be conducted with the same judicious prudence and care that have ever attended the work of the hierarchy."

Archbishop Hughes and the Ministers.

In 1839-40 the public-school question had assumed awkward dimensions in New York. A great gathering was called to meet at the Academy of Music to protest against any amelioration of the school system whereby Catholic children might obtain any of the advantages of the public schools. The Protestant ministers were present in full force, and the future archbishop of New York was also present, supported only by a couple of Catholic clergymen. The minister of the old brick church that stood opposite the City Hall, where now stands the offices of the New York Times, was a great bigot. He, too, was present at the meeting, and declared in a voice husky by passion and emotion, that if he were on his death-bed, and offered the alternative of embracing Catholicity or infidelity, he would choose the latter. The Rev. Father Hughes also addressed the meeting. Remarking on the bitterness of the minister, he said: "Here is a man professing patriotism, and with a full knowledge of the glorious heroes of the American Revolution, and yet he is prepared, even if at the point of death, to accept the dark, unholy professions of Voltaire and Rosseau that lead to everlasting death, rather than accept the living faith and religion of such patriots as Lafayette and Rochambeau." A wild outburst of cheering followed these remarks, and the applause came chiefly from the ranks of Protestants and Methodists.

The Lepers.—Father Conrardy.

THE Portland (Ore.) Catholic Sentinel learns, from a private letter from Honolulu, the exact circumstances of Father Conrardy's recent illness. The day before the sainted and heroic Father Damien's death, April 14, Father Conrardy was taken very sick with dysentery. Coming from the graveyard, he had to take to his room. His illness continuing, he was removed to Honolulu, to the Queen's Hospital, being warned by physicians that he could not recover at Molokai. On June 27, though far from being well, he left the hospital for Molokai, where he is at present. He has not yet completely recovered from the effects of his illness. The leper settlement has now two priests, five sisters, and one lay brother, Ira B. Dutton, an American. Father Wendelin Moellers arrived last November at the leper settlement, with three sisters, and is attending to the lepers of Kalaupapa, three miles from Kalawao, where Father Conrardy and Mr. Dutton are stationed. Last June two more sisters landed at Molokai, with the intention of taking charge of the Boys' Home at Kalawao, formerly under Father Damien's care and supervision. As soon as the Home for the boys is ready for their reception, the two sisters will take charge. We ask the prayers of our readers for the complete recovery of Father Conrardy, that he may be able to serve, for a long time yet, the poor afflicted ones with whom he has cast his life, and for whom alone he wishes to live.

Here are a few sentences from one of his letters to his brother, showing the spirit of the man, and the power which he gained by his devotion to his stricken people. "As for me, I make myself a leper, with the lepers, to gain all to Jesus Christ. That is why, in preaching, I say, We lepers, not My brethren, as in Europe. You may judge, by the following fact, what a power the missioner has. Last Saturday, some of the younger people, discontented with their lot, and thinking themselves ill-treated by the government, determined on an attempt at revolt. All, except two, were Calvinists or Mormons. Well, I only had to present myself and say a word or two, and all the heads were bowed, and all was over." Catholic and non-Catholic alike looked on the good priest as a father.

Depopulating Ireland.

THE latest report of the Irish Registrar General, viz., that for the quarter ended June 30, 1889, makes very sad reading for any one having the interests of Ireland at heart. According to this report, while the excess of births over deaths for the period named is not altogether unsatisfactory, being 7,182, yet this natural increase is not only wiped out, but a further great inroad is made upon the population, by the heavy emigration for the quarter, which reached the high figure of 36,285; thus making a net reduction in the population of 29,153. The population of Ireland on the 30th of June last is set down as 4,730,532. Thus it will be seen that the island's population has decreased almost fifty per cent. in about forty years.

Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hopkinton, Mass.

TAKING sacrifice for the criterion of sincerity, to quote a word from Archbishop Ryan's grand dedication sermon, the priests and people of the parish of St. John the Evangelist, Hopkinton, stand in the forefront for firmness of faith, generosity, and love for the beauty of God's house.

The congregation numbers but two thousand, all working people; but they have erected a church which would do honor to a rich and populous metropolitan parish.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist is of granite, in the Gothic style of architecture; dimensions, one hundred and forty-six by seventy-eight; a varying height of from ninety-one to one hundred and four feet. The exterior view of the church, with its three-pinnacled Gothic towers (though the central one is still unfinished), is very imposing.

There are three stately entrances to the upper church. Sixteen massive pillars sustain the roof, with its graceful and exquisitely decorated arches. The high altar is of Gothic design, a model of artistic carving, pure white, with rich decoration of gold and bronze. The foundation color of the frescoing is cayenne stone, lightening at the ceiling panels into ashes of roses. The pillar caps, bosses, cornices, and stucco work, are bordered with gold. The sanctuary is frescoed in dark red. The paintings on the walls of the sanctuary are superb. The central one is the Crucifixion, — the figure of St. John the Evangelist, standing, with the Blessed Virgin, at the foot of the Cross, being brought out in especial prominence. To the left of the Crucifixion, are the Annunciation and the Nativity of Christ; to the right, the Ascension of Christ and the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles. The central stained glass window in the sanctuary represents Our Lord with the emblems which the devotion to the Sacred Heart have made loved and familiar. It is a memorial to the late rector, Father Ryan, and the gift of the present rector, the Rev. M. D. Murphy. Of the remaining sanctuary windows, that representing the Blessed Virgin is the gift of the Ladies' Sodality; St. Joseph, gift of the Sunday-School; St. John the Evangelist, gift of St. John's Temperance Society, in memory of a former much-loved pastor, the late Father Barry; St. Patrick, gift of the Rosary and Scapular Societies.

The windows in the body of the church are of cathedral glass, gifts of parishioners, and many of them memorials of the dead. These are the names of the donors: Martin McGuire, in memory of Mary McGuire, his wife; Timothy and Mary Mullins, in memory of Jeremiah and Julia Mullins; Mrs. Anne Carey; Father Mathew's Temperance Society; D. P. Houlihan, in memory of Mary Houlihan; Michael Rafferty; Bartholomew Teuton; the heirs of Timothy and Catherine Wallace, in memoriam; T. B. Fitz, of Boston, formerly of Hopkinton;

St. John's Church Choir; the children of Jeremiah and Hannah Leahy, in memoriam; Mahon brothers, in memory of John and Elizabeth Mahon; James Lenihan; Lawrence O'Connell; St. John's Temperance Society; Patrick Delany; Patrick Keaney; the Rev. E. T. Schofield, in memory of Thomas Schofield; Mathew Gannon, in memory of his wife, Margaret Gannon.

A word about the beautiful frescos in the panels of the arches. They are fourteen in number; those to the right symbolize the Eternity of God, the Tables of the Law, the Ark of the Covenant, Christ Incarnate, the Blessed Eucharist, the Lamb of God, the Cross of Redemption; those on the left symbolize the Seven Sacraments of Christ's Church.

The Stations of the Cross are very fine. The wood work, gas-fixtures, etc., are in perfect harmony with the rest of the church. The seating capacity of the upper church, just described, is twelve hundred; that of the neat basement chapel, about one thousand.

House of God and Man.

NOBLE STRUCTURE COMPLETED IN HOPKINTON, MASS. — ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S GOLDEN WORDS OF FAITH AND HOPE.

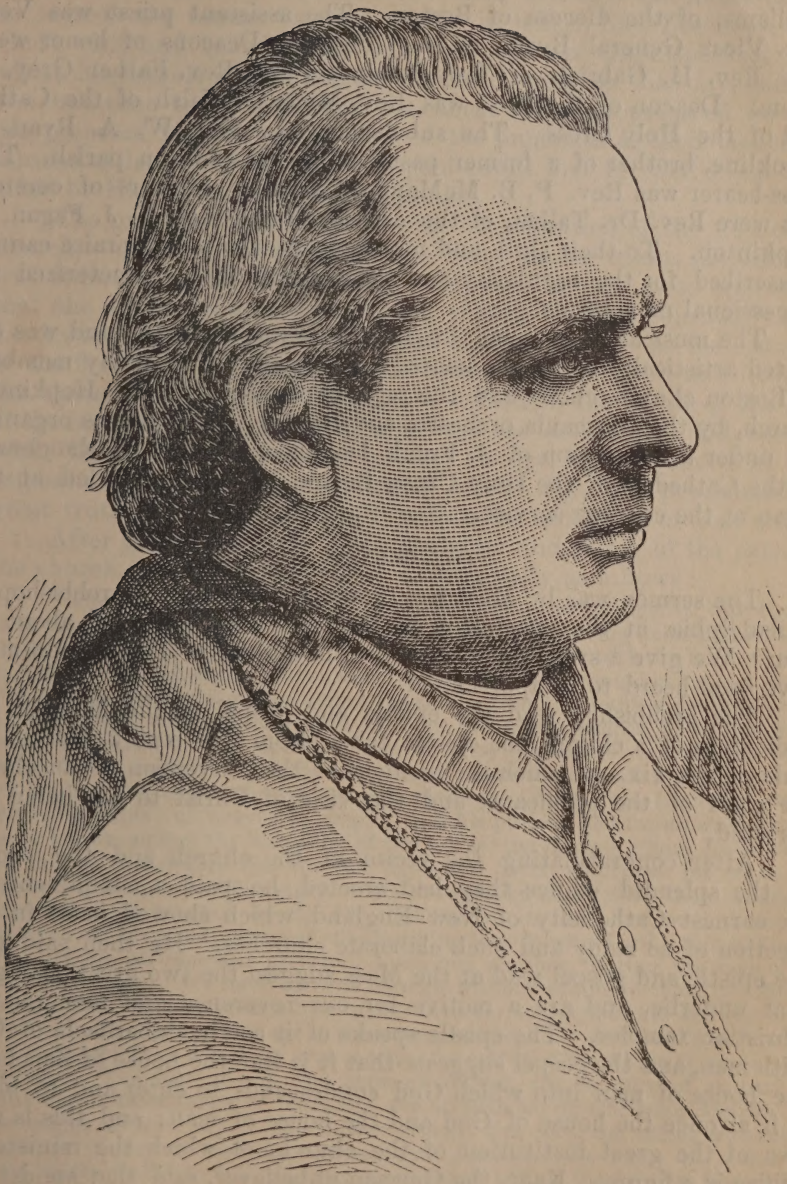
HOPKINTON, MASS., Sept. 2. — This was the dedication day of the newly completed Catholic church at Hopkinton, of which Rev. Father M. D. Murphy is pastor.

Within the sacred fane gathered the worthy people of the good old Middlesex town. Joyous was the occasion. Finished at last was that noble structure reared in enduring granite, so graceful in its exterior outline, so beautiful and adorned within with the pictorial and the plastic arts.

His Grace, the archbishop of the diocese of Boston, was in their midst, and the most reverend, the archbishop of Philadelphia, widely famed for holy zeal in the dark days of the Civil War, Patrick John Ryan, preached the dedication sermon.

About a hundred members of the priesthood were within the walls soon to be made sacred by holy consecration. Aloft in the organ gallery were gathered the members of the selected choir.

And now emerges from the sanctuary the archiepiscopal cross-bearer, with attendant candle bearers on his right and on his left. Slowly they proceed down the centre aisle; behind follow a long, double row of acolytes. The clergy follow in the order of official dignity; immediately preceding the bishop walks the vicar general of the diocese. Mitre bearer and crosier bearer are in the splendid line. Forth from the church they go; they make the circuit of its walls reciting prayers and making the proper responses, the while the archbishop sprinkles the walls with holy water and gives them the blessing of a divine dedication. Now they enter again within the walls, silent as yet, but soon to re-echo the words "Gloria in excelsis Deo," and the sublime strain, "Credo in unum Deum." A circuit of



THE MOST REV. PATRICK JOHN RYAN, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.

Born in Thurles, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, in 1831.

the auditorium is made, the walls are sprinkled with the holy water, the litany of the saints is recited, and the building is now, indeed, "the house of God."

The celebrant of the pontifical Mass was His Grace Archbishop Williams, of the diocese of Boston. The assistant priest was Very Rev. Vicar General Byrne of this diocese. Deacons of honor were very Rev. H. Gabriels, of Troy Seminary, and Rev. Father Grey, of Salem. Deacon of the Mass was Rev. Michael Walsh of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The sub-deacon was Rev. W. A. Ryan, of Brookline, brother of a former pastor of the Hopkinton parish. The cross-bearer was Rev. P. B. McMann, of Salem. Masters of ceremonies were Rev. Dr. Talbot, of the cathedral, and Rev. E. J. Fagan, of Hopkinton. To their skill and management too much praise cannot be ascribed for the regularity and smoothness that characterized all processional movements.

The musical programme for the Mass was elaborate, and was executed artistically by an augmented choir made up of many members of Boston church choirs and the regular members of the Hopkinton church, by the Germania orchestra and Prof. J. A. O'Shea as organist. All under the direction of J. Frank Donahoe, organist of the church of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, who also presided at the organ at the evening service.

THE SERMON.

The sermon was by Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, at the conclusion of the Mass, and occupied about an hour. We give a synopsis of the eloquent address. The sermon must have been heard to be appreciated.

The archbishop read the epistle and gospel of the Mass of the dedication of a church, the epistle taken from Rev. xxi. 2, Gospel St. Luke, chap. xix., in which the incident of the conversion of Zaccheus, the chief of the publicans, and the visit of Christ to his home are narrated.

After congratulating the rector of the church and the people on the splendid edifice they had erected, he paid a compliment to the earnest Catholicity of New England, which showed itself in the erection of so many and such elaborate churches. He then said that the epistle and gospel read at the Mass suggest the two great thoughts that underlie, and are a motive for our reverence and love for the Christian temples. The epistle speaks of it as the tabernacle of God with men, and the gospel suggests that it is like the house of Zaccheus, the house of man into which God condescends to enter and to bless. It is at once the house of God and the house of man: and this is true also of the great institution of the church, of which the ministerial edifice is a figure. Kant, the German unbeliever, said that amidst all his doubts two things always struck him with awe: The starry firmament above him and the moral law within him. He who looks at the great Catholic church, who views its external splendors and its interior supernatural motives of action, its wondrous systems moving in perfect

harmony for so many centuries, must be equally struck with it as the work not of man but of the Supreme Being. No human hypothesis can account for it. It is the tabernacle of God with man, the New Jerusalem descending from heaven. But it is also the house of man as regards the human element within it, which, like Zaccheus, needs God's visit and benediction. He then spoke of the dispositions with which his hearers should receive the Lord, who, on that day, came for the first time to visit them in the house they had prepared for Him. He proposed the converted chief of the publicans as their model, and alluded at length to the power of penitential love for God when intensified by His favors bestowed on sinners.

The preacher then passed to the consideration of the title of the church, — St. John Evangelist, the Saint under whose invocation it was dedicated to the Most High. He said it was most appropriate that the disciple whom Jesus loved should be thus selected, for the Lord when hanging on the cross had selected him to be the custodian of the first temple on earth of His body and blood, soul and divinity, the blessed Virgin Mary; because he leaned on the breast of the Lord at the institution of the holy Eucharist at the last supper; and, because, while he inculcated the most perfect charity, he denounced in most emphatic terms the doctrinal errors of the day, and proclaimed the great truths that shall be taught within the sanctuary of that church.

After giving a sketch of the character and career of the patron of the church, the archbishop closed substantially as follows:

"The youngest of the apostolic college, John the Evangelist, was destined to be also the last on earth of the selected twelve, and having beheld Christianity firmly established, he only sighed to be dissolved and to be with the Lord whom he so loved. He sighed and prayed that the angel of death would come and liberate him, even as the angel of God struck the chains from the limbs of Peter in prison. At length that moment came, and his soul mounted upwards, to be met at the gates of heaven by the apostles, the martyrs, confessors, and virgins of the church's first century. The Blessed Virgin meets the disciple appointed to take her Son's place and to cherish her as a mother. Our Divine Lord receives his beloved disciple; all heaven is ringing with his praises, and for all eternity shall he be known among the hierarchy of heaven as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' On this earth, temples like the one dedicated to-day shall bear his name and perpetuate his glory. The story of his life shall be told within their walls, and hearts shall be touched by the fire that burned in his. Let us imitate him, brethren, in his great, personal, all-absorbing love for our Lord. Let us imitate him and his oft-repeated precept, 'Love one another,' during the days of our pilgrimage here. We have sorrows enough without adding to them by afflicting one another. Let us imitate him in our love for sound doctrine and our hatred of error. The bane of the age is the attempt to separate doctrine from morality, and to forget that doctrines give motive for self-sacrifice which is essential for morality. The fear of hell, the hope of heaven, the sanctity of an oath, the unity and indissolubility of marriage, are all founded on Christian doctrine, and you might as well expect the flower without the root, the effect without the cause, as to expect morality without true doctrine. To many St. John may seem uncharitable to his neighbor or heretics, telling the faithful not even to say God speed to them. Of course, by a heretic in his day, he meant those who had been Catholics but had fallen away from the faith, wilfully and pertinaciously in error. Such are not to be confounded with the Protestants of our day in inculpable error. But his words emphatically show the vital importance of dogmatic truth. Error, culpable or inculpable, can never have the vitality of

truth, and hence should we be most jealous of the doctrines of Christianity, and be prepared to die in their defence. This conviction it is that makes Catholics zealous for the erection of churches and schools where these great conservative truths shall be inculcated. In this, too, we are helping Christian civilization outside the church, as many of the thoughtful men of this age begin to realize. Glory, then, brethren, in this new church which you have so generously erected; glory in the fact that you will leave it as a legacy to your children, and with it that sanctifying faith which you received from your fathers, and came through ages of persecution; and with that faith you leave to them the great motive doctrines that produce purity and sanctity of life, and perpetuate the civilization of Christ."

At the conclusion of the services, Father Murphy entertained his visiting brethren at a banquet in Town Hall. Addresses were made by Father P. Cuddihy, of Milford; Mgr. Dr. Thomas Griffin, pastor of St. John's Church, Worcester; Very Rev. Vicar-General Barry, of Manchester, N. H.; Mgr. Strain, of Lynn; Rev. Dr. Beaven, of Holyoke; Very Rev. Vicar-General Byrne, of Boston; Rev. Dr. Stang, of Providence Cathedral; Rev. Dr. Henry Gabriels, President of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., and others.

The choir were entertained to a bountiful repast, in the lower hall. Full justice was done to the bountiful good things set before them.

The church organ, which was built by Woodberry & Harris, is an instrument of great capacity, sweetness of tone, and power.

THE VESPERS.

Pontifical Vespers took place at half-past seven, P. M., with Bishop Harkins, of Providence, R. I., celebrant. A splendid discourse was given by the eloquent Jesuit, Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., rector of St. Lawrence's Church, New York, and late president of Boston College.

THE COLLECTION of the day amounted to THIRTY-TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We congratulate Father Murphy on the accomplishment of the great work of his life, and the good people who aided him in his herculean labors. The church is admitted to be among the handsomest, if not the handsomest, parish church in New England.

THE PARISH PRIEST OF HOPKINTON.

The parish of Hopkinton, originally a dependency of Milford, was created in 1866, and has had, for its successive pastors, Father Barry, 1866–70; Father Minetti, 1870–72; Father Ryan, 1872–81; Father Moen, 1881–85; Father Murphy, the present rector. Father Murphy was born in Ireland in 1849, and came to America in 1865. He made his collegiate course at Holy Cross College, Worcester, and his ecclesiastical studies at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained priest in 1875. Before his appointment to Hopkinton, he labored successively in Arlington, Salem, Lawrence, and Woburn. The love of his people for him is, perhaps, the best proof

of his devotion to duty, and his kindliness of heart. His curate, Father E. J. Fagan, is a native of West Quincy, Mass., and a graduate of Boston College. He completed his ecclesiastical studies at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, where he was ordained four years ago. He ably and earnestly seconds Father Murphy in every movement for the welfare of the parish. He is a member of the School Committee, and spiritual director of St. John's Temperance Society.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, replacing the old St. Malachi's, of Hopkinton, was begun in 1876, by the late Father Ryan. It has cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and is almost entirely out of debt.

REV. MICHAEL D. MURPHY.

One Year's Growth.

It is interesting to note the growth of Catholicity in the East during the short space of one year. Comparing the statistics published by the *Missiones Catholicæ* for 1886 and 1887, we find that, in the former year, China numbered 483,403 Catholics; 2,429 churches or chapels; 471 European missioners, and 281 native priests; while, in the present year, there are 494,552 Catholics; 2,653 places of worship; 475 European missioners, and 323 native priests. In the regions adjacent to China, namely, Corea, Japan, Manchooria, Mongolia, and Thibet, there were, in 1886, 77,254 Catholics, and 227 churches or chapels; and, in 1887, 78,581 Catholics, with 238 churches. India, last year, possessed 1,185,142 Catholics; 2,677 churches or chapels; and 1,089 missioners, European and native; this year the number of Catholics amounts to 1,189,988; the places of worship are 2,794; and the number of missioners is 1,146. Birma, Cambodia, Cochin-China, Siam, and Tonquin, a year ago, had 634,276 Catholics, and 1,070 churches, 290 European missioners, and 373 native priests; this year these countries possess 592,036 Catholics, 1,070 churches, 322 European missioners, and 351 native priests. The decrease is, no doubt, due to the recent disturbances in the East.

Dignities have their thorns like other conditions in life, and superiors who wish to fulfil their duties, both by conversation and good example, have much to suffer.

Holiness consists simply of two things, two endeavors: the endeavor to know God's will, and the endeavor to do it when we know it. — *Father Faber.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Mother's Boy.

We once knew a boy who loved his mother with an extraordinary affection. He preferred to be with her rather than to go playing with his schoolmates, and always she was his best earthly friend, his closest companion.

As he grew up, his fondness for her continued; and he laughed when people tried to tease him by calling him "mother's boy." He was proud of her. To him she was beautiful. He thought her the nicest, kindest, best, and sweetest person in all the world.

Her daughters and her other sons grew up, and left the old home, but our hero stayed with his mother, taking care of her after his father's death, and waited until she herself went to her grave, before making a home of his own.

We were reminded of that good son by this little poem, which we found in a paper that came to us from Australia the day before yesterday:

Three little boys talked together,
One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
One of the little boys said,
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
All black and white and red!"

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
Said the second little lad,
"Was a pony at the circus—
I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,
With a grave and gentle grace,
"That's the prettiest thing in all the world,
Is just my mother's face."

Alexander the Great and his Mother.

Alexander was a powerful king. He had a great love for his mother, Olympias, and although stern to every one else, was kind to her. Antipater, a man of great importance in the kingdom, had an ill-will against Olympias, and wrote a letter to the king accusing her of some crime. Alexander was angry that any one should say a word against his mother, and answered the accuser in these words: "Antipater, do you know that one of these tears which I see in my mother's eye, is sufficient to overturn a thousand accusations?" If the tear of an earthly mother could melt the hard heart of King Alexander, how much more will that look of love in Mary's eye touch the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who loves her so much!

Our Lady's Orphan.

"Oh, mother, don't say you are going to die, and leave your little Charley all alone! Oh, mother, mother, don't say that!"

It was a pitiful wail to come from the heart of a child — a cry of desolation, which, after God, only a mother could understand, in all the intensity of its anguish.

Charley's mother was dying. Close beside her, on the poor bed on which she lay, the little boy had thrown himself, his curly head pressed fondly against his mother's cheek. With a feeble effort she drew the child to her bosom, to rest there, alas! for the last time.

"Listen, my darling," she said. "God is, indeed, going to take me from you, but He is good, and loves us too well to leave my boy desolate. His own Mother will take care of you; for remember, dear, she is the orphan's Mother, too. Do not cry so, Charley, my poor, poor child."

She kissed him tenderly. After a pause, broken only by the mother's labored breathing and the boy's sobs, the dying woman whispered: "You remember the story I told you about Our Blessed Lady appearing to a shepherd girl at Lourdes?"

Charley looked up, the answer shining on the earnest little face.

"Well, my child, you know we are without friends or relatives, and have no money. When I am gone you must ask that good lady to take care of you. Tell her your own poor mother left you to her. Kneel now, and repeat the words with me."

"But where shall I find her, mother?" asked the little fellow, his eyes big with wonder, when he had risen from his knees. "Does she live in the grotto at Lourdes?"

"No, my child; our Lady went back to heaven; but she hears us wherever we may be. When God takes your mother, Charley, you must go to Lyons; there are places in that city where kind people receive little orphans, and teach them to earn an honest living. Though you are but eight years old you have a brave heart. Go without fear, and our Lady will take care of you."

The poor mother sank back exhausted. Soon the breathing became slower and more difficult. Once more she opened her eyes, and, resting them on her boy with a look of unutterable love, she murmured: "Holy Mother of God, I am going, — my child, my child! — be a mother to my child; he is thine now."

A long, long pause.

"How still she lies!" thought Charley, and he checked his sobs. "Surely she has gone to sleep." Then, with the tears still stealing softly down his face, he nestled close beside her, and he, too, slept. But the child awoke again in a world of sorrow, while his mother had gone home to God.

Alone, and almost unnoticed, the orphan boy followed his mother to the grave, in which she was laid by stranger hands. To those who took the trouble to ask him what he was going to do, Charley replied

he was going to Lyons; so, doubtless thinking he had friends there, they went their way. But when the poor child found himself all alone, the full sense of his desolation burst upon him, and, with a broken-hearted cry, he flung himself on the new-made grave.

"Oh, mother, mother, come back!" he sobbed. "There is no one here to love me. Oh, what shall I do without you?"

Then came the memory of his mother's dying words, and the last prayer he had said by her side. Raising his tear-stained face from the grave, he looked up to the smiling blue sky above him. "Oh, dear Lady of Lourdes!" he cried, clasping his hands, "you are my mother now; my poor dead mother gave me to you. Oh, take care of Charley!"

Then, drying his eyes, full of trust in his new mother, the brave little fellow kissed the grave where lay his one earthly friend, and took his lonely way to Lyons.

. . . . . .

Not far from the poor cottage in which Charley's mother died was a princely mansion, all but hidden by the stately trees which surrounded it. Without and within everything told of wealth and comfort. But here, too, the Angel of Death had spread its wings, casting a dark shadow over all. Servants, with awe-struck looks, tripped softly up the lofty staircase, whose velvet carpets would have hushed the heaviest tread; for in an upper chamber a child lay dying — an only child, and the last heir of an ancient house. A lady knelt by the bed in all the desolation of sorrow. The widow's robes clinging to the bent figure told their own sad story. Only a few months before Madame de Vignon had lost her loved husband, who died of consumption; now her son, her beautiful little Henry, was about to be snatched from her arms by the same dread disease.

Costly toys lay scattered unheeded on the snowy coverlet; the burning hands sought only the mother's touch; the moans of pain which escaped the parted lips wrung the very soul of her who could not save him one single pang.

"Mother, I cannot breathe! Oh, mother, lift me up!"

"Spare him, my God! spare him!" she pleaded again and again, in her agony. "He is all I have left on earth; or if he must go — oh! take me too!"

Suddenly a thought struck her. Everybody was talking of the apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes, and of the miracles wrought by her intercession. She would ask our Lady of Lourdes to restore her child. Raising the wasted form of her little son in her arms, she turned to a statue of Our Lady which adorned the room. "O sweet Lady of Lourdes!" she cried, with all the passionate pleading of a mother's love, "give health to my child — my only one — and I promise to do for thee whatever thou wilt — anything — only save my boy!"

But, alas! already the clammy dew of death moistened the sunny curls. The last flush had faded from the little face, and the hands she

fondly clasped had grown icy cold. Henry's pain was over, once for all; her child was in the embrace of his Heavenly Father.

The mother was frantic with grief, and refused all comfort. Her child was gone: what had she now to live for? She spent hours weeping in her desolate room, or wandering in lonely sorrow in the garden where he used to play.

At last her faithful old attendant, Kitty, persuaded her to leave the house, where everything reminded her of her lost darling, and go to her early home some miles away. That, too, was desolate; but the change, Kitty thought, would, at least, rouse her from the stupor of grief into which she was falling.

Listlessly she consented. Every place was alike to her, who had no hope in life, she said.

A day or two later, on a fair sunny evening, the well-appointed carriage of Madame de Vignon might be seen winding its way amid the green hills that surrounded her ancestral home. The rays of the setting sun lit up the old mullioned windows, and tinged with a rosy glow a scene of surpassing loveliness. The sight of her native hills and the soft calm of that peaceful evening fell like a soothing balm on the heart of the grief-stricken woman. Desiring the coachman to follow slowly with the carriage, she went on foot up a well-known path, which led to a pretty little shrine dedicated to our Lady of Lourdes. Suddenly, like the voice of an angel, the silvery tones of the *Angelus* broke the stillness. As the last sweet notes trembled in the air the lady fell on her knees, and, lifting up her hands, sobbed out: "O Lady of Lourdes! I promised to do anything for thee if thou wouldst save my boy. God took him, but I will not take back my promise. Here I am! O Lady! ask what thou wilt; behold thy handmaid! But, oh! have pity on the childless widow, and send her comfort."

Then, reaching the shrine, she sank exhausted on the step. Soon she perceived she was not alone. On the farther end of the step sat crouched a beggar-boy. Instinctively she drew back from the wretched, half-starved creature. As she did so the boy looked up timidly into her face. He seemed about the age of her own little son, and a feeling of pity stole into her heart.

"What are you doing here, child?" she asked.

"Please, lady, I am only resting," was the low answer. "I am so tired! I have been walking since morning, and have had nothing to eat." And the poor, forlorn child covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"Where are you going?" inquired Madame de Vignon, interested in spite of herself.

"I am going to Lyons," he replied, "where they have homes for orphans. My own dear mother told me, before she went to heaven, to go there when she was gone."

Again the thought of Henry made her glance at the child compassionately; but she could not bear the sight of the pale little face, and, throwing him a silver coin, she turned quickly away.

"Let us go," she said to Kitty, who now joined her.

Poor little Charley looked at the money; but he did not touch it, — it was not bread. "I am hungry," he said, through his tears.

Kitty paused for a moment, her heart full of pity for the child. She would have liked to take him with them as far as the village, but dared not suggest it.

Meanwhile Madame de Vignon had met the carriage and entered; so the maid followed, reluctantly. The carriage drove on, the lady leaning back wearily on the seat. Suddenly she looked up, and addressed the maid:

"What was it that the boy was saying, as we left the shrine? Did he not say that he was hungry?"

"Yes, Madame," replied Kitty, bluntly, determined to rouse her mistress, at any cost. "And well nigh famished, I should say, judging from the look on his face. I doubt if he'll be alive to-morrow, if nobody takes pity on him."

Madame de Vignon started. "Oh, surely, Kitty, it is not so bad as that! What would my child in heaven think of me if I were to let another die of starvation? Go, see to him at once. Do what you think is best."

Gladly the good woman left the carriage on her charitable errand, and, taking some refreshments from the little basket she had provided for their journey, she went back to the chapel.

"Thank God, something has roused my lady at last!" she said to herself. "She had ever a kind heart; but, sometimes, when Grief enters even the best of hearts, he shuts the door behind him. But, Lord help the child, where has he gone?" she exclaimed, on coming in sight of the shrine.

Charley had watched the carriage drive away, with a feeling of bitter desolation. Finding himself once more alone, he crept into the grotto, and twined his little arms round the feet of the fair image that smiled so sweetly above him. "Holy Mother in heaven!" he sobbed, "please hear me now. My mother said you would take care of me; and, oh! I shall surely die if you don't send me something to eat. It is growing dark, too, dear Mother, and I am so frightened here, all alone!"

Soon the clinging arms relaxed their hold, and Kitty entered only in time to save the child from falling to the ground. Kindly supporting him, she made him swallow a little wine. Charley looked up into the pitying face. "Who are you?" he asked softly. "Has my Mother in heaven sent you to me?"

"Of course she has," answered the woman. "Surely that good Mother never turned a deaf ear to anybody, let alone a starving child. There, now, try to eat a bit."

Then, taking the boy in her strong arms, she carried him to the carriage, giving the coachman strict injunctions to take care of him. Peter was a kind-hearted man, and he made the child snug and comfortable beside him.

"You have saved his life, Madame," said Kitty to her mistress; "what with hunger and fright, he would have been dead by morning."

"I am glad I sent you," was the answer, the mother's thoughts still dwelling on her own dear child. "Somehow, I feel it will please Henry. Alas! how few are my consolations now! For his sake, this child shall have food and shelter to-night."

Though hasty preparations had been made for the coming of its mistress, the gloom and silence of that once gay house struck a chill to the heart of the lonely woman. The loved faces that had made it home had vanished; the happy voices were hushed; father, mother, husband, and child, all gone forever.

She retired to her room and shut herself in with her sorrow.

Early next morning she sought the chapel. "O God! give me strength to say, Thy will be done!" she prayed. "O Mother of the sorrowful! again I renew my promise. Only obtain for me the grace of resignation."

Meanwhile Kitty had made Charley as tidy as she could. Such a pretty, gentle little fellow he looked, despite his rags, that her heart quite warmed toward him. "I will take him to the chapel," thought the good woman. "The child has already been the means of rousing my lady a little; who knows what may come of it?"

"Charley," she said aloud, "can you say any prayers?"

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "When my dear mother was alive, she taught me to say my prayers every morning and night."

Kitty took him by the hand and led him to the chapel, where her mistress still knelt in prayer. The boy looked at the pale, uplifted face with a feeling of childish pity; but the lady, as she caught his gaze, turned away almost with a gesture of terror. "That child again! Why does he haunt me so, with his innocent face and bright head, so like my darling's? I will not look again. What are other people's children to me?"

"Pray aloud, Charley," whispered Kitty, as they knelt down. The child glanced timidly at Madame de Vignon.

"The lady won't mind you," whispered the woman; "say aloud the last prayer your mother taught you."

Of course, Kitty did not know what that last prayer was; she only wished to give him fervor. She, as well as her mistress, was unprepared for the words which the child now uttered in all the simplicity of his heart.

"O Blessed Lady of Lourdes, my mother left me to you; you are my own mother now; please take care of little Charley!"

The lady shook with sudden emotion. What was it in that simple prayer that touched her lonely heart, and filled her eyes with tears? She covered her face with her trembling hands.

"My God!" she murmured, "has Our Lady taken me at my word? Is, this, *this* the work she would have me do? Has she sent this child to me?"

She fancied she saw her own Henry pointing with a smile of love to the orphan boy. Had he come as a messenger from the Queen of Heaven?

"Yes," she cried at last; "I dare not refuse thy bidding. Mother of God, I accept thy charge. This, I feel, is the work thou hast set me to do."

Again Charley's voice reached her ear. He was whispering in a lower tone: "O my God! bless those good ladies who saved me last night from dying of hunger."

With a look of earnest resolve, Madame de Vignon rose and took the little fellow by the hand.

"My child!" she cried, leading him to Our Lady's altar, "kneel with me, and thank your Heavenly Mother for bringing you to a sorrowing mother on earth. This is the house her loving care has opened to you. In her name I will be your mother now. You have reached the end of your journey."

"My mistress is saved! thank God, thank God!" cried Kitty, with a grateful heart, as she led away her new charge. "I will teach the child to be so dutiful and good that she will take great interest in him. Then the work of charity which she has undertaken will make her forget her sorrow, and give her great comfort."

No mother could have taken better care of her own child than Kitty took of the orphan. He grew into a charming boy, and Madame de Vignon soon loved him dearly.

Charley has well repaid the kindness bestowed upon him. He is now a noble, earnest man, the joy of his adopted mother, whose name he bears. He is first in every work of charity in the country in which he lives, but most of all is he noted for a tender devotion to her who so truly proved a Mother to him when he had lost his own.

Don't.

DON'T snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

THE only sure way to keep bad literature away from children is to see that they have good books or papers. These may not be so cheap as the vile libraries for boys; but it is too important to worry over a few cents, when the future of children depends, in a great degree, on the habits formed in early years.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1889.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE articles on Archbishop Hughes, Canada and Her Neighbor, Newfoundland and its Irish settlers, The Boston Herald and Irish National Education, are worthy of special attention.

The Carroll Centenary.

IT has been officially stated by Cardinal Gibbons, that the answers to the invitations referring to the centennial of the Catholic hierarchy to be held in this city, beginning Nov. 10, indicate a large attendance, and an observance upon a magnificent scale. A unique and unprecedented feature will be the probable attendance of a delegation from Rome, headed by a prelate holding a high rank in the Propaganda. Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, Canada, returned a cordial acceptance of the invitation, and fully fifty of the bishops of the United States will be present, besides Canadian archbishops and bishops. A delegation of distinguished laymen from the Pacific slope have sent requests that seats be reserved. There will be a great pressure on the capacity of the Cathedral, and the alterations, including rearrangement of the gallery, formerly occupied by the children of the orphan asylum, which is nearly completed, will add to the seating room.

Statue of the Late Archbishop Hughes.

WE are indebted to the Fordham Monthly, the college paper of St. John's College, for the engraving of the statue which embellishes our MAGAZINE for this month. In our next issue we will give an account of the proceedings at the inauguration of the statue. For the engraving of Archbishop Hughes we are indebted to Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, manager of the Catholic Publication Society Co., of New York.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

FATHER DAMIEN was not the first priest to die of leprosy at Molokai. In November last, Father Gregory Archambaux died of leprosy there. He never had any exterior wounds, but his inward pains were the more excruciating, and he lingered for a long time.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has started a movement toward the erection of a memorial to Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, the pioneer of civil and religious liberty in America. The cardinal proposes appointing, at an early day, committees for the collection of funds to erect such a memorial.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, was in Boston on his return from Bar Harbor, Hopkinton, etc., and called at our office on his way to New York and Philadelphia. His Grace is among the early subscribers to our Magazine, continues to take it, and wishes it every success.

The Late J. P. Leonard.

IN our obituary column the death of this well-known Irish-Parisian is announced. It is stated that he has left materials for a volume of memoirs. If this be so, we trust its publication will not be lost sight of. There are few men of the present generation whose career should embrace more numerous recollections of men and things interesting to Ireland, than Mr. Leonard. He knew most of the Young Irelanders, and many of the leaders of the Fenian movement intimately. He had made himself acquainted with many records of the career of the Irish

Brigades in France, but little known. He had passed through the Franco-German war, and had witnessed numerous revolutionary scenes in the streets of Paris at various periods, and the number of governments overturned within his recollection should be in itself a formidable list. Altogether, the book would form a valuable addition to Irish literature, and, we hope, observes the Dublin Freeman's Journal, that steps will be taken to prevent its being lost to us.

THE New York Herald: Crank Graham had himself coopered up on Sunday, Sept. 1, and launched over Niagara Falls. A few minutes later a barrel of live fool was fished out of the raging river. — Boston Daily Globe: People who saw the barreliferious idiot go over Niagara Falls say that he went over feet downward. This was only an ordinary illustration of the law of gravitation. His head was the lightest part of him.

THE London Standard has consented to apologize and to pay five hundred dollars' damages for saying, without any warrant of fact, that Father Coveney of Dummanway, Ireland, publicly appealed to God to strengthen the hand of the man who killed Inspector Martin at Gweedore.

EXTRACT from a letter of Michael Davitt written to the recent League of the Cross convention at Thurles: "The fact that, poor as our country is, we waste over eleven million pounds a year on intoxicating drinks, is a most deplorable one to dwell upon. Half that sum, needlessly wasted as it is now, would set every woollen mill in Ireland running to-morrow, and be thereby the means of keeping our young people from running out of the country for want of employment."

THE St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum cleared $2,480.51 as the result of the May festival. The Sisters of Charity desire most earnestly to thank the ladies and gentlemen who worked so well for the success of the festival; also Mr. M. H. Keenan and Mr. Emery, for training the children, a task they have cheerfully performed for years.

Two brothers of the name of Lawes, creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre, were called to order by the celebrated Felix McCarthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said, "You shall hear from one of us; our name is Lawes." "Lawes, is it," quoth Felix, "then I'll give you an addition to the name;" and, exerting his well-known strength, handed them out of the box, exclaiming, "Now, by the powers, you're both outlaws!"

CARDINAL GIBBONS has issued to all the archbishops and bishops of this country and Canada a beautifully printed invitation reading thus: "The Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore requests the honor of your presence at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, to be held at Baltimore on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of November, 1889." The same invitations will soon be sent to distinguished clergymen and laymen.

The Crops in Ireland.

A CAREFUL survey of Ireland indicates that the harvest will be more abundant than for many years. Thank God!

BISHOP WIGGER, of Newark, N. J., who has returned from his accompaniment of the Palestine Pilgrims, whom he was obliged, by ill-health, to abandon in Rome, was given a handsome reception by his people. He appears the picture of restored health, and is full of his mild adventures in traversing Italy, France, and Germany. He has engaged six Sisters of the Holy Cross, who will arrive in September, and take charge of the Leo House, near Castle Garden, New York, where German immigrants are received. He brings a Polish priest, who is to establish a church in Newark for his countrymen. Also he has arranged for two Slav priests to open churches in Passaic and Centreville, where live a large number of that race. Judging from the fruits of his trip, Bishop Wigger's illness in Rome appears providential, observes the Freeman's Journal.

The Anti-Slavery Congress,

THAT was to assemble in Switzerland, has been indefinitely postponed. Cardinal Lavigèrie's abandonment of the project was a complete surprise to those who know him best, and who looked forward with considerable interest to the proposed conference. The explanation of his change of plans, as made public, is of a somewhat startling nature. The Cardinal has been persuaded by the Vatican to give a wider scope to his great abilities, and to preach nothing less than a new crusade against Moslem tyranny against Christian subjects, both in Europe and in Asia Minor. The Cardinal, it is understood, will shortly appeal, in the name of the Holy Father, to the nations of Europe, to purchase from infidel defilers the holy city of Jerusalem, and as much of its surroundings as will be necessary to form a small province, to be forever independent and guaranteed in its integrity by the Western Powers. If successful, this victory in the cause of civilization, it is considered by the Cardinal and by Pope Leo, would be the greatest triumph ever achieved by the Catholic Church; would endear it to the affections of many now alienated from its teachings, and the prestige won would do much toward creating a general desire for the restoration of its temporal power.

AUGUST 17 was the eighty-third anniversary of Archbishop Kenrick's birthday. The venerable prelate of St. Louis received many calls and congratulations. If he lives until 1891 he will be able to take part in the golden jubilee of his consecration.

IT is a curious fact that the persons who were instrumental in achieving the murder of Mrs. Surratt as an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln, have, in turn, met death under unpleasant circumstances or surroundings. Benjamin F. Spandauer, who was the unfortunate woman's chief accuser, died recently in the Maryland penitentiary.

THE mountain was in labor on the 2d of September, and brought forth a very big mouse.

"WE edit the paper to-day lying in bed," says a sensational journal; but a careful perusal of it will disclose the fact that a man can lie in bed as well as he can out of it.

WHILE CARDINAL GIBBONS was a priest in the small parish of Elkridge, near Baltimore, small-pox broke out in the village, and all the people who were able deserted the town. One old negro, who was on the point of death, was left by his friends and family with neither food nor medicine. Father Gibbons hastened to the dying man's bedside, where he remained until the last. No one else could be procured to carry the corpse to the grave, and Father Gibbons acted as undertaker as well as minister. Having obtained a coffin, he placed the body in it, in some way or other dragged it to the grave, performed the last rites of the church and buried it.

LABOR DAY was celebrated in all parts of the United States and parts of Canada, with great demonstrations. None more so than in our own city. The saloons were closed; very few arrests for drunkenness. Let the people compare the condition of the laboring classes in this country with those of London, and other parts of Europe, and be thankful that they fare so well in our great country.

CATHOLIC influence among the Indians is certainly great. The recent treaty opening so many million acres of land to the whites would never have been signed but for the aid of a Catholic priest who advised chiefs Gall, Grass, and Mad Bear that it was best for them to come to terms with the government, as eventually they would lose their lands without compensation. The priest ascertained that the government had the power to open the reservation without the consent of the Indians, which would have resulted in much bloodshed; but which has happily been avoided by the priest's influence with the leading chiefs.

SINCE the foundation of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., in 1843, she has sent out over twenty-five hundred young men into the various walks of life.

GENERAL BOULANGER, Count Dillon, and Henri Rochefort, were sentenced to transportation and imprisonment, for a term not stated, by the French Senate, on Aug. 14. The condemned are, at present, in England, and probably will not be extradited should the French Government demand their surrender.

IT is satisfactory to know that the professors engaged for the Catholic University at Washington will be permitted to enter the country in spite of the contract labor law. This can easily be done, simply by an honest interpretation, which is that Congress never meant the law to be applied to this class. But it might be well for Congress to pass a law to say just what it did mean.

IT is evident from the following, clipped from the Liverpool Catholic Times, that Father Nugent peruses the columns of our fearless and esteemed contemporary, the Western Watchman. "The Rev. Father Phelan, the editor of the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Missouri, is travelling in Europe. In half-a-dozen lines Father Phelan can deal with an adversary more caustically, perhaps, than any man in Europe or America."

Approved by the Holy Father.

THE Holy Father has decided to send a representative of the Holy See from Rome to Washington next November, for the purpose of attending the dedication of the Catholic University. The functions of this delegate will be nominal, the object of the Pope in sending him being to give further assurance of his hearty accord with the projects of the founder and promoters of the university.

JUDGE LAMBERT TREE, ex-United States minister to Russia, has tendered to the Commissioners of Lincoln Park, Chicago, a bronze statue of Robert Cavelier de La Salle, whose explorations of Western and North-western North America form an important part of the history of the United States. This statue Judge Tree caused to be executed while he was abroad, as an evidence of his admiration of La Salle and his achievements.

SPEAKING of the Parnell Commission, a witty Dublin Q. C. the other day referred to a case in which he was engaged, as "a Kathleen Mavourneen kind of case," and, when asked by the nonplussed judge what he meant, he explained that he wanted to convey that it might go on for years and "it may be forever."

Christopher Columbus.

AN address, signed by no less than eight hundred and fifty prelates of various nationalities, has been received at the Vatican, petitioning the Sovereign Pontiff to accord to the great Genoese navigator, Christopher Columbus, the title of Venerable. It is generally thought here that the Holy Father will before long accede to the prayer of this petition. Of the eminently holy and sanctified life of the great sailor there is no more doubt than of the greatness of the work which he seems to have been inspired to undertake and eventually performed.

POWDERED sugar is said to remove cataract from the eyes. It should be blown into the eyes through a quill. It can do no harm if it does no good.

The Spanish Queen.

THE good Queen Christina, of Spain, is an accomplished musician. Not only is she a good pianist and a clever violinist, but she composes as well. A lullaby song of her composition, written for her son, is a success in Madrid, where it has secured the admiration of both political parties alike. She has endeavored to develop an enthusiasm for Spanish music amongst her people, and is the patroness of the young musicians of the capital. Her ambition is to popularize in Spain the music of the best composers; and to this end she has ordered that the Spanish military bands shall include classical music in their *repertoire*.

OF forty-three thousand Italians that landed in Castle Garden last year, thirty-four thousand were males. The emigration of females from Italy is smaller than from any other country, averaging but thirteen per cent of the whole number who land. From Germany the percentage is forty; from Ireland, forty-five.

SISTERS OF CHARITY, from their mother house, St. Elizabeth's Convent, Madison, N. J., will teach in the new parochial school of St. Joseph's parish, Roxbury. This is a most thoroughly trained teaching community, and the parish is fortunate in having secured them. The school opened the first week in September.

Columbus.

THE four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, which, in the language of the programme, culminates on the 12th of October, 1892, is to be celebrated by a prize of twelve hundred pounds, and an "accessit" of six hundred pounds, which will be given under the auspices of the "Royal Academy of History" of Madrid, for the best original work on the wide subject of the discovery of the New World. The competition will be international. The language used may be Spanish, Portuguese, English, German, French, Italian, or Irish, the most ancient language of them all.

Knock.

ABOUT forty thousand persons visited the celebrated shrine of Knock, Aug. 16, the feast of the Assumption. The vast throng participated in the customary devotions. Several Masses were celebrated, followed by a procession, the spectacle being most impressive. Archdeacon Kavanagh, the central figure, was assisted by several clergymen, including two American priests. In the evening benediction was given to a large number of pilgrims from England, Scotland, and America.

A New College for Burlington, Vt.

IT is understood that a college building, with about one hundred and fifty rooms, will be erected on the property on Colchester avenue recently purchased by Bishop De Goesbriand, the present St. Joseph college building not being large enough to accommodate the increasing number of students.

THE dedication of a Redemptorist Parochial School, in Roxbury, took place on the 15th of August. We gave a description of this splendid building in a recent issue of our MAGAZINE.

The Late Father Damien.

THE Rev. Arthur Robins, Rector of Windsor, who has written an ode, In Memoriam, on Father Damien, has received a very flattering letter from Cardinal Manning, in which his eminence writes: "Your lines in memoriam of Father Damien are a generous and beautiful offering to a heroic life and death. The last eight lines above all are high and full of force. We may all learn from them. The sympathy of Englishmen with Father Damien is a sure sign both of manhood and a higher aspiration which God will bless."

"To what base uses we have come at last."

CUSTOM-HOUSE officials continue to look with grave suspicions on the bustle. They keep the lady inspectors at work, in their eager outlook against the bustle as a place of smuggling. A New York paper gives an account of the result of one day's raid on this article of lady's attire at Castle Garden. The bustle of a charming young Italian lady — Maria Vincenz Carrachina — contained a rich booty. Search brought to light five gold chains, thirty-three pair of kid gloves, two gold-mounted smelling-bottles, two silver watch-chains, nine gold finger-rings, five gold pendants, and five pair of gold ear-rings. The jewelry was duly confiscated and taken to the seizure room, and the fair Maria Vincenz Carrachina was held to answer on a charge of attempted smuggling. A young Liverpool lady, a Miss Roche, had forty pair of gloves in her bustle. She made quite a bustle when they were discovered.

Eighty-Five Miles in Eighty-Two Minutes.

THE New York delegation of the Ancient Order of Foresters lately arrived at Minneapolis to attend the National Convention there. They travelled in a special train, and, on one part of the journey, made the remarkable speed of eighty-five miles in eighty-two minutes, or at the rate of over sixty-two miles per hour.

LOAF sugar melted in the mouth and swallowed is said to stop hemorrhage of the lungs.

Executions in New York.

THE New York Catholic Review: Four men were hanged in the city! Four men who were once innocent boys, and who owe their terrible fate to over-indulgence in whiskey. Two were Catholics born, and the other two became Catholics before execution. The story which Nolan told of himself the night before his death, is one that should be laid to heart by parents, pastors, citizens, and young men in general. The attractions of the Bowery ruined him. When his day's work was done, he spent his evenings with companions in the dives and concert-saloons. "I was no better and no worse," he said, "than the average Bowery boy." What, then, must the average Bowery boy be? And since the Bowery is a force in the destruction of the young men of the city, what are the pastors of parishes in its neighborhood doing to keep these young men from the danger? What are the parents doing? What are the young men's societies doing for their kind? And what are the citizens in general doing to remove the pestilential promenade from the city? The Bowery is respectable at this moment, compared with its former condition, and still it is a spot which the most culpable indifference on the part of citizens, and, perhaps, of negligence on the part of officials, allows to continue its awful work of debauching the young.

The Old Ninth.

THE Ninth Massachusetts Regiment Association held its twenty-second annual reunion at O'Connor's Vine Café, Nantasket Beach, on Aug. 15. The treasurer stated that the monument to Col. Thomas Cass will be placed in position, in the Public Garden, about the middle of September. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Daniel G. Macnamara: vice-president, Capt. Timothy O'Leary; treasurer, Col. P. T. Hanley; secretary, Michael O'Connor; executive committee: Company A, Daniel Sullivan; B, Capt. James F. McGonnigle; C, Henry Sandaw; D, Nicholas Young; E, John Devine; F, Sergt. Lawrence Cunningham; G, Capt. James M. Tobin; H, Capt. Patrick McCarthy; I, Daniel McCann; K, Maj. George W. Dutton.

The Catholic Centennial.

THE invitations to the centennial of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States have been handsomely engraved, and have been sent, by direction of Cardinal Gibbons, to all the archbishops and bishops of the United States and Canada. Other invitations will follow to the Monsignori, the presidents of seminaries and colleges, and to distinguished laymen. The cards of invitation, which are surmounted by the seal of the archdiocese, handsomely engraved in red, read as follows: "The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore requests the honor of your presence at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States, to be held at Baltimore, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of November, 1889."

Success of M. Pasteur's System.

AT the Academy of Sciences, M. Pasteur recently presented a note of the results observed in the Pasteur Institute from May 1, 1888, to May 1, 1889 (*La France Medicale*, No. 73). During this period, 1,673 persons, bitten by rabid, or presumably (*tres suspects de rage*) rabid, dogs had been treated — 1,487 French, and 186 foreigners. Of this number, — namely, 1,673, — 118 had been bitten in the head or face. Six persons (four bitten on the head and two on the limbs) had been attacked with rabies during treatment; four others were attacked within a fortnight after the close of the treatment. Three persons, bitten on the head, died after the treatment had been completely finished; and these, therefore, represent the total cases of failure, — namely, in the ratio of one in five hundred and fifty-seven. Or if, "which would be illogical," adds M. Pasteur, to these three cases were to be added the ten above mentioned, there would be a mortality of only one in one hundred and twenty-eight.

THE congregation of the Little Sisters of the Poor embraces about three hundred houses in both hemispheres; it is composed of more than four hundred Sisters, and shelters and supports at least forty thousand old men and women. The Order has been fully approved by different Popes.

Laying a Corner-Stone.

THE corner-stone of St. Michael's new church at Hudson, Mass., was laid Sunday, Aug. 25th, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, in the presence of a large assembly, including some forty of the reverend clergy. In the morning Archbishop Williams administered Confirmation to one hundred and twenty children. Haydn's Second Mass was sung by the choir, under the direction of Miss Louise Labossiere, with J. Frank Donahoe as organist. The Rev. P. A. McKenna, of the Immaculate Conception Church, Marlboro, former pastor at Hudson, was celebrant, with the Rev. Charles W. Regan as deacon, the Rev. J. B. Labossiere, subdeacon, and the Rev. J. P. Sullivan, master of ceremonies. At three o'clock the corner-stone was laid. The preacher of the occasion was the Rev. C. W. Currier, C. SS. R., of the Mission Church, Boston Highlands. The new church will be one hundred and twenty by sixty-three feet, and is to have a seating capacity of eight hundred. The architectural design is Gothic, with a tower upon each of the two front corners, each one hundred and thirty feet in height. The basement will be of brick, the superstructure of wood. It is proposed by Father Cusack, the energetic pastor of St. Michael's, to push the work of construction as rapidly as possible. P. C. Keely, of New York, is the architect, and John McLauren, of East Boston, the builder.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, who has been residing in Dublin for some time past, is said to have nearly ready for publication a life of Thomas Davis, the poet of the "Young Ireland" era, and founder of the Dublin Nation, which first brought Duffy himself into national prominence.

THE Capuchin Fathers have eight monasteries of their Order in England and Wales. The Franciscan Friars Minor have four monasteries, and the Franciscan Recollects three. The Poor Clares, of the Reform of St. Colette, have eight convents, and the Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order have seven convents. Most of the Sisters are Irish ladies.

Catholic Progress.

FIFTY years ago there were in the Indian Vicariates of Madras, Hyderabad, Nagpur, and Vizagapatam, only twenty-three churches or chapels; there are now two hundred and fifty-five. Half a century back the same districts possessed only thirty schools; now there are one hundred and twenty-five. The Hyderabad Cathedral is thus described: "The Cathedral, built about 1848, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of the Assumption, is a splendid structure in the decorated style of Gothic architecture. It was built almost entirely from the contributions of Irish soldiers."

THE trial of the alleged murderers of Dr. Cronin, in Chicago, has not commenced yet.

Canon O'Hanlon's Lives of the Irish Saints.

THE Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, P. P., Sandymount, sent as a present to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, on the occasion of their golden wedding jubilee, the sixth volume of the Lives of the Irish Saints. The reverend gentleman also wrote a congratulatory letter, in which was expressed a hope that the right honorable gentleman would live to assist at the opening of an independent Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin, and was favored with an autograph communication in the following kindly and courteous terms: —

HAWARDEN, Aug. 9, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR: — Only now do the arrears of the late occasion permit me to offer you these hearty thanks for your kind present, and not less kind letter. Allow me to assure you that I look back with pleasure on the time of Ireland's renown for Christian sanctity, and forward with confident hope to the time when it shall please God to bring about the accomplishment of our common wishes for your country, and scarcely less for ours. I remain, reverend and dear sir, yours very faithfully, W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE Italian government has conferred upon Sister Mary Joseph Bocquin, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, the silver medal of merit for work rendered during the cholera epidemic in Naples in 1886. The government is to be congratulated on the fact that at last it is beginning to know its best friends, not only in times of quiet, but also in the hour of trial.

Editorial Gossip.

A. B. C. D., — Allen, Brackett, Crapo, and Draper. All Republican candidates for governor. Which will win?

At a golden wedding recently, a telegram was received by the happy old couple from a former pastor, now a missionary among the Mormons. It read as follows: "It is better to live with one wife fifty years than with fifty wives one year." Does anybody doubt this?

The Philadelphia barbers refuse to pull their glittering steels over stubborn beards on Sunday. The proper way to get men to shave on a week-day is to raise the price to fifty cents on Sunday. Men too lazy to shave on Saturday often get up on Sunday morning and loaf in a barber shop instead of going to church.

A great many persons are suffering with colds owing to the changeable weather. There are a great many remedies for a cure; but one there is that should be avoided, and that is, advice.

An emigrant landed in New York last month with ten dollars in his pocket, which was immediately picked of nine dollars and eighty cents. Now the question is being considered as to whether he is a pauper or not. Remember, the man had twenty cents, and in the words of the popular ballad, "He ought to be thankful for that."

Hugh O'Brien was the biggest man that ever sat in the mayor's office in Boston, and Thomas Hart, the present incumbent, is the smallest. We mean this in every sense that it can possibly be inferred.

A great many citizens of Boston, born in Ireland, have long ago said they would revisit the scene of their birth "when Ireland is free." By present indications it would seem that their visit may be made much sooner than a great many believe.

The next mayor of Boston will be a Democrat, and big enough to fill the office.

When Mr. Blaine reads a newspaper he looks to see how his health is, and whether he has left the cabinet or not. This is one of the penalties of greatness. It must amuse "Jingo" just the same, unless it has grown so old as to cause him to remark "chestnuts."

It is said that President Harrison took considerable interest in the last great prize-fight. Probably he was looking for points, for he has knocked out a good many men himself lately.

It is often unsafe to say anything that is meant to be confidential before a parrot as it is before a child. People are often surprised at their friends keeping these birds, because it is a well-known fact that they often say things which are far from being pretty. A farmer in Marietta, Ga., is the owner of a parrot that possesses a good deal of sense. One night not long ago the bird accidentally ignited a box of matches and seemed to realize the danger of a conflagration. The bird had sense enough to cry "fire" several times, and the call brought the master of the house to the room. This timely cry prevented what might have been a bad fire.

The doctors are again doing their best to convince people that ice-water is dangerous. Perhaps it is; but then, so are whiskey, toy pistols, matrimony, and lots of things. It is the summer cry.

Many a beggar has been known to be rich. Their craze for money sends them on the highways begging. Stories of money being found in their miserable abodes are common. Only last month a tramp died in a New York hospital. Before dying he asked for paper to make a will. This was granted, although regarded as ridiculous by the attendants of the institution, until, after his death, when a package he possessed was opened, and found to contain twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars. He left the money to his brothers. May the heirs know enough to enjoy it.

MR. GROVER CLEVELAND recently acted as referee in a lawsuit. He didn't receive a quarter the fame out of it that the referee of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight did.

TWO newspaper men of Boston are in the habit of taking their dinner at a German restaurant, where, among other things, very good beer is sold. A waiter in this establishment, very beery in appearance, is noted for his amiable manner and pleasing disposition. One day one of these newspaper men ordered beer, and told this waiter to bring one along for himself. When the latter returned with the order, the scribe noticed that he had none for himself, and thinking that he might have misunderstood him, again repeated his invitation to "have something." The waiter smiled and said, "No, I guess not; there is no need of paying for what I drink, for I can get all I want for nothing, and I have already had twenty-nine glasses." It was then noon time, and this man had succeeded in consuming this much beer so early in the day. The wielder of the pen, somewhat surprised, asked if the proprietor did not object to his employés drinking so much, to which the waiter replied in a most assuring way, "Oh, no, so long as a man don't make a beast of himself." Pray, does this man know what "beast" means? Any way the reply was too funny for further discussion, and the waiter had by that time taken another order.

QUEER things are always happening. Here is one of recent occurrence: A Cleveland man has married again the woman from whom he was divorced ten years ago. Meantime he had married a second wife and become a widower. Verily, "A patient waiter is no loser."

THE colored people resemble the Italian, not in color alone, but in taste. They are very fond of flashy and gaudy colors for wearing apparel. They also have a quaint way of describing a person or event. Speaking of Frederick Douglass, recently, a paper devoted to the interests of the Negro race, says: "Hon. Frederick Douglass, the great colored Demosthenes, the silver-tongued orator, and velvet-lipped speaker, arrived in this city to-day."

SOMETIMES a person is so cheeky that he is asked if he doesn't want the earth. A case happened recently in which a man asked for this, where his claim was not considered half so exorbitant as might be supposed. It was on a steamer, that a man, while suffering from sea-sickness, was asked by his wife if he wanted anything. He quickly replied, "I want the earth."

"STEVE" BRODIE, the young man who has jumped from many bridges, notably Brooklyn Bridge, runs a liquor saloon. So far as known, all his vocations appear to be dangerous, though he seems to survive them all.

WHEN the New York Sun fights a person it never knows when to stop. It fought Gen. Grant when the latter was president, and fights him to-day, although dead. In an obituary notice it does not forget the mean things, if there are any, and serve them up with the good things, thus concealing nothing in death. Cleveland is very unpopular with the Sun. One of the cheekiest things known of was the Sun's almost daily advice to Cleveland when the latter was President. Although fighting him tooth and nail when a candidate, it was brazen enough to expect that he would be guided by what he was told to do by the Sun. In referring to him the other day the Sun says: "The late Grover Cleveland — One does not become a Jackson by being pig-headed without brains."

"ST. JOHN" WANAMAKER has up to the present time removed thirteen thousand Democratic postmasters. As a civil service reformer he is unequalled.

IT seems to be nick and tuck between gasolene and kerosene in the race to the graveyard. So long as kerosene is in the house, so long will it be used to quicken fires and hasten the end of the foolish people who insist on using it for such a purpose.

SOME people claim that electricity is the better mode of killing prisoners condemned to death. All these witnesses are alive, and until some of them die, and return to tell us all about it, we have no absolute reason for knowing.

MRS. HARRISON is complaining that the White House is not large enough for the president and family. There may be some truth in the inadequateness of this famous mansion; but it would, of necessity, have to be many times larger to be large enough for the Harrison family.

A GREAT many people have very little faith in doctors, and cases are numerous where a doctor has been known to be on the wrong track, so far as his patient's illness was concerned, and another doctor has been summoned who changes the prescription of the first physician at once, and very often expresses great surprise that the patient is living. When one doctor pronounces such a statement of another doctor, certainly those taking care of the sick, and watching their condition from day to day, must, of necessity, be justified when they say, as they often do, that they have little faith in doctors. One particular case, that might be appropriate to mention here, was the following: A noted physician of a large city, who was never known to acknowledge a blunder or mistake in treatment, during his round of inspection in one of the hospitals, approached a cot, and after feeling the patient's pulse, remarked: "Hum—he is doing very nicely; his pulse is much better."—"It is as you say, doctor," replied the nurse; "but it is not the same man. Yesterday's patient is dead, and this one has been put in his place."—"Ah," said the doctor, "different patient, eh? Well, same treatment." And he walked off, probably wishing that a hole would open somewhere so that he could disappear more quickly. The writer recently injured his foot and a doctor was called in. When the learned man arrived, wearing his profound air, he examined the injured limb and said it was a very severe wrench, but rest would bring it round all right. Before leaving, and just as he was paid his fee, he warned the patient not to move for a week, and to remain in the house at least for two weeks. The patient becoming restless later in the evening got up and went out, and has been going out ever since. The prescription, and a doctor always scribbles one out, was never compounded, and everything is all right, notwithstanding the doctor's sage advice. Doctors are needed, for all that may be said against them; but they are not always honorable men, although they do receive honorable degrees. Honest doctors would be good advisers and necessary evils. There is much need of reform though among the M. D's.

DR. MCDOW, the cold-blooded Southern murderer, is steadily being banished from South Carolina societies. He should have been banished from this world at the end of a rope. A colored man in Boston, a native of South Carolina, in speaking of this murder, said: "Why, when I was down South they used to have murders there every other day. Here, you make a big howl over them; but down there they are so common that they merely receive mention as a 'local variety.'"

SOME men strive a whole lifetime to acquire means on which they might subsequently enjoy ease and happiness; but with no success. The inventor of that little puzzle called "pigs-in-clover" made one hundred thousand dollars out of his peculiar invention before the public dropped it.

THOSE who laugh last often laugh best, is an old saying which occasionally presents itself before us to show us how much truth there is in it. The same may be applied to the joker too. A case recently occurred in Lima, O., where a near-sighted amateur photographer thought he would be smart, and, at the same time, do something funny. He took what he thought was a very affecting picture of a young lady kissing a young man in a shady dell. When he developed the picture, it affected him a great deal more than he bargained for, as the young woman proved to be his wife. It is quite likely that the young photographer will be heard from later in some divorce court, and the picture will be the best possible evidence for the injured plaintiff in this case.

IT is said that rats are so fond of sunflower seeds, that they will, if plenty, flock into the wire cage kind of a trap in such quantity as nearly to fill it. But they should be fed a while on the seed before introducing the trap.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

NOVENA TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP. By Father St. Omer, Redemptorist. Translated from the French by Rose Alma Cuerier. Price 10c.

This novena has been approved by the Redemptorist Fathers, and is embellished with an engraving of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. It contains: 1. An historical notice on the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. 2. Nine considerations from the writings of St. Alphonsus, presenting the most powerful motives of confidence towards Mary, in all human necessities. 3. A few observations showing us that we never invoke Our Lady of Perpetual Help in vain. 4. Some prayers full of confidence and sweet influence on the maternal and merciful heart of Mary.

Cashman, Keating & Co., Boston.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOOD COUNCIL, containing an authentic account of the translation of the Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Good Council, with full information about the Pious Union, by the author of The Penitent Instructed, The Augustinian Manual, etc. The book is approved and embellished with a Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Good Council.

Fr. Pustet & Co., L. B. 3627, N. Y.

THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN. By Rev. P. A. Von Doss, S. J. Freely translated and adapted by Rev. Augustine Writh, O. S. B.

This is a most excellent book. We wish that every young man in the country possessed a copy of it. Young women, too, can read it and study it with profit to their immortal souls. The book makes 625 pages, and is sold for $1.25 net.

OLD CATHOLIC MARYLAND AND ITS EARLY JESUIT MISSIONARIES. By Rev. William P. Treacy, author of Irish Scholars of the Penal Days, etc.

Just now, when preparation is being made for the celebration of the centennial of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, this book is opportune. The book is dedicated to his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. The author is no stranger to the readers of this MAGAZINE. It is issued from St. Joseph's Rectory, Swedesboro, N. J.

Press of Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ia.

A SHORT CUT TO THE TRUE CHURCH; OR THE FACT AND THE WORD. By the Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C. P.

A good book to give to inquirers after truth.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

ANOTHER work from the pen of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly will soon be issued. The title is The Petitions of Our Father, and the book will be published by a well-known New York firm. This little work will be looked for with interest.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Loyal and True," Decoration hymn for mixed voices, W. A. Springer. "Thou Grace Divine," hymn for alto solo and quartette, Carl Pflueger. "The American Flag," words by J. R. Drake, music by C. C. Stearns. "The Shipwrecked Sailor's Return," words by W. H. Putnam, music by E. H. Bailey. "Lost in the Flood," song and chorus, J. R. Skelly. "In Old Madrid," words by Clifton Bingham, music by H. Tortere. "Old, Very Old," Topical song, Fred Warren. "Alla Stella Confidente," soprano aria, with violin and flute obligato, V. Robandi. "Beauty's Eyes," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by F. Paolo Tosti. "Abide with Me," words by H. F. Lyte, music by F. D. Chubbuck.

Instrumental: "Messenger of Love Waltz," by Geo. H. Hayes. "Silver Stars Mazurka," by Carl Bohm. "Alicia Waltz," by Chas. D. Blake, "Clover Waltzes," by Franz von Suppe.

"The Folio," for June, also July; both very fine numbers.

FATHER MATHEW'S birthday, Oct. 10th, falls upon Thursday this year. Every local society should celebrate it in an appropriate manner. The memory of the great apostle of temperance should be kept green by his followers. Get your halls, secure your speakers, provide some interesting music, and let the occasion be a lively rally all along the line, says the C. T. A. News of Philadelphia.

WE are indebted to the Boston Daily Globe for the cuts that adorn the account of the ceremonies of dedication, at Hopkinton, on Labor Day, and to that paper and The Pilot, for the account of the ceremonies.

WE might call our present issue a memorial of the great and lamented Archbishop Hughes.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

VERY Rev. Dr. Costelloe, V.F., the venerable parish priest of Crossmolina, county Mayo, departed this life at his residence, Riverview. The deceased was in the eighty-fifth year of his age, having been born in 1804. He was ordained at Maynooth in the year of Catholic Emancipation, and served on the mission for four years at Ballina, from which he was promoted, in 1833, to the pastorship of Skreen. Seven years afterwards, on the 6th of January, 1840, he was appointed to the parish of Crossmolina, over which he ruled for nearly half a century.

THE death is announced of the Very Rev. Thomas Devereux, D. D., at the Imperial Hotel, Cork, where he had been sojourning for some time. Dr. Devereux was born at Wexford, in 1832, his father being the late John Thomas Devereux, D. L., formerly member of Parliament for the borough of Wexford, and his uncle the late Richard Devereux.

REV. JOHN P. BRENNAN, formerly curate of St. Joseph's Church, in Boston Highlands, and afterwards pastor at Dedham and Foxboro', Mass., died at the late residence of his mother, in Taunton, on Sunday, Aug. 18, after a long and painful illness of chronic rheumatism, which kept him confined to his house and bed during the greater part of the past four years. Father Brennan was born in Indiana, but brought up in Taunton, and educated at Holy Cross College, Worcester, being ordained at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, in 1856. May he rest in peace!

THE death, on Aug. 10, of Rev. Thomas J. Reynolds, rector at Otter River, Mass., in the diocese of Springfield, was heard with deep regret. Father Reynolds was a graduate of Holy Cross College, and was ordained to the priesthood about six years ago. The greater part of Father Reynolds' life was passed in Worcester, where most his relatives resided. He was about

THE death is announced of Rev. Thomas Wheeler, P. P., Mayne, which occurred at Buxton, England, where he had gone to enjoy a few weeks' vacation and recuperate his health. His remains reached Dublin on last Friday morning, and were conveyed, by train, to Mullingar, and thence to the Parish Church of Mayne.

THE death is announced of the oldest priest in the diocese of Ross, in the person of Rev. Jeremiah Donovan, P.P., Aughadown. Father Donovan, who had attained to the ripe old age of four score, was educated in Brittany, and after some years on the French Mission was attached to the diocese of Cork, and ministered in Schull during the famine years.

CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

IT can only be with feelings of regret that the many pupils of the Rev. Brother Thomas A. Fitzgerald will learn of his demise at the Christian Brothers' Monastery, Cahirciveen, Ireland, Aug. 1, at the age of eighty-three years. During the many years that he labored, with unceasing activity, for the glory of God and the education of Irish youth, he has imparted to several thousand pupils, not only a sound education, but also instilled into their minds a fervent attachment to faith and fatherland. From the frozen regions of Canada, to the torrid plains of Australia, his pupils are scattered, and the positions held by many of them sufficiently attest the character of the education they received. His death will sever the chain which bound them to the old land, and many will feel that they have not only lost the tutor and adviser of youth, but also the unselfish and affectionate friend of their manhood. For fifty years he had labored, until, three years ago, by reason of infirmities, he was compelled to resign his post. Steps will, no doubt, be immediately taken by his pupils to erect a memorial token of their grateful remembrance. Committees will be formed in New York, London, Boston, and elsewhere, and subscriptions forwarded to Cahirciveen, where a central committee will

complete the necessary arrangements. We will leave it to more practical minds to suggest the details of the project, feeling positive that the idea is one which cannot but be regarded with favor, and will, undoubtedly, be taken up with a generous enthusiasm by the numerous Kerry men who are indebted to Brother Fitzgerald for their education. The deceased was a brother of the late Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, who, for upwards of twenty-five years, had been parish priest of Cahirciveen.

SISTERS.

MOTHER ANNA LOWE died Saturday, Aug. 10, at Manhattanville, N.Y., at the Academy of the Sacred Heart. Mother Lowe was a member of the Order of the Sacred Heart, an order famed over the world as teachers of young ladies, and possessing in its ranks ladies of the finest culture, education, and refinement. She was the second daughter of the Hon. Enoch Louis Lowe, ex-governor of Maryland. She was herself a lady of the highest refinement and education, and fitted by mind, manner, and personal attractiveness to adorn any station in life, with all those gentle qualities which womanhood of the highest type has as its own. She turned her back to the world and devoted her life and talents to Christian education, and has left her impress for good upon many a youthful heart and mind. Her mother was a daughter of Col. James and Anne Maria Polk, of Princess Anne, Maryland, and was related to President Polk.

SISTER MARY EVANGELIST CAVANAGH, of the Convent of St. John of God, Wexford, recently died at New Ross. Sister Evangelist was a sister of the Rev. G. E. Cavanagh, C. C., Courtnacuddy, and Rev. Dennis A. Cavanagh, C. C., Black-Rater, and niece of the late lamented Very Rev. Denis Canon Foley, P. P., Flynn.

THE death is announced from the convent of the Sisters of St. Isidore, Jerusalem, of Sister Benignus, which sad event took place on July 30. The deceased lady was a native of Cork, and was known as Miss Agnes Fitzgerald. She had only entered religion three years ago, and at the time of her death was in her twenty-fourth year.

SISTER MARIE, of the Assumption, died recently at the Franciscan Convent, Glasgow, Scotland, aged seventy-one years, fifty of which she had spent in the convent.

MADAME SULLIVAN, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who left Chicago nine years ago for New Zealand, died recently in Timaru, after accomplishing much good.

THE Little Sisters of the Poor, whose labors the world over have brought so much joy to the needy and suffering of God's flock, will have the sympathy of all by the death of their venerated founder, Rev. Father Ernest Lelievre, honorary Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Rennes, and attached to the Congregation for thirty-five years. Father Lelievre died in the mother house, in the diocese of Rennes, at the age of sixty-three years.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE death is announced of John P. Leonard, who was, for many years, the Paris correspondent of the Irish-American, and who had been, from his youth, in the land of his adoption, the intimate friend and associate of all the Irish Nationalists, from historic "Forty-eight" to the troublous times of 1867. During all that period, John P. Leonard — though a French citizen by adoption — as he showed when (though exempt by age) he shouldered a musket in defence of the invaded soil of France, and showed that the martial fire of his sires burned in his veins, after more than half a century of exile from his native land. Mr. Leonard had been in feeble health for some time, and died of inflammation of the lungs, following upon a cold. For over forty years he had lived in Paris, where, at one time, especially, during the McMahon Presidency, he was a conspicuous figure. Until a few years ago he held the chair of Professor of English Literature at the Irish College, from which he was retired on pension, and he had also, from time to time, done a good deal of Press work. For his exertions in connection with the Irish Relief Fund during the Franco-German war, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Leonard was a gentleman of great culture and considerable ability. He had not the faculty, however, of acquiring this

world's goods, and he died in circumstances far from affluent, if not in actual distress. In view of Mr. Leonard's services to Ireland, and of the circumstances under which he died, a grant was made by Mr. Parnell, to enable his only surviving child, Miss Leonard, to meet the expenses consequent upon the sad event.

Mr. James Tunny, the centenarian, died at his home, No. 92 Linden Park street, Boston, at the age of a hundred and one years and eleven months. He was born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1787, and he came to this country in 1831. He started in business as a pedler, and never did much of any other kind of work. His aged wife, Margaret, he married over fifty years ago, and she survives him. Up to within a few months of his death he was able to read his Bible every day, and this he did regularly. When the war broke out he made an effort to join the Union forces, but he was considered too old by the government. The one great hope of his declining years was the liberation of Ireland, and he frequently spoke with pride of his acquaintance with the great Daniel O'Connell.

Mr. Michael J. O'Connor, who died lately, and was buried from St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, left forty thousand dollars to the Sisters of Mercy. Of this, ten thousand dollars goes to that magnificent institution, St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, and a like amount to the Industrial Home, same city, both under the care of the venerable Mother Russell. It will be remembered that Rev. Dr. Stone (a convert), who became a Passionist Father some years ago, had two children, girls, who were adopted by Mother Warde, and received their early education at the Convent of Mercy, Manchester, N. H. As their father, before joining the Passionists, expressed some anxiety as to their future, when their education would be finished, the above princely gentleman, Mr. O'Connor, desired him to make his mind easy about them, as he would charge himself with establishing them in life. These young ladies have received, each, from the will of Mr. O'Connor, one hundred thousand dollars, so that they are far more wealthy, and in a higher position socially, than if their father had lived and died a Protestant minister.

Mr. Robert O'Rieley, an uncle of Gen. D. F. Burke, of New York, died in Dartford, Green Lake Co., Wis., on July 25, of old age. Mr. O'Rieley was in his eightieth year when he died. He was a remarkable example of strict exemplary life. After the collapse of O'Connell's endeavors to obtain self-government for Ireland, Mr. O'Rieley, in company with the late Col. James C. Burke, of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth N. Y. Vols., came to the United States. Mr. O'Rieley had a true conception of the future of the West, for, immediately after landing in the United States, he chose Wisconsin for his home. There he remained until his demise, cultivating the land, and doing his share in developing the resources, and promoting the welfare, of that great state.

Owen O'Connor, father of the late ex-Mayor O'Connor, of Holyoke, Mass., died suddenly in Springfield on Aug. 19. He was a native of county Kerry, Ire., and aged eighty-one. The deceased had ten children in all — seven sons and three daughters. The sons now living are Eugene, who led the famous telegraph operators' strike in 1882, now a telegraph operator in the Boston Globe office, and William, a baggage-master on the Connecticut River Road. The late Dr. O'Connor, of Holyoke, and Dr. P. C. O'Connor, of Springfield, were two sons, now dead, who earned names for themselves in life.

Mr. Michael Garrigan, brother of the Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., died on the evening of Aug. 23, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Lawrence Farley, 183 East Merrimac street, Lowell. The deceased was a former resident of Lowell, was prominent in Irish and Catholic societies, and was one of the first members of the A. O. H. For the past fifteen years he has resided in Chicago, but returned to Lowell last June in failing health. The funeral occurred from the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The Rev. Dr. Garrigan was celebrant of the Solemn Requiem Mass, and many priests were in attendance. The interment was made in Lowell.

☞ READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS ISSUE OF DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

THE fifteenth annual convention, of the Catholic Young Men's National Union of America, met at Providence, R. I., on the 3d of September. There was a three days' session, and considerable business was transacted appertaining to the objects of the association.

A GRAND temperance demonstration took place in Holyoke, Mass., on the 1st of September. There were three thousand sturdy temperance men in the procession. It was witnessed by from twenty to thirty thousand spectators. The Springfield diocese is working zealously in the cause.

COLONEL FRANK O'REILLY, of Woonsocket, R. I., is one of the best known and most popular men in Rhode Island. He has the deepest sympathy of all who know him in his repeated family afflictions. Last year his two sisters were killed in a railroad accident, and recently his beloved wife died.

Origin of Organs.

ANNALISTS agree that organs were invented in Greece. St. Jerome mentions one with twelve pairs of bellows, which might be heard at a distance of a thousand paces, or a mile ; and another at Jerusalem, which might be heard to the Mount of Olives. The first seen in France was sent from Constantinople, a present from Emperor Constantine Coprohymus VI., in 707, to King Pepin. According to Bellarmine, this noble instrument began to be used in churches about 660. Aimonius says after 820, in the time of Louis the Pious. Others have disputed these dates ; but both Mabillon and Muratori affirm that organs became common in Italy, Germany, and England during the tenth century.

A RECENT Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites has declared the validity of the process instituted in Paris by Apostolic authority, with regard to the sanctity, virtues, and miracles of Mother Barat, the foundress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

OVER the triple door-way of the Cathedral of Milan, there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." Underneath the great central entrance, in the main aisle, is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

THE steamship City of Paris has again beaten the record for ocean voyages, arriving at New York, on Aug. 28, in five days nineteen hours and eighteen minutes from Queenstown.

PHILADELPHIA claims a population of upward of a million. With her saloons cut down to one thousand one hundred and eighty, there is only about one to each one thousand inhabitants. This makes her considerably dryer than Boston, under the law limiting the saloons to one for every five hundred inhabitants.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN was sent to Galway jail on Sept. 2. He was taken seriously ill on his arrival there next day. He requested the attendance of his own physician, which was refused, and the prison doctor was given charge of his case. The prison officials telegraphed to the prison board that his condition is critical.

MANY readers will remember reading in these columns of the horrible assassination of a Spanish Prelate, by his servant a few years ago. The name of the innocent victim was Mgr. De Ceasare Ferdinand Vaio, and he was murdered for the sake of robbery. His assassin met with a terrible death last month. During a storm he was engaged in drawing water from a well when he was instantaneously struck dead by a thunderbolt.

FIVE nuns of the Third Order of St. Dominic have arrived at Cuenca, in Ecuador, to take charge of a leper hospital in that city.

The Catholic Youth of Brooklyn, N. Y., On the verge of the ninth year of its existence, takes occasion to thank all its readers for their generous support, the writers who have gratuitously contributed to its pages, and all who have by word or deed helped to bring it to its present successful condition. It is especially indebted to the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of the Diocese of Brooklyn, whose words of encouragement and approbation were the cause of eliciting the praise and support of others of the hierarchy, and no doubt of securing the encouragement of our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

AUGUST 18 was the feast of St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary. As with St. Anne, this feast of her spouse belongs to our Blessed Lady. St. Joachim is the special patron of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., who was known, before God raised him to be Head of His Church on earth, as Joachim Pecci. The pious Pope has done his parton the honor which was in his power, and made his feast of higher rank in the church's offices.

THE Democratic State Central Committee of Massachusetts voted to hold the State Convention Oct. 2, in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, at eleven A. M. Hon. Nathan Matthews, Jr., of Boston, was selected as chairman of the convention.

REV. THOMAS GRIFFIN, pastor of St. John's parish, Worcester, Mass., on recommendation of Bishop O'Reilly, has been elevated by the Pope to the position of Domestic Prelate to the Vatican, which carries with it the title of Monsignor.

Important to the Clergy.

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ST. PAUL says: If any man will not work, neither let him eat.

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America convened in Cleveland, Wednesday, Aug. 7. There were two hundred and sixty-five delegates present. Bishop Gilmour delivered an address of welcome, in which he discussed the question of temperance in that clear, incisive, logical manner characteristic of him. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Kenosha, Wis.; first vice-president, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Pittsburgh, Pa.; second vice-president, William A. Manning, Cleveland, O.; treasurer, Rev. William McMahon, Cleveland, O.; secretary, Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia. The next convention will be held at Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE cathedral at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, was discovered to be on fire on the morning of Sept. 2, and, despite all efforts to save it, was burned to the ground. The loss is placed at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on which there is no insurance.

IT will interest many of our readers to learn that an aunt of the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Zetland, died a nun in the Benedictine Convent at Princethorpe, near Rugby, about two years since.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

THE tournament in aid of the Working Boy's Home, on Labor Day, was a financial success.

THE British Parliament has been adjourned for a few months.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

What Do the Catholics Want?

AMID the animated discussion now going on in regard to the school question, which may certainly be designated as a burning question of the times, it may be well to have a fair and candid statement of the Catholic position on that subject. If, then, the question were asked, "What do Catholics want?" we should reply in the first place, distinctly and emphatically, that they do *not* want the public schools to be abolished. They recognize fully the duty of government to provide for the education of a large class of children whose parents are not in a condition to give them the necessary amount of education to prepare them for the important duties of citizenship.

What amount of education the government should provide is a question not necessary now to be discussed. There is an honest difference of opinion on that subject. Some hold that the present system of graded schools, in which all classes may be educated according to their various circumstances in life — some in the rudiments, and others in the higher branches of a liberal education — should be maintained. Others insist that government schools should be only for the poor, leaving the rich and well-to-do to provide an education for their children suitable to their condition and prospects in life. But whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the quality and extent of the education to be given, all admit that there should be government provision for the education at least of the poor. Catholics are not opposed to public schools as such. On the contrary, they are just as much in favor of them as their non-Catholic fellow-citizens, and they would gladly avail themselves of those schools if they could conscientiously do so.

What Catholics do want, and what they deem absolutely essential, is that they shall have the privilege of giving their children a sound, religious education. Catholics are, above all things, Christian. They have a firm and unshaken faith in the great verities of the Christian

religion as held and taught through all the ages, since the Christian era to the present time. They believe that the Christian religion should constitute the basis, and the interpenetrating spirit of the education of a professedly Christian people. They hold with the distinguished Protestant French *savant*, Guizot, that "to be truly good and socially useful, education must be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts." In their view, religion furnishes the only sound basis for good morals, and hence, that to make good moral citizens of our glorious republic, to say nothing of the world to come, children should be thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles, and made to feel the influence of the tremendous sanctions of the Christian teaching.

How this shall be done is immaterial to them provided it can be done without compromising their principles, or at all impairing the full, free operation and influence of the Christian teaching as they understand it. They adhere firmly to the well-established American principle, "no taxation without representation." Hence, if their non-Catholic fellow-citizens prefer the present system of secular schools, and insist upon maintaining them, they will be perfectly satisfied to receive their fair and equitable share of the school money, and continue to build and maintain their own parochial schools; and they cannot see why their non-Catholic friends should refuse to grant that meed of justice unless they are willing to incur the reproach of persecuting for conscience's sake. Of course, the same principle would allow any denomination who should establish parochial schools the same privilege, that is, an equitable share of the school money, according to the average number of children taught, as shown by the school registers.

But we believe that the most equitable and the most practicable system is that which is usually designated as the denominational system, that system which already exists in other countries, and especially among our neighbors across the border, and which, if it does not give entire satisfaction to extremists of every class, comes the nearest to satisfying the great majority of conservative, sensible people, of any other system that has ever been devised. That plan allows each denomination to have its own schools, and to teach their own religion without let or hindrance, at the same time that the government has the general oversight, the government inspector visits the schools, and at the close conducts, or participates in, the examinations.

In case the denominational plan should be adopted, the Catholic schools already built might be taken under the care of the government by a mutually satisfactory arrangement, and there would then be no further necessity for building parochial schools. As a matter of fact, in some parts of the country at the present time, particularly in New York and Connecticut, and perhaps in some other states, such an arrangement is already in existence. The school-boards, in the towns where it exists, take the Catholic school-houses, pay a fair rent for them, and pay the salaries of the Catholic teachers. But in these

schools we believe full freedom of religious instruction does not exist, but is confined to certain portions of the day out of school hours. This is not the denominational system in its perfection. It is a compromise which, however expedient it may seem to be in the present exigency, and in certain places, will never be likely to give general satisfaction. We have not heard of any such arrangement being made with our Episcopal, our Presbyterian, or Methodist friends, and we are very much mistaken if they would be satisfied with it, if it were proposed to them. We believe they would insist upon full liberty of instruction without any curtailment; and they would be perfectly justified in doing so. But can any one give any good reason why what would be right for our Protestant friends would be wrong for Catholics? In fact, we claim in this case that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and it is worth while to consider whether, if our friends are willing to go so far as to allow religious instruction in the public schools during any portion of the day, they are not, in fact, yielding the point contended for. If we understand them, it is not a question of degree, but of principle. They might as well go the whole figure and have done with it.

And why should they not? Will it be said, "We do not like the Catholic religion; we think it a corrupt and dangerous religion?" Suppose we retort, "We do not like the Protestant religion; we think it heretical and dangerous." But you say, "Catholics persecuted." We reply, "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. If Catholics persecuted, Protestants are not free from the same charge." This is a profitless discussion; but we stand on the defensive, and allude to these things simply to vindicate our right to equal justice before the law, and to insist that our Protestant friends have no advantage of us in point of religion.

If it be said the public schools are "unsectarian," we reply, that is just the ground of our objections. It is that no positive religious instruction can be given in them, and whatever religious influence there may be in those schools is unfavorable to the Catholic religion, and tends to make Catholic children Nothingarians.

Perhaps it will be said "Non-Catholics are in a vast majority; Catholics are such a small minority that they are not entitled to consideration. At least it cannot be expected that the system of public schools so long established among us, should be modified to suit them." Have, then, minorities no rights in our government? It strikes us this is a matter of principle, not of numbers. Ten millions of Catholics constitute a very respectable minority; but it is not on that ground that we claim consideration. It is a matter of justice and right, — the claim that majorities have no right to ignore and trample on the rights of minorities simply because they have the power. If the tables were turned and our non-Catholic friends were in our place, they would see the injustice of it very quickly, and they would not be slow to assert their rights. They would agitate, and agitate, and move heaven and earth, and never rest until their claim was recognized.

Catholics have been very patient in submitting to the wrongs that

have been heaped upon them. If they are more persistent now, it is because they are more hopeful; because they feel that they have the sympathy of the better portion of the community with them; and, above all, because they have faith in the ultimate triumph of the eternal principles of justice and right.

Wedding Days.

THE wedding day may be the most eventful day in a woman's life, but it is not the happiest, though it is conventionally called so. Nor is it the man's. Both the chief parties to a wedding cut rather awkward figures and play difficult parts on the day they are made one in the presence of a great concourse of friends, neighbors, and indifferent folk. The only brides who can really enjoy a wedding day, are those who do not much care for bridegrooms, or who have struggled towards marriage under circumstances which convert their wedding day into splendid personal triumphs. In humbler life, when a girl marries a man who is her superior in station, she must experience a moment of exquisite delight when her union is consecrated amid a circle of envious friends. But to ordinary couples who love each other, and whose match is so well assorted in respect of age, station, and fortune that it excites no wonder, the wedding day is certainly a tiresome one. The two young people are impatient to be united, and they glory in the day which is to make them man and wife; but all the formalities of nuptials seem to them most tedious. The bride expectant rises in the morning, unfreshed by a sleepless night and nervous in anticipation of the day's proceedings. A glance at her mirror shows her that she is not looking her best. Correctly speaking, a man has no rights over his bride till the wedding service is over, and, consequently, he has no business to kiss her before strangers; but at court weddings, royal bridegrooms settle the difficulty by a compromise, and kiss their brides on the hands. Lucky the bridegrooms who can laugh on a wedding day. The worst of a dismal bridegroom is that his glum looks may work upon his bride's nerves and make her cry. There are brides who feel called upon to sob in church, at the breakfast, and again at the hour for departing. Anything is better than this. The bridegroom cuts a most miserable figure when he is made to appear as a brute who is carrying off an impressionable maiden against her will, and the bride herself does not shine out to her greatest advantage when she lapses into the melting mood several times over in one day. Some tears are, of course, excusable, and one honest, unpremeditated outburst at the moment when the newly-wedded wife leaves the home where she has been so happy is but a proof of good-heartedness, which the bridegroom should note as a glad augury, seeing that cold-hearted girls do not, as a rule, make warm-hearted wives. On the whole, however, let a wedding be mirthful, without levity; and, as it is the bridegroom who strikes the keynote of the prevailing sentiment at a wedding, let him clothe his features in serenity.

A Linnet's Lay.

Wee truant from thy native dell,
Why loiter in the city?
What tale fain would you archly tell
To win, you rogue, my pity?
A ballad heard when skies of blue,
The wreathed branches peering through,
Cheered thy nest in some old yew —
A well-remembered ditty.

Sing freely, little stranger! sing
Thy gayest notes and rarest,
The songs that golden memories bring
Of life's spring-time — the fairest;
The lay to soothe the aching heart,
To bid its throb of woe depart,
To rob it of the pointed dart,
Thou with thy master sharest.

Sweet singer! thy blithe piping tells
Of many a sunny ramble;
Of lonely walks through silent dells,
By scented brake and bramble;
Of valleys green and mountain air,
Of tilth and turf and meadows fair,
Of vesper chimes that call to prayer,
Of rustic glee and gambol.

Of banks washed by my native Suir,
Whose silver billows swelling
Robe fringing fields with verdure pure,
The emerald gem excelling;
Where mirrored in the lucid wave,
An abbey wall or architrave
Looks down o'er many a martyr's grave,
And mounds of fresh earth swelling

From out the green turf in the glen,
O'er death's estranging ocean,
Old voices steal and claim again
A simple child's devotion,
Like whispers heard amid the leaves
Of some lone wood on summer eves;
O'er loved and lost then vainly grieves
My heart with warm emotion.

Fain would I have you bide alway,
Your presence bright before me,
For, ah! my heart is full to-day
Of olden song and story;

But thy poor plaint has thrilled me through;
Go, seek the heather and the dew,
Thy mates, and wee nest in the yew,
The sunlight gleam and glory.

JAMES H. GAVIN.

Canada and Her Neighbor.

III.

THE remaining leading nationalities of European extraction in the colony of Canada may now be briefly considered. Beginning with the English, we find that they have been in this country since its conquest was brought about by force of their arms. As a class, they have succeeded in almost every walk, a not surprising occurrence considering their immense advantages as the sons of a mighty empire. In Ontario, they are not so numerous as are the Irish of all denominations; in Quebec they are still fewer; in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton they are numerically insignificant, and in Nova Scotia they do not form a large fraction of the community. Current immigration to the north-west territories is overwhelmingly English, which nationality will probably preponderate in the new settlements there for many years to come. As the merchant and farmer of the country, the Englishman in Canada possesses an immense influence greatly out of proportion with his numbers. When we inquire into the condition of this class individually, we usually find that while it has produced great and successful men, it must plead guilty to the indictment of also having produced others who were neither great nor successful, but only gross and dismal failures.

Perhaps no European people so completely sever themselves from the mother country as the English agricultural emigrant. Once the cliffs of England recede from his view on the outward voyage, he practically ceases to look back. The new land of which he becomes the owner, and which yields him a living, is soon as dear to his heart as the old used to be. The distinctly national English societies and associations in Canada and the United States are not frequented and patronized by the masses but by the classes, and generally for purposes which are not unselfish. The English masses in the country districts of Canada think more earnestly of the market prices which their farm produce commands than of loyalty. The country that offers the best market for the products of their toil will attract and retain their fondest affection.

With this general principle before my mind, I am not surprised to find, what is certainly the case, that, even at this moment, hundreds and thousands of the English in Canada wish and yearn for the political change which would make them the agricultural and commercial caterers to over sixty-two millions of American citizens. The growth and dissemination of the annexation idea among them is actually amazing. One would suppose they would be the very last to counte-

nance a change which would deprive the British Crown of one of its brightest jewels, yet the most polished, energetic, and influential advocates of annexation in the Canadian provinces are Englishmen.

Statistics prove that the Irish Catholics are very numerous in Canada; but it is glaringly apparent to all they do not wield the influence which is usually exercised by a great number of persons professing the same faith, and sharing in identical national aspirations. This fatal weakness may be attributed to what is practically a total want of organization, and of the harmony and discipline which are its usual resultants. We should seek the source of this unfortunate disintegration in the unpropitious conditions under which the mass of those from whom the present generation are descended came to our shores. It was during, and immediately after, the terrible and disastrous Irish famine of 1837, that the great stream of immigration found its way up the St. Lawrence. In a few years it greatly declined, and afterwards almost wholly ceased. The famished and uneducated exiles left a divided country, where the Irishman of Munster looked down with sovereign contempt upon the Irishman of Connaught, and where the Irishman of the South hated the Irishman of the North. The O'Connell agitation united the Catholics of Ireland in the causes of Emancipation and of Repeal, but it did not obliterate the unseemly wrangling between provinces and townlands, nor did it stamp out the horrid feelings of sectarian bitterness entertained against each other by the Protestants of Ulster and the Catholics of Munster. Both those celestial reforms were left for a later day and the mollifying influences of the National League.

The immigrants who survived the unspeakable horrors of the crowded emigrant vessel, and the superadded lethal and deadly evils of an imperfect quarantine system, to become settlers in the Canadian wilderness, did not know the meaning of the talismanic words, "union and organization," and, consequently, they did not teach it to their children. The remnant left upon our shores after fever and famine had accomplished their fell work, were possessed of little more than that diminutive degree of fundamental knowledge, which enables man to keep soul and body together by manual toil. That they were enabled to do even so much redounds to their credit, when we consider their deplorable position. But the bad seed of division which they carried with them to their new Canadian homes bore bitter fruit; and as their ranks received few recruits from the later Irish emigration, its evil outcome is only too perceptible down to this day. If we compare the splendid energy of the Irish in the United States, and the ardent love of the old land demonstrated by Irish-Americans on all occasions, with the stoical indifference and frigid apathy of Irish-Canadians, we can calculate for ourselves the value of constant and vigorous immigration, and of national union and organization. Less than that, it would be wrong for me to refrain from telling, but further I cannot truthfully proceed. I believe that if the Irish of Canada resided in a less extreme clime, and under more congenial political institutions they would be as remarkable as their American brethren for the success which would

meet their efforts in the new land and their loving fealty for the old land. As it is, it requires the masterly genius and persuasive earnestness of a William O'Brien to rouse them from their frozen sleep. But that they can be awakened or animated by any means, shows that all that is lacking to produce the desired stimulation is a capable instrument. Irish-Canadians, withal, have in their bosoms the warm heart of their race, and now that the school-master is abroad in the land, we may entertain the hope that the future will find them more united and politically independent, as well as prosperous and happy.

Of their prosperity there can be no valid doubt. The wealthiest and most successful merchants of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the most prosperous farmers of Ontario, are Irish-Catholics. When we consider the condition and occupation of our people as a body, we are, however, forced to admit that the condition of similar classes in the United States is infinitely superior, and their occupations more varied and exalted. Place two Irish Catholics, one in the Western States, and the other in Western Ontario, in identical circumstances, and, after they have exerted themselves at a given occupation for a certain period of time, it will generally be found that the American surpassed the Canadian on the road to wealth and independence. The Republic furnishes the Irishman with the largest share of fitting opportunities, which he forms into a ladder, by which to climb to success. A consciousness of this certainty it is that influences the Irish immigrant to make choice of the States, as the scene of his future home and labors. Many among the Irish Catholics of Canada are also beginning to draw comparisons between this country and the United States. This important mental exercise generally ends by the Canadian "folding his tent like an Arab, and silently stealing away" to the great Republic, and in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred they go to stay.

In fact, this train of reasoning has already led many of the same denomination who remain at home into the serried ranks of the Annexation Party, and the number of new recruits is constantly increasing. Should any one doubt this statement for a moment, he has only to refer to the columns of the Catholic press, and to the decisions of debates in Irish literary societies throughout the Dominion wherein the great and living question of annexation has been discussed. I consider the outspoken and independent expression of opinion, by such important and respectable bodies, of more value than the biassed and subsidized declarations of mere placemen and party hacks. Further, were the Irish Catholics of Canada to vote upon the question of annexation in a day from this, I feel confident a vast majority of them would be strongly in favor of throwing in their lot with the great country where millions of their kith and kin find liberty, fortune, and fame.

The Irishman of Canada enjoys the blessing of perfect Home Rule. He is in possession of all, or almost all, for which his people in the mother isle so nobly and bravely contend. With material prosperity around him, and possessed of as much constitutional liberty as his neighbor, it would be surprising were he not content. He is, undoubt-

edly, contented and satisfied to the extent of his fortune and freedom. Yet he has real grievances, if he only knew it, or rather, if he would but open his eyes to them. As a sample brick out of the lot, let us take the question of parliamentary representation. Our inadequate and invertebrate parliamentary representation is a hideous grievance under which no freeman should continue to smart. Taking the total number of the Irish-Catholics in the Dominion as a basis for calculation, we find they are entitled to between twelve and fifteen members in the Federal House of Commons, at Ottawa. Instead of fifteen they have about eight, and this is not one of those cases where quality compensates for quantity. The gentlemen who sit in Parliament in the name of the Irish Catholics are really not representatives, but only that vilest of political creations, partymen, who are chosen by the Premier, elected by the Premier, sustained by the Premier, and controlled by the Premier. The Irish Catholics do not draw them from their native obscurity, they do not ask them to offer for their votes. But some Irish Catholics, specially chosen for the purpose by the party in power, push those men to the front and partyism does the rest. The first duty of an "Irish-Catholic representative" seems to be to obtain a goodly share of patronage for his aiders and abettors. The next duty is to look out for himself, and those two occupations, the order of which they would gladly reverse had they their choice, keep "our representatives" busy during their course of office. William O'Brien, with his natural penetration, at first sight dubbed the crustaceous and callous Tories who are said to represent Irish Catholics in the Canadian House of Commons, "Canadian politicians with Irish names," and the phrase is so succinct and correct that it will live in history. If we would find a parallel to the undignified apathy for all things Irish and national, the low and disgusting sycophancy for their anti-Irish leader, the insolent arrogance and traitorious wickedness of the little half-handful of nominal Irish Catholics who sit as "representatives of *their* people," — mark the force of the possessive pronoun, which I have emphasized, — on the Tory benches of the Federal House, one would have to retrace the dark and thorny path of Irish history to the disgraceful period of Keogh and Sadlier, and the great betrayal. Knowing how sensitive of blame and eager for praise we Irish are, I have throughout this sketch endeavored to present the gilded side of the shield, for I am painfully aware that the name of our malignant detractors and virulent foes is legion.

Perhaps the most important, and certainly the most picturesque, portion of our Scottish inhabitants, are the numerous descendants of the Highland clans of Glengarry and Keppoch. They are to be found principally in Prince Edward Island and Ontario. Many of them are descended from the United Empire Loyalists, who fled from the states at the dawn of liberty. The refugees, as a rule, joined the British to fight against America; and, when the war was over, the Scottish regiments were disbanded, and both officers and men settled in the Eastern part of Ontario, and called the spot of their choice after Glengarry in Scotland. In the war of 1812, they raised the Glengarry Fencibles,

which regiment was in almost every battle. They are stanch adherents of the one true church, and as loyal as the mace. I have had the honor of close and frequent contact with those Scots, and have ever found them prosperous, contented, and conservative. "Bide a wee" appears to be generally accepted as their national motto. They do not wish for change, because they know of no condition superior to that in which they live. The descendants of the Highland clansmen retain the Catholic faith; but their Lowland countrymen, brought hither by later immigration, are Presbyterians, almost exclusively. No great love seems to exist between the factions. Religious differences destroy even the strong cleavage of clannishness. The Scotch in Canada, considered in general, are successful agriculturists and merchants. After a prolonged examination of the dispositions of our different nationalities, I do not hesitate to venture upon one prophecy. When the agitation for annexation grows stronger, as grow stronger it surely will, it is certain that the Scotch-Canadians will require that the exposition of its benefits be exhausted before their proverbial obstinacy is conquered. Sydney Smith used to say it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into the head of a Scotchman; and the witty dictum applies to new ideas of every sort. It is difficult to convince or convert persons who take an overweening conceit in invulnerable hardheadedness. But, so far as the other Canadian nationalities are concerned, I am firmly of the opinion, — an opinion founded and formed upon careful study and observation, — that once the scales of a mistaken patriotism drop from their eyes, and they behold the United States and Canada in their true connection and bearing, the first and strongest wish of their hearts will be to see the star-spangled banner unfurled from the minarets of the capitol at Ottawa.

When our special pleaders of government blue-book compilations, and railway guide-book literature, institute comparisons between the progress of Canada and that of the United States, they almost invariably make the mistake of Hamlet's mother — they protest too much. A country may progress in education, religion, agriculture, manufactures, mining, commerce, trade, arts, and literature, and yet be left far behind by other competitors in the race. Draw a fair comparison between the United States and Canada, as to any one item in this list, and it will be observed that the former country is as far superior to ours, as ours is to the most minute insular spot of ground in Oceana. Let us take the single tests of immigration and population. The population of Canada is five million; that of the United States, sixty-five million; and a proportionate difference exists in all the things that constitute the civilization of a country. The question which the true Canadian patriot should set about solving is, Why is this? No amount of claptrap rhetoric will be as valuable to one who wishes to arrive at a clear and distinct estimation of the present position of the two countries, as a few hours of cool reflection.

Men and women, brain and muscle, are the real wealth of a country, because it is by their instrumentality capital is produced. The Canadian government and the subsidized partisan press devote much

time and space to eulogizing and extolling their system of immigration. The Canadian tax-payers will readily agree that the system is expensive enough; but as to its success, and the ultimate advantage and benefit that accrue from it, there is, in all parts of the country, a wide divergence of opinion. The unvarnished truth bluntly contradicts the contentions of the government; but whosoever ventures upon a veracious exposition of the subject, is forthwith condemned as a traitor to the Dominion. The excessive mental reserve with which members of government approach the question of immigration is tantamount to a *suppressio veri*, and is entitled to no more toleration than that abortive form of falsehood usually receives. The true patriot must be a good citizen, to which proud title none should aspire who is not truthful as well as sober and industrious.

The Tory sophists to the contrary notwithstanding, I hold, with Frederick Harrison, that, in things political, as much as in things personal, morality, justice, and honor, should be our sovereign rule and our indefeasible law. I claim that I love and admire my country as much and as truly as the most stalwart Tory in the land; but I cannot commit myself to either falsehood or fiction in behalf, not of her, but of a pet scheme of her present rulers. Fortunately, it is a subject upon which the whole truth can be spoken without the slightest injury to Canadian interests. Preserving an unavailing restraint on an affair open to the observation and inquiry of the whole civilized world, is as senseless as the action of the desert bird, that considers herself secure once her silly head is under the sand. Such vain and ineffectual cowardice will not, and should not, deter the candid historian from stating the facts. Thus, while our government and the subsidized press are proclaiming from the housetops, that the Canadian immigration system is a brilliant success, we have friendly historians, like Robert Mackenzie, speaking in this way of the Dominion: "Thus far her progress is extremely inferior to that of the United States which touch her frontier on the south. As yet she bears a population little larger than that of London, scattered over an area greater than that of all Europe. She has never been able to make herself so attractive to men in quest of a new home as the United States, and even as the Australian colonies do. Of late, few persons have left the mother country for Canada; and, even of those, a considerable number cross the frontier, and settle finally in the United States." It must be allowed that Mr. Mackenzie is correct in every detail, and the chief, if not the sole, cause of our low standing as an object point for emigrants, would be most speedily and effectively removed by annexation.

The principal expelling force of Europe is royalty, or feudalism, or a combination of both. The generality of emigrants fleeing from the Old World have no reason to bear with them grateful remembrances of its monarchs and nobility. Their previous condition too frequently justifies them in hating their late tyrannous rulers with the pent-up power accruing from dreary years of serfdom and misery. They often entertain the glaring error that the British Colonies must be identical with the mother country in institutions and in govern-

ment. This they wish to avoid at any cost. They desire to go to a country where perfect equality between man and man exists; where there is equal justice for equal citizens, and where there is good government, which means equal and exact justice for all classes and conditions of men. Now, the Constitution of the United States fills all those conditions. The stars and stripes, as the symbol of democratic equality, gleam with more brightness and glisten with more splendor than the blood-red banner of St. George. "Only the man born abroad," says foreign-born, but enthusiastic, Andrew Carnegie, "under institutions which insult him at his birth, can know the full meaning of republicanism." Theodore Parker used to say that democracy meant, not, "I'm as good as you are!" but, "You're as good as I am!" Thus, at least, the emigrant almost universally understands the word, and he consequently passes Canada by without even knocking at her door, because she is an humble dependent of monarchical Britain, and he hastens southward to the great free country, the creation of whose liberties was a triumphant vindication of the rights of humanity, and whose government, in the grand words of Lincoln, is "of the people, by the people, and for the people." When Canadians exchange their present banneret for the one more indicative of popular liberty and equality, they will secure a larger influx of immigrants, and prosper in an unparalleled degree. It must be admitted that a large rodent, with a dilated tail, stitched into an obscure corner of the Union Jack, is a banner with a device altogether too strange to be generally attractive. Yet such are the "national" arms of the Canadian federation.

Robert Mackenzie states that the British Colonies of North America receive about a quarter of the total European emigration. The percentage would prove highly gratifying if it represented a positive influx of foreign people; but, unfortunately, the historian has been led into error by founding his estimate upon the mass of emigrants who land at our seaports. Had Robert Mackenzie strictly discriminated between actual settlers in Canada, and mere transitory passengers who pass through the Dominion on their way to Minnesota and Washington territory, as he should have done, he would find it imperative to use a much smaller fraction. The two censuses of 1871 and 1881 show conclusively that of the immigrants reported by Canadian officers and agents as having actually settled in Canada, not one fourth can by any possibility have remained. Those figures have been used without correction or question, both in and out of the Canadian parliament, by leading politicians whose patriotism is above reproach. I may, therefore, assume they are correct. What do they demonstrate? They demonstrate that of the quarter of European emigrants who land at our ports we retain only a quarter as actual settlers, or a sixteenth of the total transatlantic exodus. While fifteen beings out of the great emigration influx to the West go elsewhere for every one who settles in Canada, I confess I am too obtuse to see much worthy of praise in our vaunted system of immigration. As for the expensive appendage of the system, assisted passages, even the Tories confessed it was of no value, and they threw it over.

The Irish Catholic population of the Dominion receives few recruits from immigration. Our rulers have "no confidence in the breed," to use their own expressive phrase. But outside of Tory bias there are other powerful influences which cause the average Irishman to shun us as if we had the plague. Exiles from the south of Ireland can scarcely be induced to set foot in a British dependency, and their reluctance will be understood and appreciated by their American countrymen. The Canadian emigration agents are more successful in the north of Ireland; but as a majority of the persons sent to this country by them belong to the notorious Orange order, and bring over more animosities than dollars, and more creed hatred than aptitude for good citizenship, their advent among us is not to be regarded exactly as a blessing unalloyed. Although the discontinuance of the assisted passage system, which took place last April, has had the good effect of enhancing the quality of the influx, the great stream of the best European blood still continues to flow into the United States. In one year, 1879, the port of New York alone received two hundred thousand immigrants, a greater number than reached our shores in the twelve years that preceded that date. There is food for reflection in this statement, and, indeed, our whole system of immigration should be closely scrutinized by all our citizens, more especially those of Irish birth or extraction. At present the Irish emigrant ships for New York as of old, and although he has passed over the period of unsophisticated credulity, when he imagined the streets of that city were paved with gold, he continues to cherish an abiding confidence in America.

A striking incident, of which I was an eye and ear witness, will show the sort of Irish immigrants that Canada too frequently fails to attract. I once happened to be in a railway station in Chicago, when a lengthy and crowded emigrant train steamed in from the East. The passengers were Irish emigrants on their way to the West. They were well dressed, clean, and had an air of sturdiness that promised well for their future. Some truckmen were loading their baggage preparatory to a transfer to another station, when one of them happened upon an enormous Cork travelling trunk. Do as he would, tug as he might, he could not lift it, and he proceeded to relieve his mind in a way much in vogue among the more civilized nations. In other words, he blasphemed in the most diabolical terms, and not content with that, he mercilessly vituperated and vilified not only the miniature Noah's ark, but its owner also. I do not think the owner was within hearing distance, and perhaps it was well for the porter he was away. But a muscular Irish boy, with broad shoulders, clear blue eyes, and red, healthy cheeks, was looking on, striving with all his might to suppress a laugh at the man's discomfiture. When the scene had continued for a little time this youth stepped forward, and addressing the irate Yankee, said, "Aisy, my man, there is no raison in life to abuse God and all his holy angels because you have n't the sap in you to lift that little bit of a box." Thus delivering himself, the Irish boy caught up the huge chest, and by sheer strength flung it, unaided, into the van. The whole crowd of bystanders applauded, and the porter felt so

small that he would consider an empty peanut shell too large for him. I thought to myself, as I turned away, that it was Irishmen of this stamp we wanted to come to Canada — men who reverenced the Creator, and made light of mundane trials.

When immigrants come to our shores with the very best intentions, and settle on lands nominally allotted to them, only a portion of them remain for any time. It must be understood that Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan are no longer "lone lands." In many districts within those new provinces the wild beasts have given place to the domestic animals, while flocks and herds graze in the beautiful meadows that border the numberless monntains, hills, valleys, and plains of this extensive region. But the settlements, however numerous, might be compared to so many oases in a great Sahara of wilderness. Yet, surprising to say, the best portions of the land are already almost entirely preempted. Great areas of those magnificent territories are reserved for Indians, or railway companies, or land speculators friendly to government or bankrupt "British lords," or the "black sheep" of the British aristocratic fold, who, in the words of Thackeray, "come to this country to propagate their precious breed." The consequences are, that in several instances, the new settler discovers after a few months that the soil upon which he expends his labor actually belongs to some one else, probably a railway syndicate. He moves to another locality only to find, in the course of time, that the lot of his choice forms a part of an Indian reserve. Two or three such discoveries and removals are sufficient to discourage and disgust the most sanguine and determined settler. The truth of the matter seems to be that the Canadian people have been plundered of their heritage by a political system as foully prodigal and recklessly extravagant as ever dragged a country down to ruin. To show the shameful manner in which the public domain has been given away, it is only necessary to mention that the fertile belt of the North-West contains one hundred and thirty-five million acres, out of which forty million acres have been ceded to railway companies, fifty-five million have been reserved for Indians and others, leaving only forty million acres in widely separated tracts for immigrants. I have heard, on most competent and reliable authority, that emigrants have actually used for sustenance the very potatoes given to them by the government agents for seed, while travelling southward to the States. A facetious immigration agent in the North-West is said to have requested the minister of agriculture to forward a goodly quantity of cement with each emigrant sent into his district in order that he might "stick" the man to the land.

OLAF MANN.

Toronto.

HE cannot err who is in unity with the visible Head which Jesus Christ has left to His Church, as its Foundation, Rule, Teacher, and Defender of the Faith. — *St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

WHEN inclined to be vexed with an absent friend, remember his past goodness and kindness. — *Fidelis.*

There's Red Enough in the Flag for Me.

An Irish socialist (God save the mark) was expelled from the order for refusing to march in procession behind the red flag on Labor Day in New York, — this recalcitrant private in the rear ranks of Herr Most's army declaring: "*There's red enough in the Stars and Stripes for Me!*" — N. Y. Paper.

"CURSED be Most and his gang
Who see License in Liberty,"
I say to the anarchist clan:
"American Liberty for me!
Ballots are better than bullets
In the land of the Brave and Free;
So, instead of the ensign of murder,
The Star Spangled Banner for me!

"There's red enough in the Stars and Stripes
For all, who liberty true adore,
For that flag has oft been baptized
In streams of kindred gore;
And that emblem waves to-day
Over a nation that is free;
So I have no love for the red flag,
The Flag of the Union for me!

"The red in those stripes no longer
Means the lash on the back of the slave,
For Liberty's ensign, in splendor,
Now waves o'er the Free and the Brave.
So, I say to the Anarchist tyrant,
The bright Flag of Freedom for me;
There's red enough in that Flag,
For all lovers of liberty!

"I hail the Fatherhood of God
And the Brotherhood of Man,
But I have no love fraternal
For this dark, Cain-marked clan;
For Liberty is *not* License,
And the red's not the Flag of the Free;
So, off to the gibbet with anarchists;
Law and Order for me!"

T. J. CORBETT.

A GREAT number of bishops and faithful have addressed a petition to the Vatican asking the Holy Father to canonize Christopher Columbus on the day of the anniversary of the discovery of America (23d Oct., 1492).

FRENCH and Italian Benedictines have taken charge of the spiritual interests of the numerous Catholic settlers in the new territory of Oklahoma. They have obtained grants of land for the foundation of eight churches and parishes.

The Anti-Jesuit Crusade.

THE agitation in Manitoba, for the abolition of Catholic schools and the French language in that province, is a part of the anti-Jesuit crusade commenced in Ontario; but, as there are no Jesuits in Manitoba to fight, they attack the Catholic schools and the French language as a part of the Jesuit system. It will surprise them, no doubt, to find that the French were just as careful in legislating for the admission of Manitoba into the Dominion Confederacy as they were in providing for the sale of the Jesuits' property, and that it is not within the power of the Manitoba Legislature nor the Parliament of Canada to change either the separate school system or the dual language in that province. Manitoba was made a province of the Dominion, in 1870, by an act of the Dominion Parliament, passed in that year, which provided, among other things, for separate denominational schools, and legalizing the French language. In 1871, the Imperial Parliament of England amended the British North American act, and inserted therein a clause declaring that it shall not be competent for the Parliament of Canada to alter the condition of the act making Manitoba a province of Canada. The change can only be made by an act of the Imperial Parliament, which, it is safe to say, will not be done. The Orangemen of Ontario will find it is not an easy task to destroy the few Jesuits in Canada.

The Free Press, of Winnipeg, is the leading journal of Manitoba, and, it is fair to suppose, mirrors the serious and prevailing public opinion of that province. Dealing, in a late issue, with the present agitation for the abolition of the separate schools, and the use of the French language in the courts of the province, it says of the latter proposition, that it is not open to serious objection, for the reason that the French language has fallen into disuse, and that its employment in the courts may be discontinued as a needless expense. But on the question of the separate schools, it is boldly outspoken against the bigots. It says:

"We do not know that it is proposed to abolish eparate schools; we know that it cannot be done by a simple act of the Manitoba Legislature, and that it cannot be done at all without a prolonged, violent, and hurtful agitation. The Free Press will oppose any such movement with all its might. It will oppose it on the grounds of honor, justice, and fair-play. It will oppose it, because to abolish separate schools will be a wrong to our Catholic fellow-citizens. It will oppose it, because we protest against Manitoba being made the battle-ground of Ontario fanatics, who dare not propose the abolition of separate schools in their own province. It will oppose it, because, however desirable in itself we would regard one common system, we cannot recognize, in the system established, any evils as great as would be the agitation to abolish it, with its attendant results."

A PEDANTIC teacher asked a little girl who was the first man. She answered that she did not know. The question was then put to an Irish child, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La!" said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it — he wasn't an Irishman."

Why the Men Don't Read Them.

CATHOLIC newspapers have few readers among Catholic men. Their best friends are the clergy and the women. If they depended for their support upon the laymen, they would all fail.

When a man is asked to subscribe for a religious journal, he usually replies: "I have no time to read it," or, "There's nothing in it."

Ask any ten men, into whose homes a Catholic paper goes regularly, why they buy it, and nine of them will answer, each for himself: "I take it because my wife likes to read it," or, "I subscribe for it for the sake of the children," or, "I get it because Father Blank told me to."

Why do the men not read religious journals? The blame lies, first, with the men; then, with the papers themselves.

The indictment that may be framed against the men for neglect of the church press has three counts:

1. Men are indifferent to religion. They are worldly. Their heart is in their business. Therefore the news in the Catholic papers doesn't interest them.

2. Men are most sensitive to reproof. They hate to be told of their faults, or to be reminded of their duties. On this account they avoid the religious journals, which contain articles on the wickedness of sin, the necessity of confession, the obligation of penance, the shortness of life, the terrors of hell, and other fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

3. Men are contented with the religious news which they find in the daily papers. These reports are generally inaccurate and always untrustworthy, but the careless Catholic men are satisfied with them.

The reasons why the Catholic papers are not read by the men are:

1. They are poorly edited. As they are not officially maintained by the Church, and are meanly supported by the people, they are not able to pay for the services of first-class men; writers, for example, who would be entrusted with the direction of any of the great secular journals; consequently, the rule of "poor pay, poor preach," obtains among them. With but few exceptions, they are published by men who have not sufficient capital to properly conduct them under the conditions that confront them, and they are edited by men who have not distinguished themselves in literature.

It is true that the Catholic press in the United States has had and has in its service a few men of conspicuous ability. Among the dead are Brownson, MacMasters, and Hickey. They were men of genius, and they were exceptional. They had a vocation to serve the Church in journalism, and they consecrated their lives to its cause. Their devotion was chivalrous. But their work was unrewarded, and passed without proper appreciation. They died poor. Had they sought adequate pecuniary compensation for their labor, they would have been compelled to leave religious journalism. In their disinterestedness, they have some successors to-day at work on the Catholic papers, men of faith, who look for their recompense to the next life.

But what lost to the Catholic press the pens of Girard and Hazard? What kept John Gilmary Shea editing a flash story-paper for years? What drove Maurice Francis Egan from the sanctum tripod to the pedagogue's chair?

Of course, while money is not the highest object that men may seek, the husband and father is under obligation to provide for those dependent on him. He is in duty bound to ask for his labor sufficient to support his family in comparative comfort, and to lay by a fund for the inevitable rainy day. This income he can hardly get from the religious journals. They pay their editors from ten to twenty-five dollars a week. Within that range lies the average salary. It is probably eighteen dollars.

But even the highest remuneration offered by the six strongest Catholic papers is not a just and sufficient wage, for what are twenty-five dollars a week for a gentleman with a wife and four or five children to support in any of the large cities? And this is the rare reward for the Catholic editor who has reached the top rung of the ladder. He has given twelve years to preliminary studies, and, say ten to fifteen years to the practice of his profession. Now, in the full flush of his powers, he has got up as far as he can go, and in the future he can do nothing but topple over and fall down as soon as his health breaks under the strain of mental toil. Meanwhile, how much can he save? He has the education of a gentleman. He has his position in the community to uphold. He has his family to support decently. Unless he is willing to live in a tenement-house in some squalid neighborhood, furnish his table with coarse food, clothe him and his in shabby garments, and enjoy few of the comforts and none of the luxuries, how much of a competence can he amass in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Cleveland, or Chicago, or San Francisco, out of a weekly income of twenty-five dollars? When would he be able to buy and furnish a home? What chance would he have to educate his sons at college and his daughters at academy? What provision could he make, besides, for his loved ones, to be used in case of his death?

If the half-dozen Catholic editors who get the unusual sum of twenty-five dollars a week, cannot every one make that amount support six or seven persons in a manner becoming their station in life, what is to be said of the wages of the fifty men who get ten or twelve dollars a week? And is it surprising that the Catholic press does not attract and keep the ablest of our college graduates?

Why, a master mechanic will get from thirty to sixty dollars a week, and a lawyer or a doctor who has risen above the second row in either profession, with seven advances in prospect before the head of the procession is reached, will make three thousand dollars a year; and in secular journalism, the rewards are in proportion to ability, to the value of the work done, and to the number of the years of training. For instance, the managing editor of the New York Sun earns seventy-five hundred dollars a year, and the conductor of the World gets twice that amount.

2. Catholic papers have little originality. They have one factotum

who is editor, reporter, proof-reader, and general utility man. They have no regular contributors and no staff correspondents. They are made up mostly of clippings from the London Tablet, the Liverpool Catholic Times, the Dublin Freeman's Journal, and the secular press.

3. Catholic papers contain too much foreign news. They frequently devote more space to European affairs than to happenings in the United States. It is easier to make translations from the *Moniteur de Rome* and *L'Univers* than to write a dozen articles on American questions; it is cheaper to clip columns of matter from the London Weekly Register, The Cork Examiner, the New Zealand Tablet, or the Indo-European Correspondence, than to purchase reports, descriptions, or essays written by men hereabouts.

Consequently the ruck of Catholic papers have full details of Mgr. Spaghetti's installation as canon of the cathedral of Caprera; they contain long extracts from Bishop McNemo's pastoral on proselytism in Connemara; they print a translation of Cardinal Personne's circular about the votive basilica of *La Reve:* and they devote a half page to an account of the dedication of an asylum for superannuated Maori in Bushtown, with a verbatim report of the "eloquent" sermon delivered by his Grace, the Archbishop of No Man's Land.

But which of them had a reporter at the last Plenary Council of Baltimore? Which of them had a representative at the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University near Washington? How much space did they give to the Congress of Catholic colored men? Where did they get their report of the celebration of the Georgetown College Centenary? How many of them noticed the debate at the last session of congress over the admission of the Territory of New Mexico into Statehood? They looked to the reports of the Associated Press and the local papers, and from these they cooked up their own chronicles.

4. Catholic papers give too much attention to foreign politics. They drive away Protestant Americans and some Catholic Americans, because of their interminable reports and discussions of Irish affairs and German events. The unsophisticated reader of them might suppose that Home Rule in Ireland was a religious question, or that the Catholic Church was identified in some manner with Emperor Frederick's treatment of Bismarck, or Emperor William's lack of respect for his mother.

5. Catholic papers neglect American public questions. In this country, where it is the duty, as well as the privilege, of the citizens to take part in the government, our journals avoid treating the moral obligations of citizenship. They make no effort to create a Christian public opinion. They are free to denounce political misrule in Europe, but they do not condemn politicians who are guilty of bribery; they do not lash the venal citizen who sells his vote; they do not pillory the campaign manager who purchases "floaters in blocks of five;" they do not protest against the corporations of manufacturers, mine-owners and railroads that "bulldoze" their employees into voting against their convictions, their interests, and their inclinations. They act as if the axiom of the atheists — no religion in politics — were an affirmation

instead of a denial of the Christian principle that "all authority is from God."

While it would be detrimental to the Church for the Catholic papers to identify it or themselves with any political party, the fact is, that a majority of them have Democratic affiliations, and do not hesitate to let their preferences be seen. This is injurious; as religious journals they should have no political party bias. They should be unfettered to discuss public questions, and, leaving aside the petty squabbles of rival organizations for the spoils of office, they should discuss only those great affairs of state wherein moral issues are involved, unless, indeed they have to confront happenings whereby Catholic interests are invaded or Catholic rights destroyed.

The Protestant press does not hesitate to form a Protestant public opinion. It is not unmindful of its opportunity to consider the platforms of parties, projects of law, national affairs, bills before congress and the state legislatures, the Mormon question, the evils of divorce, the public schools. It is American of the American. It is not preoccupied with foreign interests. To it American questions are of supreme importance.

6. Catholic papers are not made attractive to the men. They contain no articles for sons, brothers, husbands, or fathers, as such. They tickle the clergy with compliments and notices, and they charm the women with stories, poems, fashion items, cooking recipes, and general household hints; but the men look in them in vain for any articles especially for them.

The men do not long for a chapter and a half of a continued story of Irish peasant life; a ten-column sermon on original sin; editorials on the Tenants' League; Boulanger; the price of sauer-kraut in Berlin; delinquent subscribers; a few local paragraphs, the bulk of which appeared in the daily papers five days ago; and a job lot of "patent inside" miscellaneous matter.

What can be done so that the men will read the religious journals? Convert the men; improve the journals. If the papers were interesting to the men, the men would be interested by them.

First of all, the Catholic papers should be thoroughly Catholic, and, secondly, enthusiastically American.

Cardinal Gibbons is doing a great work for the Church in the United States by impressing his fellow-citizens with his intense Americanism. Hitherto, we have had many foreign-born bishops, with outlandish names, and an exuberant love for their native country, that made them endeavor to keep up old-country customs, cling to foreign habits, and cherish alien ideas. They were saints, great missionaries, unworldly men. This country owes them an everlasting debt of gratitude. In one way, however, their influence was deterrent on the Protestant public: it propagated the idea that the majority of the Catholics in the United States are foreigners; that natives or naturalized, we are not loyal citizens of this republic; and that we are not in love with American customs. That idea the Archbishop of Baltimore is smashing. A native of Maryland, an ardent patriot, an

eminent churchman, he loses no opportunity to wave the Star-spangled Banner (God bless it!) and to proclaim his devotion to the institutions of this democracy. Next to his God and the souls of men, he loves his country. He is an American citizen clear through, and he is proud of it. He is serving the Church, when, whether in Rome or Philadelphia or Washington, he lets his admiration for the Constitution be publicly known, for he is furnishing a living refutation of the falsehood that one cannot be at once a genuine Catholic and a true citizen.

None of our papers should hamper his work by their foreign ways. But with all of them discussing American questions; looking frequently on the brightest side of religion; noticing the progress made in science, music, literature, agriculture, and commerce; meeting with official recognition from the Church; finding more support from the people; and making themselves attractive to every member of every family they visit, they would soon be read by the men.

L. W. REILLY.

Christian Education.

DEPRIVE a child of Christian education and you deprive it of the knowledge of its destiny; you rob it of its most priceless jewel. And so it has ever been; the most implacable enemies of our faith have been the most ceaseless foes of Catholic education. Was Nero the greatest persecutor of the faith or Diocletian, or the others who sent countless martyrs to their doom, till the blood of the martyrs became the Christian Church? No; Julian the Apostate was the greatest foe, for he tried to close the schools and banish education; but at his death he was forced to admit that "the Galilean had conquered." Look at the sufferings of the Irish Catholics with regard to education, when a price was on the head of the school-master and the priest; see the havoc that has been wrought in France to-day, by the action of those who have exiled the religious, and prevented their teachings in the schools. At present we are in the near approach of a crisis in our own land. It will try all our energies to enable our poor Catholic schools to subsist.

Treatment of Pneumonia by Application of Ice.

DR. FIEANDT, writing in *Duodecim*, a Finnish medical journal, states that he has now treated no less than a hundred and six cases of pneumonia with ice, and with the best results. Though ten of the cases were of double pneumonia, only three out of the whole number succumbed, notwithstanding that the epidemic was by no means a slight one. The method adopted was to apply over the affected lung an India-rubber bag containing ice continuously for from twelve to twenty-four hours after the crisis. In addition to the local treatment the patients were given such medicines as are usually employed, that is to say, opium, ipecacuanha, digitalis, brandy, etc. The method has, we may remark, received of late some attention in this country.

London Lancet.

Apprentices.

THE St. Paul Pioneer Press thinks the apprentice question will not wait much longer for a hearing. The right to earn a living by honest labor is as fundamental as any right can be. But when the trades are hedged about with rules which limit the number of apprentices when the lists are complete, and when the ranks of unskilled labor are full, then the surplus boys are ordered off the earth. There is no place for them, and their only possible chance for existence is in begging or crime. When the trades unions set up their rules limiting the number of apprentices to be taught their trades in any shop, they did it for the purpose of preventing the market being over-stocked with skilled labor, and the consequent reduction of wages from an over-supply. But the rule has had no such effects. It has not lessened a whit the number of skilled working men. What it has done, and all it has done, has been to prevent the sons of Americans, both native and adopted, from learning their fathers' trades. It has had the inevitable result of forcing our men, who might be earning from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars per week as skilled artisans, to accept salaries of from five dollars to ten dollars as clerks, or salesmen, or book-keepers, or, worse than that, to compel them to live a hand-to-mouth sort of life, doing anything or nothing, as their lack of training to any sort of work rendered imperative. Our workshops have not fewer mechanics in them than if there had never been a rule against apprentices. There was the demand for skilled workmen, and there being not a sufficient supply here, our employers readily got it from abroad. They are constantly getting skilled workmen from over the sea, who come here and take the places which the sons of our workmen should be permitted to take, should, indeed, be welcomed to. That our streets are so full of idle, vicious young and middle-aged men is chiefly due to the extinction of the apprentices in our workshops.

Proper Care of the Eyes.

IN consequence of the increase of affections of the eye, a specialist has recently formulated the following rules, to be observed in the care of the eyes for school work: A comfortable temperature, dry and warm feet, good ventilation, clothing at the neck and other parts of the body loose, posture erect, and never read lying down or stooping; but little study before breakfast or directly after a hearty meal; none at all at twilight or late at night; use great caution about study after recovery from fever; have light abundant, but not dazzling, not allowing the sun to shine on desks or objects in front of the scholars, and letting the light come from the left hand, or left and rear; hold book at right angles to the line of sight, or nearly so; give eyes frequent rest by looking up. The distance of the book from the eye should be about fifteen inches. The usual indication of strain is redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, which may be accompanied with some pain. When the eye tires easily rest is not the proper remedy, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to aid in accommodating the eye to vision.

On Ocean and Land.

Two hours after leaving Queenstown, the fog and storm was over, and we found ourselves off the harbor of Waterford, passing which, the long line of the Wexford coast came into view. As we were leaving the last dim line of Ireland, we were told that morning would find us at the bar below Liverpool. With the great sun sinking down in the sea for the last time, before touching a foreign land, a feeling of lonesomeness crept over me, shared, perhaps, by nearly all on board, for Queenstown had taken from us all some friends whom we should never meet again. Yet all seemed anxious for morning to break the life that had now become tiresome. I say this in behalf of the rest of the passengers; speaking for myself, I think I would never tire of life upon the wave.

It was eight o'clock the next morning when we dropped anchor at the bar, twenty miles below Liverpool. Unfortunately we catched low tide, and were obliged to wait for a lighter. Early in the morning the windlass began hauling up the trunks and luggage, which was piled on deck ready for the tender. At about nine o'clock, a steamer's smoke could be seen increasing from the direction of Liverpool. Soon it was declared by all, even the sailors, to be the Cunard Company's tender. She came up close to our stern, and just as we thought she was to come alongside, she passed, proving to be a steamer bound for the Mediterranean. Finally, at ten o'clock, the right vessel hove in sight, came alongside, and began receiving baggage. As this was being done, the Catalonia's anchor was raised, it being now flood-tide, and as our ship moved along, she was lightened of baggage and passengers. When the last passenger had stepped on board, the lines were let go, and we bid the "bridge that carried us over" a blessing and good-by.

The first impression upon the traveller, when he is about to set foot upon a foreign land, are often like the ideas of beauty in the human face — they may be false to truth. How often we read divergences of opinion upon people, by writers who pride themselves to read a nation's character by the appearance of its people. Yet who can write without opinion.

Sailing up the Mersey on a summer morning, and meeting the innumerable craft of one of the commercial cities of the world, one from Boston is struck by the lack of grace and beauty observable in the sailing vessels which float the English flag. That "haul taut and belay" look — that superiority of seamanship, by which America stripped from England in the war for sailors' rights, the proud title of "Mistress of the Seas," still holds good with the Yankees in their sailing ships. The smallness sometimes of a full-rigged ship appears strange, and what the Yankee would make into a sloop, the Englishman, perhaps, has rigged into a brig. Then, too, all craft, from the ocean steamer to the excursion boat and ferry, is in a coat of piratical black. But whatever may be said about John Bull's sailing capacities,

we must award him the palm in strength of construction in whatever he undertakes, be it a railroad bed, a dock, or a glass of "hale."

At twelve o'clock we touched the "Great Landing," or "Princes' Pier," a structure a thousand feet in length, and supported on eighty-six pontoons, which allow it to rise and fall with the tide. As we put our feet upon the wharf, we were confronted by the customs officials, and the tall, burly specimens of the Liverpool police. Not that those men by nature appear more like bull-dogs than other knights of the law's shillelah, but their short cut coats, wide belts, and massive forms, added to their helmets pressed at the top in the shape of a cockade, make them fearful and wonderful to behold. Following the crowd of passengers, we quickly found ourselves inside of a long, low-roofed building, with a refreshment bar at one side, and tables in the centre; everywhere were time-tables for all lines of Great Britain and Europe. We are told at election times, that England is a free-trade country but she has her customs officials watching for Uncle Sam's whiskey and tobacco, — the latter seeming to be the one thing for which they are most hungry. At last I was allowed to depart, in company with my two travelling companions, whom I had met on the ship, and was fairly on the street. We were met and surrounded by such a swarm of beggars as would defy description. Why they selected we three unoffending innocents, I was at a loss at the time to conceive. Some before us, some at our rear, others at our side, with dirty fingers on "grips," saying, "Carry your bag, sir?" "Black your boots, sir?" "Give me a ha' penny, sir; my mother is dying." This the salutation, of England to America, as we pushed our way through the ragged, dirty-faced mass of Liverpool hoodlums, until we reached the centre of the city.

Arrived at our hotel we experienced our first lesson in patience by a long wait for dinner. But when it came upon a tray, with the polished Britannia teapot, it afforded a marked contrast to the here-you-have-it way the Yankee feeds his hungry brother.

To see ourselves as ithers see us was never more forcibly brought to mind than when I saw an English tramway, for the first time, with its living freight. To me how almost ludicrous street life appeared, — those trams rolling along loaded from roof to step, with people of all ages.

High up on the roof sits *pater familias* and his portly dame, each holding a late round in the family ladder. Perhaps the "Mrs." is nursing England's first President, while her worthy protector is amusing the two-year-old with wafer candy. Old and young, fat and thin, the dirty and the clean, in their grand democratic gallery, look down on all Liverpool, while all Liverpool may, if it likes, look up at them. In advertising, the Englishman even outdoes the stirring Yankee corn doctor, or soap manufacturer. What I first thought might be a pattern of our own Bunker Hill Monument, proved to be a man in a box walking with short steps, and announcing to the world the wonders of a new discovery in medicines. One boy pulling and another pushing a house on wheels, announced the ruinous low figures of a firm in crockery. Another

one is a punster; he keeps St. George's Hall on Lime street that is one of the wonders of Liverpool. Before it are the equestrian statues of "Victoria the Good" and "Albert the Wise." Invert them to make a little sense. Victoria good, because, unlike her infamous ancestry, she is not bad, and Albert wise because he was not foolish. Between these two platitudes stands Genius — Disraeli with his clear-cut, determined face and massive brow, the man who, with his greater rival, Gladstone, swayed the destiny of the British Empire, using this pigmy sign of effete royalty at his right, as a cloak for the accomplishment of his own kingly ambition. There, too, looking down on all, stands the conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, Wellington.

It so happened that the day I arrived in Liverpool was the first day of the celebrated Maybrick poisoning case, and Liverpool was in a frenzy. The assize room is in St. George's building, and about one hundred policemen were on duty to keep back the excited throng, that all day surged up to the long flight of steps.

Sir Charles Russell, now admitted to be England's greatest lawyer, being senior council for the defence, adding to the curiosity of the people. As I was beholding the statuary in front of the building, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a very gentlemanly looking man, rather elderly, and with a pleasant face, come out of the court room door, and descend the steps. He wore a silk hat and stepped briskly. I had seen a number of portraits of Sir Charles, and the thought came, "Here he is perhaps." At this moment he had half crossed the street, when some one shouted, "Here he is now; here is Sir Charles." Instantly every hat went up with a cheer, that told that the heart of Liverpool's populace was with the man who had downed the bully of England, the London Times. Instantly the crowd thickened, and the North-Western Hotel directly opposite, where Sir Charles was stopping, threw out a guard of porters to keep back the jam. With quickened steps he gained its entrance, when the doors were instantly closed on the cheering mass outside.

Determined to see the opening of a British court of justice, and being told it was now too late to gain a pass, I was at the door the next morning at nine o'clock to find some hundreds had been waiting for hours. In half an hour the door was opened, and about one hundred of the thousands who were now waiting crushed in.

Promptly at ten o'clock came strains of martial music, sounding far away, and growing nearer. When it ceased, standing upon the flight of steps which led to the court room, and looking towards the door by which I had entered, appeared four stalwart men wearing silk hats, and long gray coats with capes faced with red. They marched to the farther end of the great hall, then stopping below the large organ, they faced about, threw back their brilliant sashes, raised their cornets, and as the music floated through the hall, the procession entered. First, four javelin men, wearing the same dress as the musicians, and bearing bright-headed spears. Then the high sheriff, walking lame, which marred all martial effect; then other officials, one is in a scarlet uniform; then four more javelin men, followed by his Lordship, the

Court, in powdered wig and scarlet cloak, with white facing, more officials, more javelin men, and the pomp and display which precede British justice were over. The procession moved straight across the great hall and passed from view, as the music ceased, around the vestibule, to appear again at the opposite end of the court room from where I was standing, where each official seated himself with all the decorum and gravity which the occasion demanded. Justice Stephens looked every inch an English judge of the Lord Norbury calibre, as he drew from his pocket a great white handkerchief, and raising it to his face, hard with the lines of thought, and which, apparently, had never known a smile, he blew a blast which must have struck terror to the barristers below, and the jury at his left. Then appeared upon the raised platform facing the court, a woman in deep black, Mrs. Maybrick. Replacing his handkerchief, he listened to the formula of opening the court, placed his long goose-quill (about ten inches long) in his right hand, and began the day's proceedings.

Dr. Fuller was the first witness called for the prosecution. He looked to me very much more like a Yankee farmer dressed up than a disciple of Esculapius. Thick-set, dark-complexioned, with heavy, dark-red whiskers, he seemed to say in his appearance, what he had, no doubt, often declared beside a dying sufferer, "This is my opinion of the case." The questions were relative to the use of arsenic in pills. He was first taken in charge by Addison for the prosecution, whose thin, small voice I could not hear. When turned over to Sir Charles, the latter began in a rather imperious tone to question him in regard to the effect of arsenic upon the system. But the witness did not flinch, answering each question, in his cross-examination, with perfect composure. I felt disappointed that I could not stay longer, and was only allowed to take a hurried view of the statuary which adorns the great hall below after quitting the court. Of the marble forms, I could only see three who had made an impression upon my memory: Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive and projector of the modern railroad; Peel, of Corn Law fame, and "the foremost man of all the world," W. E. Gladstone. As I passed out and down the broad flagging, past the great Corinthian columns which support the facade, I thought of all the useless mummery which precedes British justice. Those javelin men must go up and down the country, and draw their thousand pounds a year, for what? To comply with ancient customs. For John Bull is slow to think, and dreads innovation. Yet the Yankee deputy sheriff whom I once knew, and who forgot the prescribed words in his first attempt to open an inferior court, and said, "Court here! take off your hats, gentlemen," answered the ends of justice, I doubt not, as well as all the pageantry to which I had been a witness.

It would hardly do to leave Liverpool and not speak of its docks, which are among the finest in the world, extending along both sides of the Mersey for miles, and are of solid masonry. Strange as it may seem, the beginning of the commercial prosperity of Liverpool dates to its connection with the slave-trade. In 1707 a small vessel was

fitted out for this nefarious business, and the voyage proved so remunerative that in 1758 Liverpool had eighty-six vessels engaged in carrying human beings from Africa to the West Indies, to be exchanged for rum. Thus it was, that with this double deal in death, the city on the Mersey grew to be one of the greatest commercial cities of the world. Now she is threatened with disaster in the new ship canal, which is being built to Manchester, a distance of thirty miles, and which will make the latter city from an inland town to a great port of entry. It may be interesting to every friend of the "Grand Old Man," to say that the Gladstones are from Liverpool; that Sir John, the ex-premier's father, represented this borough for years, and that his advice was greatly sought in commercial matters.

JAMES RILEY.

Malignant Mahaffy.

THE Rev. John P. Mahaffy, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Professor of Greek in the same institution, is at present travelling in the United States. The reverend professor has already written some accounts of his Grecian tours which have not excited the commendation of scholars or antiquarians; it remains to be seen whether his recital of American life and customs will be more useful and correct than his *dilettante* efforts to exploit for his own advertisement the Acropolis and the Parthenon. Dr. Mahaffy boasts, we have been told, that he is "the most unparsonlike of parsons." He can now, with at least equal justice, congratulate himself on the fact that he is the most un-Christianlike of churchmen. It is said of this brilliant *alumnus* of Trinity College, that while occupying a position as clergyman of the Protestant Church, he prefers a cricket bat to a sermon, and lays more store by the development of muscular paganism than by the inculcation of the truths of revealed religion. We do not vouch for these things — they may or may not be so — but we will say that any man, who, speaking in another land and amongst a stranger people, says the things which Prof. Mahaffy has said of the majority of his fellow countrymen is probably capable of any falsity.

It seems that, speaking at the Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua, New York, this malignant professor informed his American hearers that "the Catholics of Ireland hold murder as a joke. Their victory means the oppression of Protestants, and the repression of education. The Irish conflict is part of a conflict extending over the world, in which Canada and America have their share."

Now, no doubt Prof. Mahaffy proposes to return to Ireland, and we would suggest that whenever he does so he should be held accountable, in such manner as may seem best, for this vile and absolutely unjustifiable slander on the Catholics of Ireland. It well becomes this puny imitator of the tactics of Mr. J. A. Froude to tell his American hearers that "the Catholics of Ireland hold murder as a joke." He might, indeed, have added that they carry their sense of the ludi-

crous to such an extreme as to smile at his efforts to defame their nation and their Faith, and that, in all probability, not one amongst them will think it even worth his while to kick the author of this slander when he re-appears in the city, wherein he has heretofore been treated with courtesy and kindliness — wherein he has even been permitted on public platforms amidst Irish Catholics. This may be; but we do say that until the Rev. Prof. Mahaffy has made full and ample atonement for the base and cowardly slander he is reported to have uttered, no Irish Catholic should tolerate his presence in any assembly over which he had influence; and no honest, truthful Protestant gentleman should recognize the wild and wicked maligner of his fellow countrymen. The professor is a striking illustration of the kind of thing Trinity College, pampered on the wealth and property of the exiled and plundered Catholics of Ireland, can produce; but even it can hardly feel proud to-day of the latest utterance of Malignant Mahaffy.

We copy the above article from the Irish Catholic, published in Dublin.

The following from the Christian Register (Unitarian), published in Boston, is in the same train of thought as the Irish Catholic.

"It was not surprising that Prof. Mahaffy, when he undertook at Chautauqua to oppose Home Rule in Ireland, found that he failed to secure the sympathy of his audience and of the American press. For the American people do believe pretty thoroughly in Home Rule. They have shown how a nation might be built up while recognizing and preserving this principle. Mr. Mahaffy's shot at Home Rule in Ireland was, therefore, a shot at our own institutions. In a pugnacious article in the Independent for Sept. 5, he does not make his case any better. If it be true, as he claims, that the Protestants in Ireland who believe in Home Rule can be counted upon one's fingers, then so much the worse for the Protestants. Mr. Mahaffy may have ground for complaint that the American press does not always report Irish matters correctly; but we doubt if any American paper has misrepresented the Irish cause more thoroughly than the professor himself."

A Notable Railway Servant.

THERE has just passed away at Slough, at a ripe old age, John Gibbs, a servant of the Great Western Railway of England, who was at Slough in the service of the company before the station was built, when tickets were issued at the Crown Hotel. He was of an immense size, and had a very loud voice. Gibbs was once promoted to Reading, but had to return to Slough, as he could not get out of the habit of calling out, "Slough, change here for Windsor." The story is probably apocryphal that on presenting a child for baptism he gave its name "Slough, change here for Windsor." But it is literally true that he so called out in the parish church when waking from a nap during a prosy sermon.

All Saints — All Souls — Nov. 1 and 2.

WHAT society is in the natural order, the communion of saints is in the supernatural; man is born to both. Destroy human society and you gradually reduce mankind to the level of the brute; sever the communion of saints and you destroy humanity at a blow. Man was made for God — to know God here and to enjoy him hereafter. This is true of all men; and on the principle that two things that are equal to a third are necessarily equal to each other, men must be created for society. The Apostles and Evangelists always use the "We." "We shall appear." "We shall stand." "We shall see," etc. If theology were silent as to the relations of men after life, philosophy would step in to inform us, that all men are bound by a single fate and a common destiny. It is impossible to conceive a man with an individual destiny, as it is to form an idea of two Gods. This being the case, we see the importance of one faith and one church. Co-operation is the law of society, in the temporal as well as in the spiritual order. Every man is as a drop in the ocean of humanity, and although insignificant in himself, he influences the entire body of the race. Every word he speaks in the hearing of another, every act he performs, every thought that passes through his mind, every feeling that actuates his heart, influences him, and through him the entire human family. This is not a religious truth; it is a fact of every-day experience. Where there is close union in the temporal order, is it likely that all should be severance and estrangement in that order which man finds most congenial to his powers and aspirations? The second most important duty of man is towards his fellow man. He must avoid doing him injury in his property or reputation; he must be charitable to him in all that affects his sense and feelings. We must do more. God has placed it in our power to assist him spiritually, and the parable of the Good Samaritan is but a figure of the loving Christian's regard for his neighbor.

Our duty to our neighbor is our tribute to his peace and happiness. God's life and essence is love, and his dealings with us have but one object, and that is to make us partakers in His joy and peace. That duty is not confined to this life, or to those who are co-dwellers with us on earth. It applies more especially to those who have gone before and are sharers of God's bliss. The practice of Catholics to honor the saints of God is one of the first and simplest corollaries of our Christian faith. If we are obliged to love and honor our neighbor on this earth because he is our brother and bears with us the image and likeness of God, for far greater reason should we love and honor the saints, our brothers of a stronger kinship, and bearers of God's image by a more refulgent and grander reflection. We are strangers to each other, we who dwell together in this valley of tears. We see each other seldom. We know each other little. We love each other frequently not at all. The great company whom no man can number is the society to which we aspire. Then we shall know even as we are known.

The Prophet of Patmos describes the heavenly society as it were a sea of crystal. Nothing shall be concealed. All will be true and pure and bright to the eyes of men and angels. We should cultivate the companionship of the saints in glory. We should not be content to love this or that saint whose life strongly attracts us. We should love the "land of the living" and the "people of God." It is the patriotism we owe our celestial commonwealth. It is for this reason and through motives such as these that the church celebrates with such pomp and splendor, the feast of All Saints. It is the national holiday of all the children of God. We are pilgrims in a strange land; farers over a rough and treacherous sea; the country of our heart and hope, the haven of our rest is the great beyond whose glory we sing on All Saint's Day.

But the journey is long. The climate unhealthy. The number of the sick and lame and foot-sore is necessarily large. We would be very unfeeling if we left our sick to perish on the wayside. If we have charity at all, we owe its most striking and telling manifestation to the poor who are halted on their journey. Purgatory! Purgatory! Purgatory! Great lazar-house of departed souls, whose physicians are still in the flesh. They are on the very shore of a happy ocean, but they need to be carried into the life-giving wave. We are the angels God has commissioned to lift them. What a glorious privilege! How coldly and how indifferently do we exercise it! The souls in Purgatory are all saints.

Their relations to us differ from those of the saints in glory, by their dependence on our prayers. They need help and only we can bestow it. A prayer for a saint in Purgatory places that saint under an eternal obligation to him who offers it. Earthly obligations are discharged by counter obligations. Friendships born of temporal service die with the memory of such service; but no length of time nor reciprocity of favor can wipe out the obligation of a saint in heaven to succor and aid him who aided him on his journey to the beatific vision. One moment in God's company were worth all the joys of earth possessed for an eternity. The saint, who, by the prayers of the faithful on earth, is made to enjoy that moment of bliss before his time, owes it to his earthly benefactor to compensate him with all possible equivalent. And what can be an equivalent?

Immediately following the feast of All Saints the church celebrates the feast of All Souls. It is a feast. What can give a lover more joy than the opportunity to succor his beloved? One of the strongest expressions of love ever uttered by human lips was spoken by Saint Augustine. "I am Augustine," said he, "and thou art God; but wert thou Augustine and I God, I would wish that thou wert God and I Augustine." Helpless effort of love to put Omnipotence under a compliment. We can satisfy this longing in some measure on All Souls' Day. The poor saints need help, and would accept it from us rather than from any beings that the Creator has made. It is a joy for them to receive it; a joy for us to bestow it. Why is it then not a feast?

The church intimates the character of service we should render. Private and public prayers, the holy sacrifice of the Mass and communions of suffrage. These means are within the reach of all. It is a poor and sickly Christianity that has no concern for the dead. It is very easy to test the piety of a people or congregation. What do they do for the dead? We must remember the four last things; death, judgment, hell, and heaven. How can we think of these things without remembering the multitudes who have passed through the terrible ordeal? It was yesterday for them: it will be to-morrow for us.

Western Watchman.

The London Times on Gen. Sheridan.

THE Times has at last reviewed the memoirs of Gen. Sheridan, and does full justice to the son of the Cavan peasant, who came to be the greatest cavalry soldier of his time and commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. It says: "The Shenandoah Valley campaign proved Sheridan to be a born general, and his victory at Opequon won him promotion to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army. This battle was memorable for a mounted charge, sword and pistol in hand, by an entire division of Federal cavalry, a rare occurrence during the war. Called to Washington to consult Secretary Stanton, Sheridan nearly lost the fruit of all his previous successes, for Early, taking advantage of Sheridan's absence, fell upon the army at Cedar Creek, and had actually routed it. Sheridan, returning, found his troops flying to the rear, completely panic-struck, and only one division resisting the enemy. His presence made known to the fugitives, restored their courage, and, by dint of his great coolness and wonderful personal ascendency, he not only checked Early, but turned the tide of battle and won a signal victory, for which he was rewarded by promotion to the rank of major-general in the regular army. No greater achievement of this sort has ever been accomplished. It was as if Napoleon, after the defeat of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, had ended by defeating Wellington and Blucher."

Persian Customs.

IT is no wonder the Persian Shah is a terror to tidy European house-keepers, upon whom his presence may be inflicted, for however short a space. At Lord Rosebery's dinner, recently, he threw his asparagus stems over his left shoulder, in accordance with the Persian superstition, which says that no luck will pursue the asparagus eater unless this rule is complied with. In accordance with court etiquette, the Prince of Wales and suite were obliged to follow the example of the "illustrious guest." The sight, as may be easily imagined, was a somewhat ludicrous one; but what must have been the after-condition of the floor of the banquet-hall?

PUT bounds to your prudence, for the virtue which is to serve as [illegible] and measure to the rest must not itself be carried to excess. — *St. Ignatius.*

The Great London Strike.

THE conduct of the dock employés during the recent strike is spoken of in commendation by the press and people not only in the British possessions, but throughout the world. At the opening of the court in London on the 16th of September, the recorder, in charging the grand jury, referred to the recent strike in London. He said "that though a great number of men had been out of work for weeks, and had suffered great privations, there was not a single case on the calendar arising from the strike. The peaceful behavior of the men," he declared, "was a subject for national pride." Australia behaved nobly in sending funds to the strikers; America, nothing. We say this with shame. A meeting was held in Boston after the strike was all over, but it did not amount to much.

CARDINAL MANNING'S GREAT WORK.

The chief credit for the settlement of the great strike undeniably belongs to the venerable Cardinal Manning. When passions on both sides were at their highest, this Prince of the Church left his palace in Westminster, and went about from one leader to another, counselling peace. His spare figure and pale, intellectual face soon became familiar to the strikers, and his gentle, unassuming manners quickly won the confidence and respect, amounting almost to veneration, even of the rough fellows who were not of his faith. From the moment the Cardinal intervened there was a marked diminution in the violence of the language until then habitually used by the strike leaders when speaking of their opponents; and the dock directors' demeanor, till that time insulting and uncompromising, underwent a gratifying change. The Protestant Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor joined in the pacific work some days after the Cardinal; but, although tardily offered, he gratefully accepted their assistance. After the rebuff caused by misunderstanding, the Protestant Bishop, considering his greatness derided and his dignity offended by the strike leaders, left London in disgust, and took no further part in the negotiations. The Lord Mayor sulked for several days, but ultimately had the good sense to return to the work. Cardinal Manning, however, never faltered or grew weary of well-doing. He saw the misery which was being caused by the strike, and resolved that it should end. Older than Mr. Gladstone, and with little of the great statesman's physical vigor, Cardinal Manning has all this week been doing an amount of work which would tax the endurance of the youngest priest in his diocese. His friends remonstrated, but he answered all with gentle words and kindly smile, and, to-day, when the last difficulty had been removed, and London's greatest industrial conflict had come to an end, he returned calmly to his study and Westminster, remarking that he had but done his duty to his fellow-men and his country.

It cannot be denied that no struggle of such magnitude has ever been conducted in a manner so orderly and free from violence as that of which the end has been witnessed.

Divinity School of the Catholic University.

THE Catholic University of America has been most fortunate in the selection of its presiding officers and its professors. First on the list comes the rector, Bishop Keane, so well known to us all on account of his eloquence and his untiring zeal, assisted by Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., the amiable and courtly vice-rector, who, in a quiet but not the less effective manner, is devoting himself most zealously to the interests of the great work.

The professors for the Divinity Faculty were selected by the rector during his European tour last winter, and are all men eminent in their particular branches of learning. The Rev. Dr. Bouquillon, who will fill the chair of moral theology, is a member of the faculty of the University of Lille, France. He is most distinguished as a teacher of theology, and it was remarked in connection with him, several years ago, by a French journal: "The glorious faculty of the ancient University of Douay is to-day revived in the Catholic University of Lille."

The study of the Sacred Scriptures will be pursued under the direction of Monsignor Hyvernat, one of the most eminent of living scholars, — an Orientalist, Assyriologist, and Egyptologist of world-wide fame. In connection with Biblical studies, the highest facilities will be enjoyed by the students for the cultivation of the Scriptural languages, as well as for the acquirement of the modern European tongues.

The Rev. Dr. Pohle, professor of philosophy in the University of Fulda, will teach the philosophical course, in which he will consider in their varied phases the great movements in the modern world of thought, eliminating false and dangerous theories, recognizing and developing all that is good and true. Dr. Pohle is the author of several philosophical works, and associate editor of the philosophical quarterly, the Catholic Goerres Gesellschaft.

Dr. Schroeder, of the Cologne Seminary, will fill the chair of dogmatic theology. This eminent divine is a linguist and an orator of great ability. He has published many works, which are highly esteemed throughout his native country, and he has taken an active part in promoting and assisting the Catholic Congresses of Europe. In his teaching he will adhere strictly to the lines marked out by St. Thomas; indeed, in filling this chair, Bishop Keane made it obligatory with the occupant that he "should speak as would St. Thomas were he to-day giving his course in theology."

Dr. Schroeder was lately received in a special audience by His Holiness, Leo XIII., who expressed much pleasure at his having accepted a post in the University of America, and loaded him with marks of esteem and affection. The deep interest taken in our university by the Holy Father, and the fact that those selected to govern it are men after his own heart, should be an additional incentive to all loyal Catholics to uphold its interests and to work and pray earnestly for its success.

Besides the regular professors, who will lecture daily on dogmatic theology, moral theology, Sacred Scripture, and higher philosophy, an extensive series of lectures outside of these subjects has been arranged. Mr. C. W. Stoddard, so well and favorably known to readers of current Catholic literature, will give tri-weekly lectures on "English Literature;" the Right Rev. Bishop Marty, of Dakota, will lecture on "Church Music," or the Liturgy of the Church; the Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, of New York, on "Church Development in the Early Centuries;" the Rev. J. T. O'Connor, D. D., of New York, on "The Relation of Brain and Nerve to Thought and Senses;" and the Rev. G. M. Searle, C. S. P., on Mathematics and Astronomy. Rev. P. L. Chapelle, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, will lecture on "The Great Fathers and the Epochs they marked in Church History."

It is intended that these lectures shall be delivered in the afternoon and shall be free, admission being given without regard to class or creed, on the presentation of invitation tickets, which may be obtained from the vice-rector.

The discipline of the house will be under the charge of the Sulpician Fathers, directed by the Abbé Hogan, who was for many years connected with the faculty of the seminary at Brighton, Mass., and is well known as a professor of Holy Scriptures and Dogma. The authorities have issued a small circular of official announcements relative to the entrance and expenses of the students. The tuition at the university, is, of course, free, and in case of those holding a scholarship or burse, there will be no expense save that of clothing, stationery, and pocket-money. There will be ten scholarships bestowed by the Divinity school this year, and, of course, some students will be provided for by Diocesan burses. All others entering the school as resident students will be at necessary expense for board. Full information may be obtained by communicating with the rector or vice-rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

The university has been the recipient of many princely donations, and smaller ones too numerous to mention. Some generous friends have made bequests in their wills for its endowment. Of these benefactors, one has lately passed to his eternal reward, Sir Sylvester Johnston, Knight of the Roman Order of St. Gregory, who died in Louisville, Ky., on the 16th of July last, bequeathing ten thousand dollars to the Catholic University. He left an estate valued at about four hundred thousand dollars; and it is said that during the past few years he had given away about half that amount in charity. This is truly a noble example, worthy the imitation of those who think it necessary to accumulate a million before they can afford to give away a hundred. "God loves the cheerful giver," and will reward him; but, apart from divine recompense, and humanly speaking, a generous action is, in a great measure, its own reward; for what can be sweeter than the consciousness of having bestowed help upon a worthy object? And in contributing to the erection of schools and churches, we assist in the creation, as it were, of a something whose

influence, outliving the solidity of its walls, will last through the endless ages of eternity.

In the School of Divinity, special attention will be paid to the rendering of the ceremonial of the church with becoming reverence, and great advantages will be given for acquiring proficiency in sacred music. In this latter connection may be mentioned the grand two-thousand-dollar organ donated by Mrs. James F. Barbour. It is being constructed by the Roosevelt Organ Co., and will be placed, when finished, in the choir-gallery of the chapel.

Another gift, enriching the university in a most appropriate manner, is a collection of two thousand folio volumes, presented by Right Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton. These books were selected with great care, and with special regard for their suitability for the library, where they will form the nucleus of a collection to become, one day, let us hope, a very treasure trove of learning, even in this city, so rich in its literary resources.

But among the many handsome gifts presented to the university, perhaps none is more highly prized than the portrait of Leo XIII., painted by Ugolini, and presented by His Holiness to Bishop Keane for the university. It is almost a counterpart of the one sent by the Holy Father to the Third Plenary Council at Baltimore, and now retained at the seminary in that city. It is a magnificent life-size oil portrait of our great Pontiff, standing, and in the act of giving his blessing. The picture arrived here several months ago, and will, when framed, be hung in the main parlor of the Divinity building, between the portraits of George Washington and Archbishop Carroll, which Bishop Keane is now having painted by Signor Georgi, at the University of Notre Dame. What a majestic trio to greet the visitor as he enters the noble institution! And what a beautiful thought it was to have His Holiness enthroned between the statesman who founded our republic and our capital city, and the prelate who was the corner-stone of the American hierarchy. AGNES HAMPTON.

Sept. 18, 1889.

Exercise.

FLESH accumulates upon us in middle age because we do not take sufficient exercise, and then we give up long walks because we are stout and consequently lazy, thus reversing the process of cause and effect. The health suffers seriously, and a way is opened to many maladies. People who assert that they have not time to take long walks, should remember that they are probably cutting short their own time by refraining from needful exercise. Many persons take too much medicine; morbid persons, with hypochondriacal tendencies, are always dosing themselves. They apparently regard their own interior arrangements as a puzzle that has been badly put together, and their efforts to sort things out with the aid of pills and powders, are but a series of experiments highly destructive to cheerfulness in this frame of mania, and cheerfulness is one of the best ends-to length of days. It is possible to cultivate this quality, and to the interest of those about us, no less than in our own, it ought to be cultivated.

THE ANGELUS. BY J. F. MILLET.

"And the Bible, François, have you forgotten it? and the Psalms, do you ever read them?"
"They are my breviary," said Millet. "I get from them all that I do."

SENSIER'S *Millet*, p. 108.

Millet's Angelus.

THE painting, of which the above is a faint representation, has recently obtained a world-wide notoriety, because of a species of international contest for its possession when offered at auction in Paris, July last. The French government was the highest bidder; but subsequently declined to purchase the picture, when it was sold to Mr. James F. Sutton, of the American Art Association, for the sum of 553,000 francs, or about $110,600. It is so great a work of art that even Gambetta wrote of it as follows:

"'The Angelus,' the masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the pale rays of the setting sun, bow full of mystical thrills at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon, compels meditation on the powerful influence of religious tradition among the rural population. With what minuteness and yet breadth these two grand outlines of the peasant and his wife or servant stand out on the still, warm field? The task is over, the wheelbarrow is there, full of the day's harvest, and they are about to return to the cottage for the night's rest. The bell has rung the curfew of labor, and at once these two dark animals, as La Bruyere would say, stand up, erect and motionless. They are listening to the tones of the bell as they did yesterday, and as they will do to-morrow, in an attitude too natural not to

be habitual, before taking the road which leads to the village. The fleecy and melancholy sky which hangs over the landscape shares in the pensiveness which dominates the picture. The scene is admirable, and has a wider bearing than the subject. You feel that the artist is not merely a painter, but that, living ardently amid the passions and problems of his age, he takes his share in them, and transports the portion which he has grasped to his canvas. Painting thus understood ceases to be a mere spectacle; it rises higher and assumes a moralizing and educating role. The citizen infuses the artist, and, with a grand and noble picture, we have a lesson of morality."

The Angelus Bell.

I HEAR that bell at early morn,
I hear it when the noon comes round,
And in the quietude of eve,
I hear its solemn sound.

Memorial of that glorious time
When the Archangel's hallowed word
Saluted Mary, full of grace,
The Mother of our Lord.

No bird I hear that warbles high
In air, or bowered in leafy dell,
Can thrill my listening ear with such
Sweet music as that bell.

O'er all earth's varied lands its sound
Is wakened to our Lady's praise,
Immortal Queen of heaven and earth,
And glorious through all days.

With its deep meaning glorified
By million hearts, oh! may each word,
And act, and thought of mine henceforth
Be blent in sweet accord!

DUBLIN, 1889. M. F. H.

The Angelus at Rome.

AMONG the many striking impressions which a visit to the Eternal City produces upon the religious mind, there is one peculiarly beautiful and enduring; it is that caused by the bells of Rome, as they ring out the evening Angelus, or AVE MARIA, as the Italians love to call this sweet prayer to the Queen of Heaven.

Every day the sound of a cannon, fired from the Castle of St. Angelo, announces the hour of noon. At this signal the bells of the city peal forth, inviting, as it were, all the people to suspend their ordinary avocations for a few moments, and, forgetting the things of earth, direct their thoughts to heaven, and invoke the intercession of her who is the help, the consolation, the safeguard of Christians. But especially beautiful is the sound of these bells at the evening Angelus, which is always recited at sunset. It will be readily seen that this time varies according to the different seasons of the year.

When the AVE MARIA sounds, all labor ceases, the streets are deserted, students return to their colleges, monks to their convents, the monasteries are closed, and no one can gain admittance under any pretext.

The Ave Maria is thus the most solemn time of the day at Rome; it is also the most impressive. There are three hundred and seventy churches in the city, and the sound of their numerous bells, forming a grand, harmonious concert of praise to the Queen of Heaven and Earth, is, of all music, the most pleasing to the ear, and the sweetest, most touching to the heart of the devout listener. But this concert of harmonious voices, ever beautiful, receives additional beauty and grandeur when heard from the magnificent promenade of the Pincio, or from the Forum, or from the Appian Way.

When heard from the Pincio, the effect is grand and sublime, for the sounds that predominate are those of the bells of St. Peter's and the largest churches of Rome. From the Forum the impression is more calm and soothing, and leads, naturally, to recollection and meditation; for there one finds one's self in the midst of the ruins of ancient Rome, — and the sound of a bell, when heard amid ruins, saddens and depresses the heart. One seated on the side of the Capitoline Hill, as day draws to a close, sees before him workmen returning from their day's toil, monks, priests, and people of all classes, all blessing themselves and praying, as the sound of Mary's bell is heard. The shadows grow deeper and deeper; the forms are mingled and confused in the increasing darkness. Suddenly all the bells burst forth in one glad peal, and the monuments around seem to receive, renew, and send forth again the sound, and to prolong its echoes. Soft and sweet come those aerial voices from churches and chapels built upon the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, or upon the environments of the Coliseum, hallowed centuries ago by the blood of the first martyrs.

It is at such a moment that one realizes the emptiness of all things earthly, the instability of all human institutions and their grandeur. The power of the Cæsars is broken; the trumpets of war no longer resound with their notes of slaughter; the tiger and the lion have been changed, by a mighty hand, into the inoffensive lamb, — and now the sweet voices of bells, calling to prayer, are heard through these ruins, imposing still, but sombre and mute, like so many gigantic sepulchres. One glory alone remains, and one exalted far above all the glories so dazzling in their splendor of ancient times, — the glory of Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, who, through her divinely-communicated privilege of the Immaculate Conception, has crushed the head of the serpent, and still continues to destroy the work of his emissaries upon earth.

Sir William Gull says that when fagged out by professional work he recruits his strength by eating raisins, and not by drinking wine or brandy.

Another good saying from the same source: A pint of warm water, taken on an empty stomach in the morning, is the safest and surest of all remedies for habitual constipation. It dissolves the fecal matter and stimulates peristaltic action, thereby giving a normal action without pain. If the tongue is coated, squeeze a lemon into the water and drink without sweetening.

Brother Patrick,

ASSISTANT SUPERIOR-GENERAL of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, whose chief house is in Paris, is now in the United States, and at present staying at De La Salle Institute, West Fifty-ninth street, New York. Brother Patrick will visit all the houses of the Brothers throughout the country, which will make his stay cover several months. The name of the good Brother is familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of Catholic education in the United States. At least thirty years ago, the good Brother was identified with the Christian education of American youth. In the West, in St. Louis, he labored in the holy cause, and in the East he won a reputation for learning and energy that was well deserved. For many years Brother Patrick was President of Manhattan College, New York city, and a handsome painting of its first Director still graces the walls of its reception rooms. Later on he was Visitor of the Christian Brothers here, and only retired from this important office to fill one of greater responsibility in Paris. In the French capital, Brother Patrick has spent nearly a score of years, and his wisdom and judgment have in this time done much to build up the work of the Christian Brothers throughout the world. It is the prayer of all who know Brother Patrick, either personally or through his work for Christian education, that he may long be spared to serve the grand cause to which he has devoted his life.

A Visit to Palos.

COLUMBUS AND THE IRISH SAILOR. — "HISTORICUS" CORRECTED.

A WRITER in the New York Sun, "Historicus," of Aug. 25, 1889, referring to a letter of the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly in the same paper on the 18th of August, coolly informs that journal that William Eyre, of Eyre court, county Galway, was a missionary with Columbus, and one of the crew of the *Santa Maria*, in which Columbus left Palos, Spain, on his first voyage westward.

If "Historicus" will read over Dr. O'Reilly's letter once more, he will find that that well-informed gentleman was not referring to the *Santa Maria*, William Eyre, or Columbus' first expedition, but to his, Columbus' *second* expedition, which took its departure from Seville, then and now the principal city of Andalusia. Dr. O'Reilly referred to an ecclesiastic, a Benedictine * in all probability, who was selected as one of the missionaries to accompany the great navigator on his *second* expedition. Irish priests were well known throughout Spain before Columbus was born; there was an Irish College in Seville in the sixteenth century; Irish monks have lived in Spain from the Bay of Biscay to the Rock of Gibraltar for a thousand years; Irish men and women have gone to school in Spain one thousand years ago. "Historicus" sadly blunders.

William Eyre, who sailed with Columbus on his *first* expedition — there is no further reference to him in any book or statement — was not one of the crew of the *Santa Maria*, the flagship. He, Eyre, was a common sailor, and was on board of the *Pinta*.

The writers who put down Eyre, "*alias* John Galway," must be very foolish or very ignorant.

Eyre square does take its name from Eyrecourt, which adjoins the demesne of Mr. Eyre, and from the family took the name. Eyre square is about forty years old. It is the principal one in Galway, and was made when the railroad was completed from Dublin to Galway. Eyrecourt is about fourteen miles west of Ballinasloe, and a few miles south of "the Bloody Hollow" and the hill upon which St. Ruth had his headquarters and fort when he fought his last fight against the forces of William III. in 1691.

"On Killcommon hill he met his fall;
He fell a victim to a cannon ball."

During the subscriber's residence in Spain he discovered the *Colleccion de los Viages y des Cumplimientos. Madrid, la imprenta real ano de* 1825. (Collection of Voyages and Duties Discharged. Madrid, royal printing-office, year of 1825.)

About 1864, before I went to Spain, I heard that an Irishman was among the crew of one of Columbus' ships. The author of the statement, I learned, was the scholarly Dr. O'Callaghan, late of Albany. It was true, indeed. Upon the crew-list — *la tripulacion* — of the

Vide DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for October, 1889, page 346.

Pinta, in the naval archives at Madrid, can be seen the ancient Connaught patronymic of Eyre, as follows: "Guillermo Ires natural de Galway, Irlanda." There is no reference to Eyrecourt, because probably there was no such place in the fifteenth century, and the name has become modernized, as many others, or by changing I to E, as the Spaniards have done within the past twenty-five years, the Y at the beginning and termination of words, *Ysabel* and *Muy;* as *Isabel*, *Mui*.

I never saw Dr. Barry's Compilation. He must have been dreaming when he translated Guillermo Ires William Rice — *Arroz* is the Spanish word for rice.

"Historicus" is really funny. Hear him again: "On the first, the great admiral's own ship — the *Santa Maria* — there was not one native of Palos. Their extraordinary cowardice, which still provokes a smile in the reader, doubtless made them ineligible."

How do you know there were no natives of *Palo* — not Palos in Spanish — among the crews of either the *Santa Maria*, *Pinta*, or *Nina?* Your assertion is gratuitous. The crews of all were Spaniards, with a few exceptions, and Spain in the fifteenth century was the first maritime nation in the world.

To the non-reader of history it would seem strange how a native of Galway could be found in the extreme southwest of Spain at such a time, and to embark upon such a daring enterprise. The historian has no difficulty in solving the matter. From the earliest times the west of Ireland carried on a brisk trade with Portugal, Spain, and France, when the Danes held the eastern towns and cities of Ireland, and the English were confined to the Pale, and for years long afterwards the Spanish merchants of Palos, Seville, and Cadiz had correspondents in Galway, Westport, and Sligo. The broad Atlantic carried the linen, grain, and wool and cloth of Ireland to Spain, who, in return, sent her horses, minerals, wines, and delicious fruits. In Velasquez's excellent Spanish dictionary one will find a species of cloth called "*Irlanda:* 1. cloth made of cotton and woollen yarn. 2. Irish linen."

Palos, in the bay of St. Mary, was a very important seaport in the time of Columbus. It was not one of the first class, but it was a place so important that the crew and vessels of the first expedition were all gathered there, in the face of the difficulties which the superstition of the time and the terms of the voyage presented. The great navigator had more difficulty in convincing the "learned" and rich of the truth of his theory than he had to find men to accompany him soon as he was furnished with the means to prepare his caravels to climb the waves of the unknown ocean. Spanish ports in the Atlantic in those days always had more or less of Irish ships, schooners, and hookers.* The trip from Cadiz or Palos to Galway was considered nothing, just as one would think of going from here to Liverpool.

The famous mayor of Galway, James Lynch Fitzstephen, who hanged his own son for the killing of young Gomez, whom he, the

* As late as 1575 the famous Grace O'Malley, of Carrig-a-Hooly Castle, had numerous galley and ships, as also the fighting O'Flaherty's, which traded with Spain.

mayor, in the course of his mercantile transactions with Spain, found it necessary to visit that country, when at Cadiz invited the son of a wealthy merchant named Gomez to accompany him to Galway, which he did in 1493.* This Gomez family lives at present in Cadiz. Young Irish gentle women and young men studied in Spain in those days. It was the first land in scholarship, arms, and wealth, notwithstanding that it was about closing the war against the Moors, which lasted for eight hundred years, from the rocks of Covadonga to the hills of Grenada.

Indeed, it was on account of young Gomez being too graciously received by Lynch's sweetheart, who spoke Castilian fluently, as did all the upper classes in Galway, that he became blindly jealous of him, and stabbed him to the heart, near the quay.

Such an intercourse of trade brought Irish sailors to all the Spanish ports; hence, it is not a matter of surprise to find that one of them, named *Guillermo Ires*, shipped under the flag of the great navigator because he, perhaps, was "dead broke" after a long spree in the most charming climate of the world. Were an enterprising master to advertise for sailors to-morrow along South street to go in search of the island of Atlantis, he, doubtless, would find men from all lands who would take the chances of wreck and labor, hunger and thirst, as did the crews of the *Santa Maria*, *Pinta*, and *Nina*.

Looked at as I present it, there was nothing wonderful in an Irishman being one of the crew of the *Pinta*, no more than that the late Dr. Kane had natives of the same Island, when he went to seek the northwest passage and fame.†

PALOS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY.

As a learned New-England writer once remarked, "Most American school-boys and school-girls know that Columbus sailed from Palos in Spain to discover America; some of them know that he sailed on the 3d of August, 1492," and landed at San Salvador Oct. 14, the same year; but few American men or women could tell where Palos stood in the last decade of the fifteenth century. Where once the seaport of Palos was, and upon whose dark-green waters caravels, sloops and smacks, luggers and hookers, danced around their anchors as the huge waves from the south and south-west came thundering from the belly of the Atlantic, or the furious levante with its hot breath and clouds of sands, there is not a vestige of its maritime days. Over a mile from the ocean's edge there is a flat, partly under water and studded with lunes of sand and silt, which has been gradually hurled into the port of Palos from the river Tinto which divides the province from that of the province of Huelva.

Our first visit to Palos was by sea to Huelva. We could only see the flat where once swift-sailing craft rode. We, however, examined the

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* *Vide* Burke's "*Connaught Circuit.*" Dublin: Hodges & Figgis & Co.

† Father Tornitori never saw Patritius Maguiras as one of the crew of any ship with Columbus. The names of the crew, as of all nations, is in Spanish. Latin, in the fifteenth century, was not as well known, even by priests, as it should be. Who is Father J. B. Tornitori anyway? *Vide* DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for October, page 346.

mines on the banks of the Tinto, which have always been far famed. Palos was the port and off the little island of Saltes, where Columbus' vessels lay, we halted and silently looked far to the eastward, but nothing remains of Palos but a dilapidated village, a few old houses, yet from the courage and enterprise of that place the discovery of America became possible.

The river Tinto takes its name from the color which it brings from the copper and iron mines above which are the very mines worked by the Phœnician navigators, and from which King Solomon drew in his navy: "Once in three years came the navy of Tharsis, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks." I. Kings x. 22.

"Silver spread into plates is brought from Tharsis and gold from Ophaz: the work of the workman and the hands of the founder; blue and purple is their clothing; they are all the work of cunning men." Jer. x. 9.

Vide also I. Mac. viii. 3: "And how great things they (Romans) had done in the land of Spain, and that they had brought under their power the mines of gold and silver that are there." The galleries with the steps or *banquettes* upon which the Romans trod and worked are as visible to-day as when Ovid, Siculus, Justin, and Pliny wrote of the mining wealth of Spain.

Palos being at the entrance of the river, on the left or south bank, was, of course a place of importance; but the deposits of the river and the great storms of the north and west choked its road stead; anchorage became hazardous; the galleons from America, with their precious cargoes, would not stop at the thrifty port from which Columbus took his departure; it was good enough to export Manzanilla wine, the copper and manganese of the mines, but the royal ships must not touch there; they should go to "Cadiz o'er the dark blue sea" or crawl, snail-like, up the tortuous Guadalquiver to Seville.

The neglect of Palos is not unlike that of the immortal man who "gave to Castile and Leon a new world." The little town, with its magnificent convent and well-filled port in the fifteenth century, became the object of the jealousy of Cadiz and Seville. Her name, however, had gone to the stars; but the wealth of *las indias occidentales*, as America was called in those days, was turned away from her. The larger royal vessels could not enter the Guadalquiver; they went to Cadiz and from her bay the barrels of silver and gold were transported to the mainland, and from there inland by the banks of the Guadalete, to the Torre del Oro on the Guadalquiver. The treasure here deposited often exceeded eight million ducats which the kings of Spain never scrupled to take to pay their expensive wars, and seldom or never reimbursed. Charles V. and Philip II. were conspicuous in thus acting; the tower, however, is no longer a receptacle for gold or silver; it is the office of the captain of the port, and the Guadalquiver Steamship Company have their offices there also. Seville is tottering.

The fall of Palos, under the action of the sea, silt, and wind, has been the fortune of Huelva, which is situate about four miles up the river Tinto, upon the north or right bank. The successor to Palos, or

rather its rival, is improving slowly but steadily. Steamers leave it for England and Cadiz every week. An English company, in the absence of Spanish enterprise, have been for the past thirty years developing the mines, and have built a good system of railroads which unite Huelva with its mining establishments. The company has built a single track line, also, to Seville, about seventy miles long.

Twenty-five years ago the official returns of metric quintals (quintal, 10½ pounds) of copper produced from the mines near Huelva were 1,460,034; the manganese exported was 288,628; or in pounds, copper, 15,330,357; manganese, 3,031,294. Five years ago, the export of copper alone was 21,462,051 pounds; manganese, 7,239,263 pounds. Add to this the numerous cargoes of cupreous pyrites, used by alkali-makers for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, sent to England from the banks of the Tinto.

A few years ago a party of Americans were sitting under the orange-trees in the Plaza Neuva, Seville, one fine morning in April, smoking after breakfast, which they had just finished in the hotel in front of them. They had seen Spain from Irun to Seville; they were jam full of venerable cathedrals, and all could talk Murillo, Zurburan, Valdés, Velasquez, Ribera, and Pacheco. Granada was to be their next place of rest. Suddenly, one of the party, with a sprig of orange-blossom between his fingers, asked, "Did any one of the company know where Columbus started from on his first visit to America?" Silence fell upon the whole company as if by concert. Some one said, "Palos!" others said, "Palos?" some more, "Where is Palos?" A brief description of the site was given; the ladies were invited to accompany the gentlemen; but as only one of the party could give an idea of where it was and how to get there, they preferred to enjoy the odors of the orange-blossoms and the sunshine of April.

We started with "rations" for two days, although we were assured of a good table at Huelva. We crossed the Guadalquiver and entered a series of orange-groves, dashed past *olivares* (olive-groves) and *vinas* (vineyards) putting forth their fresh, green leaves, and glorious valleys full of the grandest of Nature's gifts, and peopled with the most industrious of farmers.

We made the acquaintance of a couple of Spaniards and an employé — a Scotchman — of the mining company. One of the old Spaniards seemed to take the situation in thoroughly, and, as if to surprise us, kept his eye on the carriage-window as we passed Manzanilla and were close to Almonte. The sun far out and over the Atlantic was low in the horizon, but its bright rays were streaming through the windows of the carriage. Suddenly our Spanish acquaintance, as we passed mound after mound of sand, and the train entered upon a full view of the wide estuary of the Tinto as it unites with the Atlantic, raised his hand and pointed across the marshes, and said "Palo!" All rushed, of our company, to see Palos; but the most enthusiastic became suddenly silent and gazed across the desolate-looking marshes where once stood dock-yards in which the thud of the caulker's mallet and the song of the caulker were heard from Monday morning to

Saturday night, and warehouses full of the products of northern and southern Europe and Asia.

From 1492 to 188– was a long time to think over, yet we could fancy Martin Pinzon, the public-spirited merchant of Palos, with Columbus at work upon the equipment of their three little ships. And we thought of the good friar Marchena who was so dismayed when Columbus came to tell him that as Spain had given him,— Columbus,— up, he should give Spain up, and see if the King of France would not fit out the expedition. We kindly remembered, too, Doctor Garcia Fernandez who had been interested when Columbus was here before.*

From the window of a railway car we looked across the desolate marshes to the forsaken village, where only a few white houses remain of a once busy, prosperous town. Columbus was dead over three hundred years before the discovery of the power of steam; at the close of the fourth century, almost from the day he stepped upon American soil, a group of young men from the America he discovered, stand silently and look sadly over the cheerless waste, the long sweep of sand and water, water and marsh, where once the sea tossed bark and brigantine, schooner and smack, hooker and caravel, to and fro, as its silvery curls broke upon their stout sides as they stood up before the busy town of Palos four hundred years ago.

We found matters very comfortable at Huelva in the new hotel, and to our surprise all the furniture was of American manufacture.

We were up early the next morning, and were pleasantly greeted by the singing of a dozen birds in a lofty orange-tree in front of the windows where our party were domiciled to embark on our visit to the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, and, by all means, the ruins of Palos. A fine, half-decked boat, such as one might find around Cape Cod for a like purpose, with a skipper not unlike his congener at Gloucester, but with the lateen-sail which is characteristic of southern Europe, was ready for our excursion. The boatmen took off their caps and stowed them away. They drew from their pockets cheap parti-colored silk kerchiefs and bound them around their heads. We inquired why they did so. The helmsman replied that there was danger of the cap going overboard; the *pañuelo* — the kerchief — never does, no matter how it blows. We passed numerous fishing boats, made for use, not ornament, which breast the billows from Tarifa to Cape St. Vincent to supply the Seville and Cadiz markets with their supply of delicious fish.

A charming run of an hour and a quarter brought us to the headland on which the convent of Santa Maria de Rabida stands in silence and simplicity, scarcely changed from the aspect it bore in the day when Columbus "asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child." Up the steep ascent, from the landing, we pushed our way, and soon gained the high bluff on which the convent stands, the palm-tree and the pine-tree growing together, as if in token of the dream † of the great discoverer who was to unite the continents.

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* Henry VII. of England, like his majesty of France, also declined to have anything to do with the enterprise.

† *Vide* Lord Houghton's Works.

"The palm-tree dreameth of the pine,
The pine-tree of the palm."

In this convent Columbus lodged while the expedition was being fitted out. Palos quite near. Hither the Pinzons, Doctor Fernandez, met the good friar, Marchena, Columbus' steady, faithful friend.

The convent is a large building of Moorish lines and aspect, built around several *patios* — courtyards or gardens. Columbus' room, as a fine chamber up stairs is called, has a large table in the middle, on which is Columbus' ink-stand. All around the room there hang pictures; some of him, one of Isabella the Catholic, one of Friar Marchena.

The old chapel of the convent is below. Religious services could be renewed there at any time, but there is no service, no religious, because the convent is one of those suppressed some years ago; but thanks to the Duke of Montpensier the building remains and the nation has the decency, at least, to maintain the place as it does the Alhambra at Granada and the Alcazar at Seville. The custodian is a typical Andaluz, and is surrounded by his wife, son, and daughter, and their children.

After visiting *La Rabida*, our party descended to our boat, and directed the skipper to take us to the nearest landing, whence we could go into the very heart of Palos, or what was left of it. The sunburnt mariner smiled, and pointed out to us the impossibility of doing anything of the kind, because there is no landing-place, not enough for a fishing-boat of five tons.

Here we were on the way to visit immortal Palos and couldn't get to it. But we were determined that it should be done.

"Very well, Señores," responded the skipper; "but we must come to an anchor, and each man must be carried ashore to the edge of the marsh, and for three-quarters of a mile over the flat, under water and sand lunes, formed where gallant craft rode of all nations."

To get there, that is, into the centre of the town, might be accomplished with some difficulty; but to get back — there was the rub.

"Facilis est descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum; hic labor; hoc opus est," was the cynical remark of the laziest of the visitors and the most hilarious of the crowd. A juvenile cried out: "I don't care. I'll go and plant my feet upon the shore from which Columbus stepped aboard his yawl to carry him aboard the *Santa Maria*."

By a little by-play on the part of the skipper, who, although his English was limited, evidently understood the gist of the conversation, the enthusiast was satisfied to leap upon the bar of Saltes, the little island in front of Palos and Huelva, where Columbus' vessels lay, and from which he sailed, at eight o'clock, on the morning of Friday, Aug. 3, 1492.

Of course, including the sluggard, who kept close and cosey in the stern sheets, and in convenient proximity to the hamper of exquisite Manzanilla and Valdepeñas wines, and fragrant segars, *los puros de Habana*, we collected some memorials of a place so interesting, the last of Europe that the immortal navigator saw, as he sped onward to the far West, and to the highest niche in the temple of Fame.

To the island, a narrow bar high enough to break the force of Neptune's horses when they come in crowded phalanx from the south and south-west, the town of Huelva is indebted. Without her admirable harbor, like Palos, she would be, perhaps, a waste of sand and water, and occidental travellers might be looking at her as they did at Palos that *was;* but not with the same feelings, the same reverence. Palos is cherished throughout North America. Hundreds of towns are known as Palo or Palos; but it is enough when the stout-hearted sailor is remembered by sixty-six millions of people, who revere and cherish his memory, and shall not let wholly die the town upon the Atlantic where he gathered his crew, among whom was "the man from Galway," Guillermo Ires.

Of course Cadiz is the Tarish or Tharshish of the Bible, but there are no mines within miles of it. It is, as you are aware, at the extremity of a long peninsula, and is joined to the continent on the south by a very narrow strip of land.

The distance from this beautiful city is not more than a few hours' sail to the Guadalquiver or Tinto. Hence, while the precious metals came to the vessels anchored off Palos, the fleet, the navy, took its departure for Solomon's dominions and imperial Roman from Cadiz, which lies between the seat of treasure and the Mediterranean Sea, and "rises," as Byron says, "over the dark blue sea."

R. F. FARRELL.

NEW YORK, September, 1889.

What Next?

ST. PAUL'S Protestant Episcopalian Cathedral, in London, was erected as a protest against Catholicity. It has no "Lady's Chapel," and no statue to the honor of the Holy Mother of God. Had Sir Christopher Wren, its builder, dared to place such a thing in it, a storm of rage on the part of Protestants would have swept him from his office as chief architect, and demolished the structure. But now the Protestant Episcopalian authorities, who have charge of St. Paul's Cathedral have actually erected a rood screen and a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Their action, as was to be expected, has elicited a storm of indignant denunciation from the Protestants of England. But to that the authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral pay no attention, and the strange spectacle is presented of two of the most significant emblems of the Catholic religion being introduced into a cathedral which was erected as a protest against that religion.

Typhoid.

DR. EDSON sums up the etiology of typhoid fever in the following words: First, typhoid fever never infects the atmosphere; second, it never arises *de novo;* and third, the causes of the disease, in the order of their frequency, are as follows: First, infected water; second, infected milk; third, infected ice; fourth, digital infections; fifth, infected meat.

A Beautiful Incident.

THE following incident, portraying our Blessed Mother's special protection, occurred not long since on the Mississippi river: A young man remembering his pious mother's teachings, and persevering in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, keeps her statue in the room in which he sleeps when at home. Acting as pilot on a boat, he found himself one night compelled, although nearly exhausted with fatigue and want of sleep, to take the second watch. Standing with his hands on the wheel, sleep overpowered him — he lost consciousness. A touch on the shoulder aroused him; an arm extending before him, holding apparently the same statue he had left in his room. Fully aroused he looked around. Aghast, he perceived the river bank immediately ahead, the boat under full steam rushing to certain destruction. Merely time to sound the signal bell — notice to the engineer to stop the motion of the boat — a few minutes later it backed into the middle of the river, saving many lives from a sudden and appalling death.

The Late Father Damien.

A LIFE of the leper priest has appeared in England from the pen of Edward Clifford, who introduced into his book, in the most wanton and unjustifiable manner, a number of offensive references to the Catholic religion. Mr. Clifford must have peculiar notions of good taste. He writes a life of a great Christian hero; and he deems it becoming to obtrude upon the reader his personal objections to, and his great distaste for, that martyr-missionary's religion. The Weekly Register having taken him to task for his breach of good manners, he replies to it, not by expressing regret that he has borne false witness against his neighbor, but by an irrelevant platitude about "honest criticism." Mr. Clifford's style of writing is not "criticism," nor, if it were, was a life of Father Damien the right place for it. But now, however, that the excellent life of Father Damien, edited by his brother, is in the reach of the public, Mr. Clifford's book, like his amateur theology, may be forgotten. The Catholic Weekly Review, of Toronto, says of the genuine article: "We welcome this authentic life of the great Christian hero who is known as the Apostle of the Lepers. Of Father Damien much of late has been spoken and much written. His devotedness has been everywhere made known, and his labors in the glorious cause of Christian charity have excited world-wide admiration. Of what manner of man Father Damien was, of what was his work, we may learn in these simple letters which were most of them addressed to his mother and brothers. Nothing more than the publication of these letters could be desired by those who hold in reverence the martyr-missionary. It is proper that Father Damien's life should be made known to the public free from the bespatterings of praise at the hands of any biographer, and free also, let us add, from the impertinences, and gratuities of religious opinion, which one such patronizing biographer, Mr. Edward Clifford, has introduced into his narrative.

The Green Braes of Tyrone.

A STORY OF HALLOWEEN.

I.

AROUND an Irish turf-fire met,
Once on a time, in green Tyrone,
Pat, Maurice, Mary, Mave, and Bet,
Whose cheeks were like the roses blown.
All, all were young and fair, but yet
Mave was pronounced their beauty queen,
And never met a merrier set
Upon an Irish Halloween.

II.

Maurice and Mave from childhood's hour
Seemed like two buds upon one stem;
They dwelt together, and love's power
Had conquered and o'ermastered them.
Bright in each breast the feeling burned,
With love's first fond and honeyed bliss,
And never for a moment turned
To seek for fairer shrine than this.

III.

Close where the Finn's bright waters flow,
They promised on this night to meet
Where Croghan and dark Knock-a-voe
Rise o'er the waters tall and steep;
Where Granny Blake, an ancient dame,
Versed in each fay and fairy spell,
The fortune of each maid could name,
The fate of every youth foretell.

IV.

Among the throng was one who gazed
With rapture on Mave Darrah's face;
Her eyes with sparkling beauty blazed,
Her every move was queenly grace.
While mirth and laughter's rippling sound
At every trick was heard to roll,
He looked with dark and threatening frown,
With angry passion in his soul.

V.

He loved sweet Mave, but in her heart
She spurned the youth from Saxon-land;
Not hers to act the coquette's part,
She scorned alike his heart and hand.
What cared she for his frown or smile,
His lordly lands and Saxon pride?
She felt no fear or danger while
Brave Maurice Oge was by her side.

VI.

The hours sped on in fun and mirth,
The autumn night was wearing fast,
The fire burned low upon the hearth,
Without was heard the moaning blast.
Then Granny Blake, with tottering feet,
Stood up amidst the merry throng,
And with a voice low, weird, and weak,
She silenced every jest and song.

VII.

"There is a spot by Mourne clear,
Where aye the grass is growing green,
Where fays and fairy elves appear
On every seventh Halloween.
This is the night, and if the maid,
Clasped by her lover's hand, will go
And sit beneath the yew-tree's shade,
Both shall their fate and fortune know.

VIII.

"The fairies, at the midnight hour,
Will dance around the ancient yew,
And give, with generous hand, a dower
To those whose hearts are leal and true.
Who dares the test? They meet to-night
From every glen and mound and brake;
The heart is cold, the love is light,
That dares not for the loved one's sake!"

IX.

No answer fell on Granny's ear,
But all a trembling terror felt,
For who would dare to venture near
The Green Braes where the fairies dwelt?
The lone, enchanted, fairy-hold,
Where flower and fern bloomed ever green,
Ah! who would dare to be so bold
To tread its turf on Halloween?

X.

Mave's cheek grew pale, her heart beat fast,
And love lit up her beaming eye,
Nor dread nor fear her heart o'ercast,
Her trust was strong, her hope was high.
Then clasping in her hand his own,
"Maurice," she said, "I'll go with you;
Fear not the Green Braes of Tyrone,
Nor fairy spells, — our hearts are true!"

XI.

"I'll go with you," young Maurice cried,
"My heart is constant as your own;
I'll go with you whate'er betide,
Down to the Green Braes of Tyrone!"

One moment more and off they sped,
With beating hearts by Mourne's strand,
By love's bright lode-star fondly led,
To the enchanted, fairy land.

I.

The moon shone bright on Mourne's side,
The Finn's clear waters softly ran
To mingle with the Foyla's tide,
That woos the shores of fair Strabane.
Beneath the moonbeams mellow light
The green Braes in their beauty shone,
A scene as fair, as calm, as bright,
As ever mortal gazed upon!

II.

Under the yew-tree's spreading shade
Young Maurice and his love reclined,
Soft was the sound the rivers made,
Borne sweetly on the passing wind.
They spoke not, but with eyes of love,
Gazed on each other's glowing cheek, —
Eyes brighter than the stars above,
That told more than the tongue could speak.

III.

Sudden, upon the swelling breeze
Borne through the air on lightsome wing,
And wafted o'er the spreading trees,
The midnight chimes began to ring;
And as their tones fell on the ear,
Up from the ground soft music stole,
That banished every passing fear,
Entranced the heart and charmed the soul.

IV.

Sweet were the strains, and soft and low,
With measured pace the numbers run,
In music's gentlest, tenderest flow,
As sung by heaven's cherubim!
Then ope'd the ground, and from its breast
A myriad host of elves appears,
In shining green, and scarlet drest,
With harp and pipe, and tiny spears.

V.

They danced around the old yew-tree,
While louder still the pipes were blown,
Oh! never was such minstrelsy
Ere heard before in green Tyrone!
With merry gesture and grimace
Waved on their spears their caps of green,
The fun that lit each elfin face
Showed 'twas the fairies' Halloween.

VI.

They sang of love, and with the lay
Commingled was the harp's sweet breath.
That naught the witching pangs could stay,
And naught could part true love but death.
Fair Mave and Maurice sat alone,
Hand clasped in hand beneath the tree,
Entranced by music's magic tone,
That filled their hearts with ecstacy!

VII.

When sudden on the midnight sky,
As softly sighed the breezes bland,
There rose a wild, despairing cry,
That echoed over Mourne's strand.
Gone were the fairies drest in green,
Gone were the spears they deftly bore,
While in the yew-tree's shade was seen
Young Maurice writhing in his gore!

VIII.

Above him stood, with dripping blade,
His Saxon rival and his foe:
On her love's breast the tender maid
Poured on the winds her tale of woe!
One look the frowning Saxon gave,
Then turned him to the woods and fled,
While Mave, beside the Mourne's wave,
A maniac wept above the dead!

IX.

Next morn the fishers on the strand
Beheld with horror and amaze,
He who had come from Saxon-land
A mangled corpse before their gaze!
Dark vengeance followed on his way,
Swift was the hand that laid him low,
But who the foeman none could say,
And none could tell who dealt the blow.

X.

Bright are the skies in green Tyrone,
The Finn and Foyle still sweetly glide —
Fair are the flowers in summer blown,
That fringe the river's sparkling tide —
But by the Mourne's sunny shore,
Though skies are bright, and woods are green,
Upon the haunted braes no more
The fairies hold their Halloween!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

The Bruno Celebration.

CARDINAL NEWMAN,

At the Oratory, Birmingham, recently referred to the Papal Allocution in reference to the Giordano Bruno celebration, and, in excusing himself from reading the document, on the score of personal infirmity, said: Since last Sunday I have had the opportunity of reading the authoritative document which the Holy Father has sent us from Rome, and I have been inexpressibly shocked to be informed of the infidel declarations brought to my notice in them, as preached in the Holy City. As I have not the vigor and the force to bring them before the minds of my people, I am obliged to rely on what is left to me still as a means of expressing my horror at what I read. Sympathize with me, then, my dear children, if my words require to be patiently listened to by the hearers, and pray God to make up for me in your hearts in these grave interests of the church what is wanting in my words on this occasion. I leave the awful, but necessary, task of bringing these accounts in their detail before my hearers. I cannot be wrong in thus feeling, since I have learned that the enemy of mankind, the lawless one, has been made an object of worship in the Holy City, agreeing with the very words of Scripture, as used by St. Paul, Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, chap. 2. May God keep us from what seems before us.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

Pastoral Letter calling attention to the allocution of Pope Leo, on the unveiling recently of a monument in Rome to the memory of Bruno, says: "A mingled feeling of righteous wrath and deep sympathy was bred in every Catholic heart when the news came that in Rome impious men dared to unveil the statue of an apostate monk to the admiration and veneration of the thousands assembled, dragging the memory of a wild theorizer, and shameless writer and denier of the divinity of Christ, from the obscurity of a grave that had for three centuries been closed upon its disgrace. These men, backed by mere brute force, have set upon a pedestal in the Holy City a statue of the infamous Bruno. Such a proceeding is a flagrant outrage upon the Catholic and Christian world. It is a deliberate and well-aimed blow at all that is sound and wholesome in religion and morals. Its animus is clear from the selection of time and place, and the unchristian and defiant language employed in the unveiling of the statue of a man, whose whole life breathed cowardice, pride, and defiance of lawfully constituted authority. In their frantic efforts after miscalled freedom they have spurned the truth, which alone could make them free. Theirs is not the action of decent, honorable, but misguided men, calmly and with due regard to the feelings of others promulgating a new belief. Their attempt is not so much to honor Bruno as to insult and vilify the Vicar of Christ and his berated children throughout Christendom. They have chosen as the committee to further the

movement the champions of atheism, the would-be destroyers of the very foundations of Christianity. It is proper that the Christian world, and, especially this portion where the term 'religious freedom' is understood in Christian sense, should brand with their indignant scorn, action such as this. We are not yet ready for processions in which the red and the black flags of prohibitionists and anarchists are defiantly flaunting."

ARCHBISHOP RYAN

says in his Pastoral: "We do not believe that in his heart the King of Italy sympathizes with the demonstration, because the spirit of the men who bowed their heads in veneration of Bruno is really as anti-royal as it is anti-Papal; but the king is powerless on such occasions, and, it may be asked, if powerless to defend the royal dignity, how could he defend the so-called guarantees offered by his predecessor to preserve the personal and official liberty of the Roman Pontiff? We cannot help thinking that it does not become a mighty organization of over two hundred million people to look on quietly, to behold their supreme pastor on earth insulted in his capital, and restrained in the exercise of his most important functions, and say or do nothing. It is not a question of mere temporal power, but of spiritual independence of another's temporal power. The incident which the Pope feels so sensitively may be repeated in some other form at any time. The laws which condemn all who defend his civil rights are penal, persecuting laws, enacted against the Pontiff himself. The tendency is to greater persecution, because satanic hatred of religion itself is at the bottom of all. This will not express itself in a Garibaldian shout for liberty and union, but in a quiet, systematic, apparently constitutional mode of warfare. Now, if the Pope has the spiritual power to rule the church of God, he should have by implication everything essential to the exercise of that spiritual power. If some amount of temporal power and independence of earthly dominion be essential to this freedom, and many good non-Catholic statesmen have so thought and said, then some such independent position ought to be possessed by the Pontiff. He represents too much indirect temporal influence to be subject to any king. The first Napoleon felt that he only needed the Pope as a subject to be complete and permanent master of Europe. The Pope's present position of neither ruler nor subject is one which cannot be gratifying to either himself or the King of Italy. . . . The subject is full of difficulty. The solution of the great past has been, that the Pope should be an independent ruler. It is evidently his own solution — not that he cares to be the temporal ruler of a petty kingdom for the sake of its little tinselled royalty, when, as Pope, he rules the Catholic world. We are sure that he would prefer the pleasures of the Vatican library to those of a royal court. In the ordinary course of human life he is nearing the portals of eternity; but he feels now more than ever, that it is due to his sublime office to lift his voice in defence of the liberty of the head of the church of Jesus Christ.

Insult to Catholics.

Soon after the accession of Pope Leo XIII. to the Papal crown, the remains of the late Pontiff, Pius IX., were removed from their temporary burial-place to a permanent interment. As the funeral cortege wended its way through the streets of Rome, an unruly mob hissed and jeered, even, in some instances, throwing stones and missiles at the very carriage containing the body of the late Pope. From that day to the present Pope Leo has never left the Vatican, figuring that if such treatment was served upon a dead pontiff, what had he to expect. For this reason Pope Leo is frequently referred to as the "Prisoner of the Vatican." Many things have happened since then to disturb the peace of the ruling pontiff, but, perhaps, no such direct insult has been heaped upon him as the erection, recently, in Rome, of a statue to Giordano Bruno. The Pope has written an encyclical condemning the action of the Italian government for this work, and encyclicals have been written by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and many other distinguished churchmen. It was because the Catholics in this country could not realize the true position of the Roman Church on this matter in Europe in general, and Rome in particular, that the last three encyclicals were written. As these have been printed in all the leading newspapers, it is unnecessary to refer to them at this time. Italy is a Catholic country, and the erection of a statue there to Bruno, who was an enemy of the Roman Church, although pretending to believe in its teachings, is as great a crime as it would be to erect a statue in Washington to Benedict Arnold.

How would the Catholics of Boston like to see a statue erected in that city to the bigots who destroyed the Ursuline Convent, on Mount Benedict, Charlestown? How would the Catholics of Maine like to see a statue erected to the bigots who so grossly abused Father Bapst? They would not like it, and when they consider these things, none of them so bad as the case of Bruno, can they wonder at the indignation of Pope Leo? The Catholic Church has been insulted in a mean and contemptible way, and like all enemies of the church, the vilifiers will yet live to regret, repent, and possibly destroy, their notorious work.

A new idea in Germany is the wholesale manufacture of mortar of the best quality, to be sold to small builders and private individuals. Some two million barrels were thus sold last year in Berlin. This obviates the necessity of making the mortar on the ground under unfavorable circumstances and at unnecessary expense. By this system — carried out with respect to other materials — a builder needs only an office, and can dispense with the cost of maintaining large yards at heavy rental for the storage of materials.

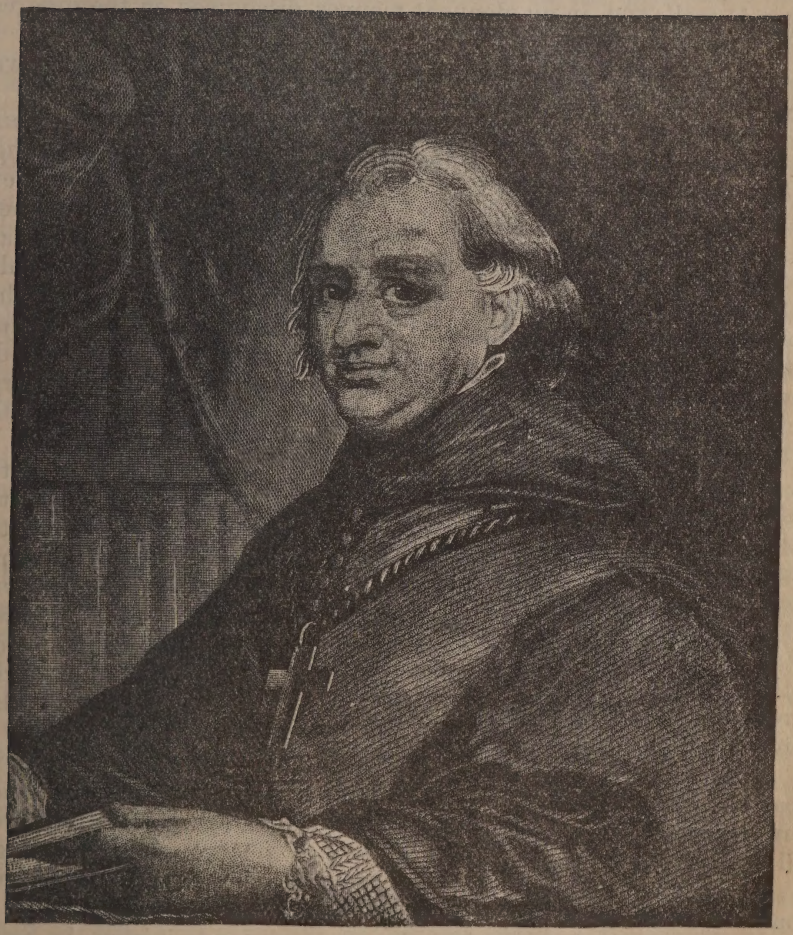
We must always distrust our own judgment; the more enlightened we think it, the blinder it is. — *St. Ignatius.*

The Hundredth Anniversary: Archbishop Carroll.

THE dedication and opening of the new Catholic University, near Washington, will occur on Wednesday, Nov. 13. All the Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, Canada, Ireland and Scotland and England will be invited, together with the heads of European and American educational institutions, the President of the United States, the members of his cabinet, congress, the judiciary, etc. Cardinal Gibbons will conduct the dedicatory ceremonies. That day will be a day of rejoicing for the Catholics of America, — a day forever linked with the Catholic history of the United States. The event will be hailed by the Catholic world with joy and acclamation. And well it may be. For never, in the world's history, was the hand of God more apparent than in this, — for it symbolizes the triumph of the Faith over ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, and fanaticism.

At the recent dedication of St. Peter's Catholic Church in Washington, Cardinal Gibbons delivered an address, which will probably set our Protestant contemporaries a-thinking. It is truthful in every particular, and will convey to our dissenting brethren an idea of how progressive the "benighted Catholics" are. In his address he said:

"About seventy years ago St. Peter's old church was dedicated to Almighty God by a modest congregation; but the new church will surpass the old one in grandeur and magnificence, and, indeed, the two placed in comparison will afford us a beautiful and significant type of the progress of the Catholic religion in the United States. On the 10th of next November we will celebrate, in the city of Baltimore, the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the hierarchy in the United States, and of the appointment of Bishop Carroll to be the first Bishop of the See of Baltimore. We cannot review the history of the last century, and of that great event which we are about to commemorate, without being filled with profound gratitude to Almighty God, who wrought such great things at the hands of his servants, and, at the same time, without a grave responsibility to walk in the footsteps of our fathers in the faith. When Bishop Carroll was consecrated, in 1790, the whole United States contained not quite four million inhabitants. The Catholic population was then estimated at about forty thousand souls, including a small, but heroic band, of missionary priests, chiefly, if not exclusively, belonging to the Society of Jesus. Churches there were none in those days, unless we are to designate by that title the modest houses of worship which were erected for the accommodation of the faithful. Hospitals there were none, absolutely none. There was but one seat of learning for the Catholic ministry throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and that was Georgetown College, just then founded. Thanks, brethren, to the overruling Providence, and to the blessings which God has thrown upon our country, and to the beneficence and inviting character of our civil and political institutions, the United States now contains a population of sixty-five million of inhabitants; and thanks, also, to the fructifying influence of the Holy Spirit, we can count, to-day, a Catholic population in the United States of nine million of inhabitants. We have eight thousand clergymen ministering to the faithful, ten thousand churches and chapels. We have six hundred and fifty colleges and academies, for the higher education of the youth of both sexes, and we have several hundred asylums and hospitals, for the moral, mental, and spiritual maintenance of the youth of both sexes, and for the alleviation of every phase of suffering man-



MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP CARROLL,

BORN, JANUARY 8, 1735. DIED, DECEMBER 3, 1815.

kind. I rejoice in the growth and progress of the Catholic religion, because I am convinced that the growth of the Catholic faith in this country will, more than any other means, promote the welfare and stability of our American institutions."

Incidentally in his address, the Archbishop mentioned the holding of the centenary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States. It will be held in Baltimore on Nov. 10. He eulogized Bishop Carroll, and, in an eloquent manner, discoursed on the progress of Catholicity in this country.

Let us take a retrospective glance, and see how that progress was made, and who was instrumental in its formation.

Previous to the Revolution, the Irish, driven from their own land by the fiendish penal laws of Anne and the first George, sought refuge in the "tobacco plantations," as the colonies of North America were then called. The Irish people were Catholics then, as their fathers had been for thirteen hundred years, and as the Irish are to-day. Fleeing from the brutal laws of England, they came, as best they could, to the colonies, bringing with them their faith. History attests that there were one hundred thousand Irish in this country at the time of the Revolution. They composed two-thirds of the army of Independence. The provinces of Munster and Connaught sent large quotas. From the former came the CARROLLS, who adhered to the faith, and whose names are so illustrious in American history.

When JOHN CARROLL was ordained a priest, there was not a Catholic church in the colonies. True, there were places where the faithful could worship, but none were worthy of being designated churches, as we have in our days. Protestantism overspread the land. The English held possession, and, under them, laws as cruel and vindictive were enacted here as they were in Ireland. A Catholic was banned, and was not allowed to worship his God according to his convictions or his conscience. The hate that had pursued them, with merciless malignity, in the old land, followed them to the new. They were banished, or hounded down to imprisonment or death.

Such was the deplorable state that existed when JOHN CARROLL became a priest. But he was no ordinary man. He knew that there were thousands of Catholics in the colonies, and, though far apart, were still true to their creed. These he wished to reach. Day and night he journeyed, sometimes on horse-back, sometimes on foot, scaling mountains, fording rivers, enduring hunger and fatigue, in order to succor the distressed, to comfort the weary, and administer the Sacraments to his scattered people. No man ever bore a greater responsibility than he. Had he wavered, had he faltered, had not his every energy been exercised in the discharge of his duty, we would not have to-day a centenary of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, nor the foundation laid for a Catholic university.

When he appeared upon the scene, Protestantism was rampant. The colonists, following the example of the ignorant arrogance of the English soldiery, looked with disdain and scorn on the Catholics. But JOHN CARROLL did not fear them. Sprung from a race that had

battled for centuries for faith and freedom, he had the courage, the virtue, and the perseverance to confront bigotry, battle with it, and vanquish it.

Humbly pursuing his way, visiting the poor, intent only on gaining souls to God, and establishing His Holy Church in the colonies, he went forward. No obstacles deterred him, no dangers daunted him, no difficulties appalled him, from walking in the path which he had laid out for himself to tread. Wherever he went a church sprung up as if by magic. His discourses, his sermons, his addresses, were listened to and admired, not only by Catholics, but by thousands of his dissenting brethren. So sweet and gracious, so captivating and sublime, were the eloquent words that flowed from the lips of this earnest worker in the vineyard of Christ, that men, who were infidels, approached him and begged to be taken into his fold. His goodness and his eloquence were recognized throughout the colonies. As the hardy settlers came to reclaim the unbroken wilderness, and drive the wolf and panther from their lairs, as the echo of their axes rang through the forest, or the fall and crash of the giant oak was heard, there also was heard from the lips of the woodsmen, words of praise for good priest CARROLL. In the humble cot and in the rich planter's palatial home it was the same. The priest was doing his duty.

The Revolution burst out. The fires of discontent, that, for a decade had been smouldering, suddenly burst into a flame. Men, whose avocations were peaceful, eagerly forsook the plough for the musket, and at Bunker's Hill, in Boston, showed the arrogant English that they were on the warpath that led to freedom and independence. The English aristocrats laughed at their pretensions, and their soldiery scoffed at their efforts. But a revolution had come, and for the first time in the history of the world MEN confronted their tyrants, and through fire and blood leaped from the darkness of slavery to the sunlight of freedom. From the first, priest CARROLL espoused the cause of the colonists. He rallied on the side of liberty. The Maryland Catholic soldiers who fell by the bayonets of the brutal Hessians, and the no less brutal English at Flatbush Pass, and where Prospect Park now stands, in Brooklyn, were parishioners of priest CARROLL. A stone, with an inscription, marks the spot where they fell, and their graves are kept green.

As the Revolution progressed, and England found out that she had to deal with men, not slaves, she began to realize the fact that she would have to seek aid from Canada. Lower Canada was then, as now, populated by French Catholics. Among them were twenty thousand or more men able to bear arms. On these England relied, because they were exasperated to frenzy by an anti-Catholic document issued by the bigoted Protestant colonists. To counteract the evil effects of this document, and to gain the Canadians to our side, priest CARROLL was asked by the Philadelphia congress to become a mediator and ambassador. The patriotic priest willingly consented. He was as patriotic as his cousin CHARLES, and, accompanied by BEN FRANKLIN, of Boston, and others, went to Canada. There he addressed the

Canadians in their native tongue, and earnestly endeavored to make them espouse the cause of Independence. But American Protestant bigotry had done its work, and the Canadians could not be persuaded to join with us. But if priest CARROLL did not succeed in making the Canadians our allies, he succeeded in making them remain neutral. After JOHN CARROLL left, England was unable to raise a brigade in Canada.

When, in 1790, he was made Bishop of Baltimore, his diocese embraced the United States. How faithfully he did his duty as priest and bishop, was detailed in a recent number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. When the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy occurs in Baltimore, Archbishop Gibbons, when speaking of Bishop Carroll's virtues, sufferings, struggles, and triumphs, should not forget his patriotism. It is not alone the Catholics of the United States that owe him a debt of gratitude, but every citizen of every class and creed. If ever an American was worthy of having a monument erected to his memory, that man is JOHN CARROLL. Strange that Maryland has not done it.

Brains in Business.

ONE great secret of success in business — the secret, in fact, of success on a large scale — is to conceive of it as a matter of principles, not merely as a series of transactions. There are great merchants as there are great statesmen, and there are small merchants as there are small politicians, and the difference between the great and the small men is very much the same in both professions. The small politician works by the day, and sees only the one small opportunity before him, the small merchant does the same thing — he is looking for the next dollar. The statesman, on the other hand, is master of the situation because he understands the general principles which control events; this knowledge enables him to deal with large questions and to shape the future. The great merchant does the same thing. His business is not a mere money-getting affair, not a mere matter of barter, but a science and an art. He studies the general laws of trade, watches the general conditions of the country, investigates present needs, foresees future wants, and adapts his business to the broad conditions of his time and place. He puts as much brains into his work as does the statesman, and he ends by being, not a money-getter, but a large-minded and capable man. An eminently successful business man, of the statesmanlike quality, said the other day that the more he understood of life, the more clearly he saw that it was all done on business principles. By which he meant, not only that the universe stands for the dollar, but that the universe is governed by unvarying laws, that promptness, exactness, thoroughness, and honesty are wrought into its very fibre. On these business principles all life is conducted — if not by men, at least by that Power which is behind man. It ought to be the ambition of every young man to treat his business from the point of view of the statesman, and not from that of the politician.

Should the Policy of the Indian Schools be Changed?

THERE are two kinds of schools to which the national government contributes among the Indians. There are two hundred and thirty schools in all, one hundred and fifty-nine of which are exclusively under the care of the government, seventy-one established and managed by various religious denominations. The former are designated as government schools, and are supported entirely by government; the latter are called contract schools, and are only partially supported by government. These schools are under the care of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Catholics. It has been announced to the world by Mr. Morgan and Dr. Dorchester, Indian commissioners, that they intend to recommend that government aid shall not hereafter be extended to contract, or denominational, schools; but that they shall be left to support themselves, and the government schools shall be conducted on the same principle as our secular public schools.

Now, the question very naturally arises, why have these Indian commissioners arrived at such a conclusion? They profess not to be governed by sectarian prejudices or partisan considerations. They are specially careful to insist that they are not influenced by anti-Catholic motives. What, then, we repeat, and it is certainly in order to ask, are the weighty considerations that influence them to recommend so important a change?

We believe they are both professing Christians. Dr. Dorchester, at least, is a Methodist minister, and a Doctor of Divinity. Why, then, should they be willing to sacrifice Christian schools for schools in which positive Christian instruction cannot be given? Do they believe that these poor, degraded savages can be civilized and moulded into good, orderly, moral citizens better without religious instruction than with? Those enlightened Christian commissioners ought to know, and, no doubt, do know and believe, that education without religion would be no greater boon to the Indians than it is to the Whites; that, in fact, religion is, and always has been, the most powerful and efficient factor in the elevation of heathen races everywhere.

Do they, then, believe that government unsectarian schools are more efficient and better conducted than the denominational schools? That can scarcely be, because the universal testimony is, that the denominational schools are superior to the government schools in every respect, and it stands to reason that they should be so; for we know that one of the greatest obstacles to the success of our government schools, both at home and among the Indians, has been political influence. It is impossible to keep politics out of our public schools so long as politicians, who notoriously are not always governed by a conscientious sense of duty, have the power of appointment to desirable places.

Of course, it cannot be jealousy of Catholics that influences these high-toned, Christian gentlemen, for they positively disclaim all such unworthy motives. It is true, indeed, that Catholics are now receiving a larger amount of public money than any other denomination; but that is not their fault, if, indeed, it be a fault. If Catholics have more zeal for the salvation of these poor heathens than other denominations, and have established more missions and more schools among them, it strikes us it ought to be to their credit. The way is open to other denominations, the field is clear, and they have every advantage. By multiplying their missions and schools they may, if they please, far outstrip the Catholics, and secure a much larger amount of public money than they. Mr. Morgan is a Baptist, and Dr. Dorchester is a Methodist. If they have faith in their respective churches why should they not wish to multiply their missions and their schools among the Indians? Have not their missions been successful? Are they not accomplishing all that these gentlemen could desire? If not, surely that is no reason for abolishing denominational schools. The obviously wise course to pursue in such a case is to make them more efficient.

Perhaps there is some defect in the system of our Protestant friends. We remember that Senator Vest, of Missouri, a Presbyterian, declared in the Senate of the United States, a few years ago, that "the system adopted by the Jesuits is the only practical system for the education of the Indians, and the only one that has resulted in anything at all." And he declared: "Out of eleven tribes that I saw — and I say this as a Protestant — where they had had Protestant missionaries, they had not made a single, solitary advance in civilization, not one; and yet among the Flatheads, where there are two Jesuit missions, you find farms, you find civilization, you find the relations of husband and wife, and of father and child, scrupulously observed. I say that one ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory, and this I saw and know."

Such a contrast as this might fill certain narrow, partisan minds with a mean and unworthy jealousy which would prompt them to rather sacrifice their own schools than see the Catholic missions so flourishing. It is just barely possible, however, that this move may have been prompted by a powerful outside pressure of the anti-Catholic element, which has determined to take advantage of a supposed thoroughly Protestant administration to overthrow the Catholic missions, with the hope of being able to continue the Protestant propaganda in the government schools. We sincerely hope that this new scheme will not succeed. We are encouraged in this hope by the fact that some of our daily secular papers do not approve of it. In this connection we are pleased to notice that our esteemed neighbors, the Herald and the Journal, both, notwithstanding their general predilection in favor of the secular public schools for the Whites, deprecate the introduction of the principle among the Indians, and the withdrawal of government support from the denominational schools. In reference to the government schools the Herald says: "They have been controlled by politics;

they are always liable to be controlled by politics; we are, perhaps, paying an undeserved compliment in assuming that they are not controlled by politics now. Certainly, there is nothing in the record of the present administration in other respects to lead one to infer that it would be more scrupulous on this point than have been its predecessors." In reference to the contract schools it says: "They ought to be sustained and aided by the government, because they are the best schools. . . . Commissioner Morgan's effort will only work mischief. It will injure the efficiency of an enterprise which well deserves aiding by the national government." The Journal says in reference to the institutions which are established and maintained by denominational bodies: "Practically, the system has resulted in the establishment of schools which in thoroughness, efficiency, and good results, are, without question, superior to those managed by the government. The tenure of the teachers is more secure, the motive which prompts their work is, as a rule, of a higher type, and there is no chance of interference by reason of the mutations and caprices of politics." In regard to the objection that government is paying money to religious bodies it says: "So long as all denominations choosing to undertake this work are treated fairly, this objection is not a strong one."

This is, certainly, the sensible and fair view of the case, and we sincerely trust it may so generally prevail that the government will be dissuaded from adopting the recommendation of the commissioners.

John L. Sullivan, M. C.

THERE is no longer any doubt that our esteemed contemporary, Professor Sullivan, of Boston, is in the field for political honors. The man who tried to cast doubt on the rumor, learned that the Professor was looking for him, and the doubter immediately took the first train for Lay Low, Texas.

That Mr. Sullivan will succeed in his ambition is beyond question. He is a very persuasive man. Though not strictly a great orator, he has a convincing way with him, and when he requests the citizens of the Beacon Street district to elect him to Congress, he will get an election on a gold platter. It is marvellous how those Beacon Streeters cling to life!

When John L. takes his seat, he will be received with a courtesy such as will remind Massachusetts of the honors paid to her Webster, her Andrew, and her Sumner. As he himself modestly remarks, "there will be no trouble about getting a hearing."

Should Mr. Sullivan forego the Speakership during his first term, he would be a giant in debate and would, undoubtedly, make a marked impression on his opponents. The small space of the floor not occupied by his feet would be at his disposal at any and all times, and the fire-eaters of South Carolina would find the atmosphere of the back seats particularly salubrious. Once again the standard of Massachusetts would wave triumphantly over the Palmetto. That is why J. Lawrence is the favorite son of the Old Bay State!

Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

Balfour's Intended Irish Catholic University.

THAT there is room for much difference of opinion in regard to this whole matter there can be little doubt. Where there is reasonable and legitimate ground for difference of opinion, heated argument upon one side or the other is entirely out of place, and writers and speakers approaching this question should beware lest prejudice on the subject of the discussion should warp their judgment in regard to the position taken up by their adversaries. We address these words not less to those who approve of the settlement of the University question by the Imperial Parliament than to the Radicals and Mr. Davitt and those who think with him. We recognize, and, of course, respect, the right of the Radical party to differ from us on the subject of denominational education. Every tenet of their political creed forbids them to support any system of denominational endowment. The Radicals of England are aware that with the advent of Home Rule, an Irish Parliament would at once reform the educational system now in vogue in Ireland, and that the changes which would be affected, would, in the main, be based upon the principle of denominationalism. This is inevitable. A desire for denominational education is part of the inheritance of the Irish race as a Catholic nation. To give to the Irish people the right to govern themselves is to necessarily imply a right to govern ourselves upon the principles which seem to us to adapt themselves most conveniently to our own peculiar circumstances. It is one thing, however, to ask the Radical party to give us the power to adopt denominationalism in our own Parliament, upon our own initiative, and upon our own responsibility. It is quite another to invite them to endorse the principle of denominationalism in the Imperial Parliament. We are willing to concede the justice of their position. We recognize it — nay, more, we respect it. And here we would like to point out that, so far as we are able to gather, all that the Irish party have so far pledged themselves to is the principle of denominationalism. Surely that has never been a secret. Surely there is nothing new, nothing in any way to be alarmed at, in their reiterated attachment to this principle. Experience upholds Mr. Davitt in the view that the British Parliament is utterly incapable of adequately dealing with a question of this kind where Ireland is concerned. The bill has yet to be brought forward. Let us wait. Mr. Balfour has, so far, merely announced his belief that denominational education is necessary in the case of Ireland. Of course we approve of, and welcome, his conversion in this matter; but it still remains for him to put this intangible promise into tangible shape, and, having given it a practical form, to pass it safely through the British House of Commons. With Mr. Parnell, we wish him well in his attempt. But let there be no mistake about this matter. The Pall Mall Gazette has been talking, perhaps, a little wildly and unreasonably, of "a Tory-cum-Parnellite wedge," and mysterious whisperings have been going the round of the press, hinting darkly at possible intrigues and plots between the Tory party and the Irish Nationalists. The Liberals of Great Britain may rest assured that there is an end of

overtures to the Tories. Broken promises and deluded hopes — these have been the fruits of every Tory and Irish alliance. Under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal party and the Radicals of England have made the first genuine sacrifice ever made by an English party in behalf of Ireland and the Irish cause. Every tie of gratitude, of mutual good-will, and mutual interest, binds us irrevocably to the Liberal party, so long as they remain firm upon the principle of Home Rule. The alliance between the two parties should be based upon mutual confidence — confidence in the purity of motive which actuates both. The Irish party have gone to Westminster primarily to wrest from an unwilling Parliament the right of Irish autonomy. Every other interest is subordinate to the interest of Home Rule. Whatever may be the action which will hereafter be taken by the Irish party upon the University question, the introduction of a bill for the establishment of any system of Catholic endowment will not prolong, for one single month, the existence of this miserable government. Our people are being exterminated by the present system of government in Ireland; what remains of the industrial and material prosperity which gladdened our shores is fast disappearing; and all that is young and strong and vigorous, of our nationhood, is seeking under foreign climes the peace and happiness which are denied to our people in their own land. Is it likely that the representatives of the nation are going to put all this out of sight and sell their country, as Mr. Davitt puts it, for the sake of a mess of University pottage? No! A thousand times, no! What! accept the friendship of a government which offers us with one hand a small solatium in the shape of a Catholic University, while with the other it throttles the life of a nation? The government, according to Mr. Chamberlain, are prepared, apparently, to bring in three big measures dealing with the land, with local government, and with university education. Let them do so. We shall laugh at their miserable attempts to divert the attention of the people, and to stem the tide of an awakened nationality. We may, or may not, support their measures according to the nature of their details. We do not believe that the present Parliment is capable of dealing with such matters to the satisfaction of the Irish people. We believe most of the work will have to be done over again. Mr. Chamberlain, the other day, declared that "by common consent" the University question is to be deferred until measures dealing with the land difficulty and local government have been passed into law. Is this an attempt on the part of Mr. Chamberlain, whose position in regard to university education is particularly delicate, to force the hand of the government? Or is it an authoritative statement of the intentions of the coalition government? If the latter, a University bill will, of course, never see the light of day in this Parliament. If the former, it portends an uneasiness in the heart of the Liberal Unionists which bodes no good to the government. But, whatever happens, the Liberal party may have full confidence in the rectitude of our motives, in our gratitude to them, and in our determination that nothing, absolutely nothing, shall block the path towards Home Rule.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

"The Jesuit has no Nation, no Home, Nobody to Please."

THE above words are taken from a sermon, or lecture, delivered by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, in Music Hall, Boston, on March 17, 1889. The reverend gentleman belongs to the Baptist communion, and is quite a favorite among his people, and, in fact, among evangelical Protestants throughout the land. First, last, and always he is an intense American; after that, he is a Baptist, then a Protestant.

When the Rev. O. P. Gifford made use of the above words to the large and enthusiastic audience gathered on that day in Music Hall, he was loudly applauded, — the audience having the impression that the reverend gentleman had sent a red-hot shot into the ranks of the Jesuits, a shot that would be heard all around the world, but louder in America than anywhere else. And yet, in less than one minute after the sound of applause had gone away into space, there came a chilliness and dampness over the Music Hall audience that made it very uncomfortable indeed for all the good Protestants that were present, and especially for the speaker himself. A blunder was made; what was intended to be condemnatory, turned out to be praiseworthy; what was intended as sound argument against the Jesuits, turned out to be a sweeping and startling argument against the opponents of the Jesuits themselves! Speaker and people seemed to grasp the situation at the same instant, and all that was said thereafter against the Jesuits was said and received with uneasiness rather than enthusiasm and applause. And no wonder.

Greater words of praise never came from the lips of man for men than the words spoken by the Baptist minister against the Jesuits, — no nation, no home, nobody to please. The spirit, the life, the whole Christ, is to be found in these great words, — no nation, no home, nobody to please! At the beginning and the end of these words stands Christ in all His glory, majesty, and might! Would we condemn Christ because no flag waved over Him? because He had no place to lay His head, and nobody to please? Would we use this as an argument against Him to prove treachery, rebellion, and hatred of the human race? And yet this is just what the haters of the Jesuits are doing. For this noble imitation of their Christ they have been driven from almost every country in the world except Belgium and America; and for this same surrender of body and soul to the cause of Christ we are asked to drive them from America.

The Jesuit stands for Christ, for Christianity without nationality, for the cross above the flag! The Baptist minister places his flag above the cross, and boasts of it, and taunts and sneers at the Jesuit for not doing likewise. Which is the Christian? This same Baptist minister tells us how he felt while travelling in Italy, when he saw the American flag, — how every drop of blood in his veins boiled, every nerve quivered, — how he waved his hands and shouted till he was hoarse; but he has not one word to say about the thousands of

crosses that must have met his eyes while travelling in the same country. He seems to be totally in the dark as to the cross being the emblem of Christianity. The Jesuit places the saint above the warrior, the martyr above the statesman, and religion above race and patriotism. The man who cannot do this cannot be a true and faithful follower of Jesus Christ. This is the Christ test for us all, the test that places the heart above the brain; that demands heart worship and not brain worship. Christ challenged the world years ago to take up His cross and follow Him; the Jesuits devoutly accept that challenge, and stand by it against all odds, against all nations. This may seem queer talk for one who is not a member of the Roman Catholic Church; but it is honest conviction nevertheless, and given and held regardless of fear or favor.

But why all this talk, this rage, this uproar against Catholicism? Is Catholicism more dangerous to the world than Protestantism? Let us see. Let us be calm, reasonable, and just. That the fulness of time is near at hand when the great and last battle of humanity will be fought and won by one system or the other, I have not the remotest doubt; but I do not believe that Catholicism is forcing the fight. If I held that belief, I would not hide it from any one, no matter what the consequences might be.

No Catholic nation threatens the peace of the world to-day. If war comes it will come from the Protestant nations that are spending millions of dollars for the invention of man-killing instruments of death for land and sea, in order to keep each other from gratifying their thirst for blood. If a Catholic nation goes to war, rest assured she will be driven to take the field by her Protestant neighbor. Look at Europe at this very hour, and tell me if I speak unjustly. Look at the world; look at it like men, and see if you can find men and women asking and pleading for liberty and freedom at the hands of a single Catholic nation of the nineteenth century. But wherever the cry for liberty and freedom rings out from the people of the earth, bear it well in mind, that it remains for Protestant nations to grant or refuse that great and holy cry.

We are also told that Catholicism is the enemy of liberty and freedom of thought. What kind of liberty and freedom? The liberty and freedom of men and women to marry and unmarry according to their animal appetites and passions? The liberty of men, women, and children to live and grow up heedless, creedless, and reckless, without responsibility to God or man? The liberty and freedom of the human being to be his own authority — his own supreme creator and ruler? The liberty and freedom to form, support, and spread secret societies? The liberty and freedom of labor to work or strike, at the beck of demagogue and brain-fevered orators? The liberty and freedom of the press to pollute and soil the minds of young and old by the indecencies of divorce and scandal cases? The liberty and freedom of the stage to parade its battalions of half-naked men and women to the gas-light gaze of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and lovers? The liberty and freedom to educate children away from the faith of their

parents? But enough questions for the present. The liberty and freedom that Catholicism is the enemy of, is the same liberty and freedom that God is the enemy of, — the liberty and freedom of conceited, debauched, and God-disowning minds.

What is this boasted liberty and freedom of thought doing for the world to-day, I would like to know? Look at the vast number of empty pews in the Protestant churches on days of worship; at the thousands upon thousands of Protestant families who never think of entering a place of worship from one end of the year to the other, but who ridicule prayer, praise, and anything and everything pertaining to the honor of the Almighty Father of us all. Look at the confusion in the world of science, the greatest and largest field of thought for the human mind to dwell on; at the trouble, unrest, and danger in the labor world; at the rancor, dishonesty and fraud in the world of literature; at the socialist, the anarchist, and the nihilist. When will those misguided people who accuse Catholicism of being opposed to liberty and freedom of thought learn the terrible and certain truth, that the first and only thing men do, when they become free-thinkers, is to think themselves away from God and from all authority on earth, — a condition to which the Protestant world is rapidly approaching at the present time. W. S.

Cambridge, Mass., 1889.

Imposing Ceremonies in the Heart of the Commonwealth.

HONORS TO A WORTHY PRIEST IN WORCESTER, MASS.

SINCE the celebration of the fifth anniversary of Catholicity in Worcester, or the golden jubilee, five years ago, no event of equal importance or interest to the Catholic people has taken place until Wednesday, Oct. 2, when the solemn services of the investiture of Rev. Thomas Griffin with the insignia of domestic prelate were held. When it was first announced that Father Griffin had been honored by the Pope, there was a general desire among his people for a public observance of the event. The fact that his alma mater, St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore, had added to the honor, and bestowed the degree of doctor of divinity, gave greater force to the suggestion, and invitations were sent out to all the bishops in New England, the archbishop of Boston, and all the priests in the Springfield diocese.

The title of monseigneur is an honorary one, which brings the recipient into the precincts of the Roman court, and invests him with the honors of those who minister to his holiness. It is a mark of distinction meted out to a few men by the Pope himself, and is a special recognition of services for the church. Father Griffin earned his honor through his efforts for Catholic education. This dignity carries with it the title of right reverend monseigneur, and gives the recipient the right to wear the purple cassock, rochet, and purple mantle, at all pontifical services. Mgr. Griffin was educated at St. Mary's College, which conferred the degree of doctor of divinity, after Father Griffin's appointment as a domestic prelate.

The ceremony of the investure and conferring the doctor's cap and ring took place the 2d of October, and occupied all the forenoon. The altar was brilliantly decorated, and a purple lambrequin, with gold fringe, concealed the rear of the altar wall. Purple was the prevailing color in the decorations. A throne was

erected on either side of the altar, one for Archbishop Williams of Boston, and the other for Bishop O'Reilly. Bishop Bradley of Manchester and Bishop Harkins of Providence were also present. The presence of three bishops and an archbishop is an event unparalleled in the history of the church ceremonies in this country. Besides there were over one hundred and sixty-five other clergymen present, including Very Rev. John Power, D. D., V. G., of that city; Very Rev. M. McCabe, V. G., of Woonsocket; Very Rev. James Hughes of Hartford; Very Rev. J. A. Barry of Concord, N. H.; Very Rev. James Lynch, D. D., V. G., of Syracuse, N. Y.; Very Rev. Thomas Burke, V. G., of Albany. The services were conducted by Bishop O'Reilly, who received the profession of faith. Bishop Harkins celebrated Mass, with Very Rev. J. J. Power of Worcester, high priest; Rev. J. J. McDermott of Springfield, Deacon; Rev. D. O'Callaghan of South Boston, sub-deacon; Rev. Lewis Walsh of Brighton, and Rev. Michael T. O'Brien of Worcester, masters of ceremonies. The papal brief conferring the dignity was read in Latin by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D. The diploma, given by St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore, Md., was read by Very Rev. John B. Hogan, of Washington, D. C., after which Bishop O'Reilly placed the cap upon the head, and the ring upon the hand, of the now Rt. Rev. Thomas Griffin, D. D. Bishop O'Reilly delivered the address, which was one of historical allusion to the dignity of the title and relations of the papal court. After the services in the church the visiting clergy were entertained at a banquet in the institute. The banquet was wholly informal and exclusive, and brief congratulatory remarks were made by several of those present, including the Archbishop.

Among the pleasant incidents of the day was the presentation of a handsome gold chalice to Mgr. Griffin, by the priests who have been, at one time or another, assistants to him at St. John's. The list includes Rev. J. P. Garrigan, D. D., of Washington, Rev. Robert Welsh, D. H. O'Neil, and T. J. Conaty, D. D., of this city, Revs. J. M. Murphy of Bradford, James Donohue of Southbridge, J. L. Tarpey of West Fitchburg, T. H. Gallen of Haydenville, J. J. O'Keefe of West Springfield, John J. McCoy of Westboro, J. M. Cruse, W. T. Fineran, C. M. Foley, M. T. O'Brien, and M. McCaughan. The chalice was of solid gold, inlaid with pearls, and was a very handsome and costly souvenir. Among other gifts were a purse containing a large sum of money from his parishioners, a gold-cloth cope from Mrs. Crompton, a benediction cope from Miss Kate McDonald, a musical stand and ostensorium stand from the organist, Miss Nora Reedy.

VESPERS.— SERMON BY VICE-RECTOR GARRIGAN.

In the evening solemn vespers were sung by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Griffin, assisted by Rev. John J. McCoy, deacon, Rev. J. M. Cruse, sub-deacon, and Rev. J. L. Tarpey, master of ceremonies. Among the priests in the sanctuary were: Very Rev. James Lynch, D. D., V. G., Syracuse; Rev. John Conway, Winchendon; Rev. William Fitzpatrick, Milton; Revs. D. Scannell, E. F. Brosnihan, R. Walsh, Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., R. S. J. Burke, of Worcester; Rev. Ed. Cronley, South Lawrence; J. F. Galvin, Northboro; and J. D. Brennan, Amherst. The sermon was preached by vice-rector of the Catholic University of Washington, Very Rev. P. J. Garrigan. He selected the text, "Is he worthy whom the king has a mind to honor?" It was his privilege, he said, to be present at the close of a day full of extraordinary rejoicing, and the first word to come to his lips was congratulation for the pastor and devoted people, for the glory and honor which have come to both. If we have come from afar to rejoice with you, it is possible for you to understand how much rejoicing there is outside of your parish, by the large representation to-day. The joy to his people will be permanent and of an abiding character, but with us it will pass away. The honor has come here to stay. The glory overshadows this parish and will rest here. There is no joy equal to that deep in the heart. It is a special tribute to his love, learning, fidelity, and labor. His people have been his assistants. The honor has come to him not as an individual, but as a faithful servant of God, laboring for His honor and glory. The mark of distinction comes to the parish as well as to the pastor, as a reward and encourage-

ment. The trials and burdens of twenty years will now disappear in the sunburst of joy and honor to-day. This reward comes especially on account of the zeal of Father Griffin and his people for education. They have built magnificently and generously the parochial schools. They have given your children the light of Christianity with true knowledge. For these works the reward comes as the fruit of your work. We are borne to-day to Rome, the centre of truth, and to the feet of our father, Leo. XIII. The brief read to-day elevates Father Griffin to the curia, ranks him with the prelates of the church, and entitles him to a high order and a high place. We turn, then, with gratitude and affection, to our mother church of Rome. We realize that the vicar of Christ is the brother of the faithful. He speaks to us to-day as our father. He takes our pastor into the household of the vicar of Christ. He may never enter the household, but he is as truly a servant at the throne as if he ministered there. The word from Rome kindles the spark into a blaze of joy. We should feel it is something to be a Catholic and for a priest to become a prelate. This dignity will unite you to the centre of truth, the seat of power in thought and prayer. His holiness casts a glory on the parish as on no other parish in this diocese, and on but few in New England. He enjoys the jurisdiction of love. When he cannot come himself, he sends his message by one of his own household. The people will be united to him by this link of prelacy. This marks an era in your parish of more zeal, and earnest and united effort. The work is not done. The pastor is crowned, but he has not yet retired. He will live and labor and carry on the good work. The nearer you come to him the more you share the honor and glory of his dignity. God crowns him through his vicar. He approves his past life. The honor comes through his superiors as an approval and a reward. It is an act of good-will, and a stimulus on the part of the vicar of Christ. It is a hold of light to the parish, and, concluded Dr. Garrigan, let it be light to guide the priest and people in mind and heart, in a united effort for the good of the church and the sanctification of souls. There was a large attendance at the evening service, and at the conclusion the united choirs and ushers were entertained by a banquet in the institute.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

FATHER GRIFFIN was born in the city of Cork, Ire., in 1836. He came to this country in 1851, and settled at Salem with his family. He was ordained in 1867, and ever since then has labored at St. John's Church in this city. He had much to do with the erection of churches in Holden, Shrewsbury, and Stoneville, and has been a conspicuous worker in the field of parochial schools. Father Griffin was appointed chancellor of the Springfield diocese in 1870, and, in 1885, he was made pastor and permanent rector of St. John's Church. He introduced the Sisters of Notre Dame and the Christian Brothers to this city. His community of Christian Brothers is the only one from the house in Cork located in this country. Father Griffin has been for many years a member of the school committee, and is now one of the trustees of the free public library.

A Pump Operated by Waves at Ocean Grove, N. J.

IN the spring a pier was begun at this watering-place on the Atlantic coast of New Jersey, having eight gates, each of which swung upon a steel rod, so that the lower part of each gate would be submerged about two feet at low tide and seven feet at high tide. Each gate is thirteen feet long, and at its top is attached a rod serving as an angle bar for the piston rod of a force pump, the force of each wave sufficing to effect a stroke of the piston, and the pump being used to elevate water from the ocean to tanks that are forty feet high. It is said that on one day, recently, when the surf was by no means heavy, forty thousand gallons of water were thus raised to the tanks. The water is used for sprinkling the streets.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Whar the Corn Juice Flows.

My son, afore you leave yer home, I want ter say to you,
Thar's lots of pitfalls in the world to let young roosters through;
So keep a padlock on your mouth, and skin your weather eye,
But never advertise yourself as being monstrous "fly."
Don't run to dress — of all the orts with which the airth is strew'd,
The most consarned useless thing is what they call a dood;
An' don't be "tough," an' wear yer hat a-tilted on yer nose,
An' don't be forever loafin'
Whar the corn juice flows.

I know you think I don't know much; but take a fool's advice,
An' never go to a saloon to play cards or dice;
Fer tho' I don't hold playin' cards itself as any crime,
I know those bar-room games use up a heap of cash an' time;
An' every little while, ye know, the regular drinks must come,
Until yer head goes swimmin' on a reservoir of rum.
Sometimes you'll jaw about the game, an' likely come to blows,
Fer ye don't know what will happen
Whar the corn juice flows.

They say a wise man takes his drink and goes about his biz,
Tho' I think he's a wiser one who lets it be whar 'tis.
Still bar-room talk and sich does more than drink to spoil a man,
For the mind absorbs more poison than the stomach ever can;
So ef you will indulge, my lad, don't hang about the bar,
But down yer booz an' plank yer dues, an' git away from thar,
Fer, barin' liquor men themselves, thar's no one ever rose,
That made it his headquarters
Whar the corn juice flows.

I s'pose this kinder talk from me may sound a little odd,
Bein' as how I've allus drank my share of forty rod.
But if I had to live again the years that's past an' gone,
I'd undertake to organize a temperance club of one;
Fer now that you are leaving home to steer yer own canoe,
Some theories I hev allus held is sorter fallin' through;
An' I'd feel a good deal better ef my son, afore he goes,
Would bycott all the places
Whar the corn juice flows.

CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

A LITTLE boy of nine years astonished every one by the wisdom of his answers. He was one day questioned by a bishop, who said to him, among other things, "I will give you an orange, if you tell me where God is." — "Monseigneur," replied the child, "I will give *you two*, if you tell me *where He is not*."

MR. DE GROOT — "Everything I've got in the world is yours, Alice, if you'll only say the word." Little Tommy (from outside) — "There's one thing you won't get unless your young man hurries. His hoss just run away!"

Fight Between a Dog and a Ram.

JOHN BARTON, a farmer of Foster, R. I., near the Connecticut border, owns an extensive farm, known as the Bradford Place, on which he raises large flocks of sheep. For many months he and his neighbors have lost many sheep by a strange dog, that killed them at night. Almost daily, in the morning, two or more were found dead in the lots. At about two o'clock, on Monday morning last, a great clatter was heard in the sheep-pens at Barton's, but it was not until two hours later that the howls of a dog brought the farm hands from their beds. Two or three men hurried down to the pens, and found thirteen fine sheep mangled and dead near the fold. The noise of a desperate struggle was heard at a distance in the darkness. The men found a big Newfoundland dog and a powerful ram in combat. They had fought all around the pen, knocked down the fence, and, in their alternate dashes and retreats, had gone half a mile from the fold. The fight was in open pasture, and it was impossible for the farmers to stop it. The struggle had lasted nearly an hour, and both combatants were bleeding. As often as the dog fastened his jaws in his enemy's quarters, he was shaken off, and, before he recovered, was butted, rolled over, and jammed against the turf. The dog was thoroughly exhausted, and anxious to abandon the fight; but, at the first movement to flee, the ram fairly ran him down, and, lifting him high on his horns, dropped him, trampled over his body, and then butted him. It was not until both animals had fallen with exhaustion that the conflict was ended. Two of the dog's ribs were broken and battered in, and his head was terribly mutilated. The ram was scarred and bloody. The dog belongs to Job Slade, who paid Mr. Barton sixty dollars' damages for the sheep killed. Mr. Barton asked nothing for the injuries to his ram.

FRANK JASINSKI, a Chicago boy of sixteen, read flash stories about detectives, scouts, cowboys, and so forth, until his head was turned. One evening, he took down his rifle, — he had a whole "Wild West" outfit of guns, revolvers, knives, etc., in his room, — and, going to the door of his father's house, he took deliberate aim at two boys of his acquaintance, and fired twice. He killed one, and wounded the other lad. Then he fled, and has not yet been captured. The hangman's noose will probably put an end to his adventures. But the publisher who sent forth the sensational stories which made a murderer of him, and the parents who permitted him to read such books and papers, — what shall be done with them?

IT is a fault of parents to humor their children and to spoil them. They will listen to their little complaints about the coldness or the heat of the weather, and every small ill, magnified to excite sympathy, is a cause for the parents to keep their children home from school, or to forbid them to study so hard. By such conduct, the parents teach their children to be lazy, and indifferent to school or studies; and they become the cause of their children's ignorance and failures in life.

A Holy Princess.

THIS holy child, Maria Immacolata di Borbone, whose brief history we propose to give to our readers, was the daughter of Ferdinand II. by his second marriage with Maria Theresa, of Austria, and was born in the Castle of Caserta, on the 21st of January, 1855. Her father died shortly after; but his loss was, as far as possible, replaced by her mother, who watched over the child with the tenderest vigilance from her earliest years, and inspired her with that fervent faith and burning love which filled her own heart to overflowing. The little Immacolata amply repaid her loving care. From a baby she was noted for her sweetness and purity, her ready obedience and singular modesty, so that every one declared her name to be well chosen. In the house she was called "the little angel," yet her humility was never lessened by the somewhat indiscreet praises of those about her, which were, besides, always distasteful to her. In 1861, at the first outbreak of hostilities against the church and the throne, Francis II., who had succeeded his father as king of Naples, and was half-brother to Immacolata, considered it more prudent to move, with his court, to Rome, where the Pope first placed the Quirinal at their disposal, and afterwards the Farnese Palace. Short as was Immacolata's residence at the Quirinal, she quickly won the affection of all around her, and her graceful consideration for the feelings of others was shown by the following anecdote: One day she had a bad sick-headache, which was very much increased by one of the guards, Marco Carlini, who was smoking bad tobacco close to her window. Her maid wanted to send him angrily away; but Immacolata, taking a beautiful cake which had just been brought to her, sent it down to the man, begging him "to accept it, and, in return, not to smoke that day, to please her."

The life that the royal children led during their temporary exile was as regular as if they had always remained in Naples. Nothing interrupted the fixed hours of rising, prayer, Mass, study, and recreation, the whole of which was organized by the queen, and watched over by her; so that the court life was more like that of a religious house than a palace. Immacolata made her first Communion when she was only eleven years old, and her preparation for that important moment was directed by a Jesuit Father, who came daily to give the necessary instruction. But his task was an easy one; the child's whole soul was absorbed in the thought of the great act she was to perform, and her recollection, her spirit of prayer, her voluntary mortifications, and her self-denying charities surprised and edified all around her. She had a favorite dog and a parrot, which were her great amusements; but she banished both during this solemn week, so that she might have no distractions. Then she looked over all her presents and toys, and gave away the largest portion, with all the money she possessed, to the children of an orphanage in which she was interested, reserving only one gold piece, which she presented to the priest who had prepared her for her first Communion, begging him to give it

to a poor, abandoned child whose history was well known to her, and who was also being prepared for the same august ceremony.

It was on Christmas Eve, 1865, that Immacolata received, for the first time, the Bread of Angels from the hands of the Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Riario Sforza, in that chapel of the Roman College where St. Aloysius Gonzaga pronounced his first religious vows. Afterwards she obtained leave to go into his little cell, and to deposit at the foot of his altar the only precious jewel she possessed, and which had been the gift of her father. Among the letters which, according to Roman custom, are placed in a silver purse under the altar where the relics of St. Aloysius are laid, were found four touching and beautiful epistles of the holy princess, imploring the saint's help to obtain for her greater faith, hope, and charity, and the grace to make a worthy communion. These letters are still extant.

But a heavy trial was in store for the pious child. In the year 1867 the cholera visited Italy with terrible severity, and in the month of August it broke out at Albano, where the royal family of Naples had gone for the summer season. Three of them were attacked: the Princess Maria Pia, Prince Gennarino, and the queen herself. The first recovered, but the young prince and the queen fell victims to the epidemic, and both made the most beautiful and edifying deaths. The sorrow of the poor Princess Immacolata may easily be imagined. But, after God, her greatest consoler was her faithful friend, governess, and companion, Mlle. Marie Lasserre, who had been with her from her childhood, and who never left her till her death. This grace she always attributed to the prayer she had offered up in this sense to St. Aloysius Gonzaga on the day of her first Communion.

King Francis II. brought back the sorrowing children to the Palazzo Farnese, and here their quiet and regular life was resumed as before. Immacolata had always a singular facility in learning; she both spoke and wrote, with great fluency, French and German, as well as her native language; she was an accomplished artist and a beautiful needlewoman, and devoted a good deal of her time to working for the church and the poor.

As she grew older she became more and more devoted to acts of charity, and in her unselfish simplicity would have given away everything she had unless prevented. She never cared in the least for dress or ornaments of any kind. Her hair was arranged in the simplest manner, in smooth bands on each side of her face and the rest in a net; and when her maid would venture to remonstrate with her, and beg that it might be done more fashionably, she would laughingly say "She had no time." Her expression was so singularly pure, candid, and modest that the Roman people, who are rarely mistaken in their judgments, called her "La Colombella" (the little white dove), and would cry out, "Here comes the little Neapolitan Dove to see us!" for rarely did her visits fail to inspire pure and holy thoughts in their minds. The month of October, 1867, brought fresh anxieties to the royal family, and the Princes hastened to join the Pontifical troops who were massed round Mentana. The two little

Princesses were consequently left alone at the Farnese Palace; which, coming to the ears of the Pope, Pius IX., he invited them to come and take up their abode at the Vatican, so as to be under his care.

He received them in the apartments called "the Countess Mathilda," admitted them daily to his Mass and Communion, and often took them himself into the Library, the Museum, and the Loggias of the Vatican, talking to them in the kindest and most paternal manner, in which he was ably seconded by Cardinal Antonelli. We can fancy the delight of the little Immacolata, whose devotion to the Holy Father knew no bounds, and who cherished the remembrance of their visit to the very last hour of her life. When she returned to her brother's palace, she never missed an opportunity of seeing or meeting the Pope in his daily drives, or in the different churches which he visited on the occasion of certain feasts; and she would jump out of the carriage and kneel with the crowd, rather than miss one look or one blessing from the dear and venerable Pontiff.

On the occasion of the centenary of St. Peter, Pius IX. sent each of the royal family a little memento with a few loving words from himself, but from the carelessness of his messenger, Immacolata's present was forgotten. She was inconsolable, although instantly attributing the omission to her own unworthiness. But an hour or two later the same messenger returned, with many apologies, bringing with him a beautiful cameo gem, on which the figure of the Blessed Virgin was engraved, which was more precious than any of the other gifts, and specially chosen by the Pope for his little favorite, Immacolata. She valued this cameo so much that she never parted from it, and left it after her death to Duke Robert of Parma.

So her life passed, till the fatal year, 1870, which witnessed the invasion of Rome, and the virtual imprisonment of the Holy Father. The Neapolitan Princes could no longer remain under the rule of Victor Emmanuel and his Garibaldian hordes, but took refuge, some in Bavaria, some in the Tyrol, and others on the borders of France.

Immacolata, who could not bear to be separated from her sister, now Duchess of Parma, or from her faithful companion, Marie Lasserre, accompanied them to the Tyrol, and from thence to Cannes. But the cold climate was very injurious to her health, which had always been delicate; and, in spite of her ready acceptance of God's will and her entire resignation, she felt dreadfully the separation from Rome and from the Holy Father and all the spiritual joys of the Eternal City, which had consoled her in previous years, for her exile from her native country. Her only consolation was in visiting and caring for the poor around her. It was well said by a French writer, "*Qu'on trouve partout les pauvres du bon Dieu!*" (everywhere God's poor can be found), and this fact sweetened her exile, and prevented her thoughts from dwelling too often on the past. It was beautiful to see her in the villages near Bolsano or Cannes, stopping to talk to the peasants, following them to their homes, visiting the sick, teaching the children how to pray, distributing books, rosaries, and medals, which she took care should come from Rome and be blessed by the Holy Father, and in every way doing her best to share in, and alleviate, their burdens.

Her sister, as we have said, had been married the year before (1869) to Robert, Duke of Parma. And now an alliance was proposed for, and finally accepted by, Immacolata with Enrico Borbone, Comte di Bardi, the son of Carlo III. of Parma, and a nephew of the Comte de Chambord. He had been educated at the Jesuit College of Feldkirch, and was worthy of the pure and beautiful bride he had chosen. She, on her part, prepared for this great change in her life with as much recollection and as fervent prayer as she had done for her first Communion; and on the 27th of November, 1873, the marriage was solemnized at Cannes. There was little pomp or ceremony in these nuptials, and few were invited, save the near relations on both sides. But Immacolata begged that the money thus spared should be distributed among the poor; so that the young couple were followed by the blessings of all the sick and needy when they left Cannes the following day on their bridal tour.

Immacolata's health, however, was so delicate, that the doctors ordered her to Egypt; but after spending some months there, it became evident that she was not long for this world. The young husband, therefore, brought her back to France, and Cauterets being recommended, they went there, and all the more willing as it is not far from Lourdes. She visited the grotto twice every day, and was twice immersed in the Piscina. The prayer she uttered in the Sanctuary was: "My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ! May Thy Will be done and not mine. Of what use would it be to me to live longer upon earth, if thereby I were to go against Thy adorable Will?"

From Cauterets they took her to Luz and from thence to Pau, but all without avail.

Her thoughts were now directed to only one end, how best to prepare herself for the last and solemn change she knew to be drawing near; never uttering a word of complaint, and resigning herself entirely into the hands of God. To the Jesuit Father Barbier, she made her general confession, after which she asked for a lawyer, and dictated to him her last will. She left a monstrance, her bridal dress and crown, and a silver lamp to Our Lady at Issoudun, a silver heart to the Madonna at Einsiedeln, and a chasuble she had begun to embroider, and now begged her sister to finish, to Our Lady at Lourdes. Almost everything else she possessed she left to the poor and to her faithful servants; and to Marie Lasserre was intrusted the distribution of certain sums of money for families in Rome and elsewhere, whom she had long supported.

Nothing now remained save to bid farewell to those she loved, and whom she was about to leave desolate, and, especially, her husband.

"Enrico!" she feebly cried, "I leave you. Oh, my Enrico! to go where God calls me. He has not deigned to allow us to be long together on this earth; but I shall wait for you above. I leave you in His hands." Then leaning her head on his shoulder, with her hand in his, and still clasping her crucifix, she softly expired, on the 23d of August, 1874, being the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Mary, not having yet completed her twentieth year.

The agony of the bereaved husband touched every heart. "I have nothing left on earth!" he exclaimed to the good Father who was still kneeling by the bed-side. "Oh, why cannot I die with her? Father, do not leave me — help me to bear this terrible blow, and let us pray and weep together."

She had begged that no one but her husband and family should touch her mortal remains. And so this holy and beautiful child-bride, clothed in white, and covered with flowers, was reverently placed by them in her coffin and buried, as she had wished, in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception in the Jesuit Church at Pau. The Jesuit Father, from whose little record many of these details are taken, exclaimed, on leaving that town: "I grieve to leave the tomb of Maria Immacolata, for the recollection of her holy and precious death is continually present to me, and ever fills my soul with fresh love and fervor."

Clean Hands.

When I was about ten years old, says a well-known writer, a gentleman, who had called on my father to transact some business, perceived that my hands were dirty, and those of my brother Fred were in the same condition.

"My boys," said he, "I hate dirty fingers; now, if yours are clean when I call here again, next Tuesday, I will make you a present."

As soon as it was light, on Tuesday morning, my brother and I got up and began to wash our hands. We used more soap that morning than we had used for a month before; and if ever our hands were clean, they certainly were then.

The gentleman did not come till dinner-time; so we thought it better to have another scrubbing at our hands, and once more we were up to our elbows in soap-suds.

The gentleman came, and, after examining our hands, which had not a speck on them, he gave each of us five new, bright ten-cent pieces, and we fancied ourselves to be as rich as Jews.

"Now, my boys," said he, "you see it is possible to keep your hands clean when it answers your purpose to do so. I should be ashamed of a boy who would be mean enough to wash his hands to make money, and not keep them clean to make his parents and friends comfortable. The love of the good opinion of your friends is worth all the money in the world."

"Stands for Mary."— At a village school a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said — "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary." — "Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"

The Sculptor.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
With Heaven's own light the sculptor shone:
He had caught the angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life's dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;
Our lives that angel vision.

Boys' Protector.

A Rook Lawsuit.

THIS bird is not very well known in America, because he is an English bird; but he is very much like the crow, which our farmer boys know so well. Rooks live in colonies, many thousand going off together and building their nests in the tops of neighboring trees. In these bird-towns or rookeries, there seem to be certain laws which all the birds understand and obey. One of these laws is, that no rook shall build a nest within the limits of the town, except those born there; and another forbids the young rooks going out of the town to build. If any bird disobeys these laws, the other birds promptly tear down his nest, and drive him back to his native town. They are also said to hold courts for the trial of offenders. The birds assemble upon a few trees, the guilty one sitting by himself, with drooping head; and after much croaking and flying hither and thither, which we may imagine is their way of examining the witnesses, and hearing the pleas of advocates, the charge of the judge, and the verdict of the jury, the birds fall upon the culprit and execute the sentence of death, or whatever the penalty may be.

The Resolute Boy.

"SIR," said a lad, coming to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something." — "What can you do?" asked the gentleman. "I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy. "What have you done?" — "I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh two years." — "What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner. "Well, sir, I have not whispered once in school for a whole year," answered the boy, after a moment's pause. "That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

Attention, Boys!

In the street.— Hat lifted when saying "Good-by," or "How do you do?" Also, when offering a lady a seat, or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you are walking with. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door.— Hat off the moment you step into a private hall or office.

In the parlor.— Stand till every lady in the room, also older people, are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand til she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room.— Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, ring, or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Eat fast or slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be excused before the others unless the reason is imperative.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

If all go together, the gentlemen stand by the door until the ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth.— Smacking the lips and all noise should be avoided.

If obliged to take anything from the mouth, cover it with your hand or napkin.

A Gentle Boy.

"Be gentle with little Gracie, Charlie," said his mother as she tucked up the little girl in her carriage, all ready for a ride. "Be a gentle boy."

"Oh, mother, boys are never gentle," answered Charlie. "I don't want to be called a gentle boy."

"Yet a few years from this time, if you should not be called a gentleman, you would feel very badly," answered his mother. "And you cannot be a gentleman unless you are a gentle boy first; kind and considerate to all around you, gentle to the weak, and courteous to those whom you meet every day. You are forming your character now, my boy, and it will be too late for you to change when you are grown up. You will want to be considered a gentleman then, so try to be a gentle boy now. There is nothing unmanly in being gentle and courteous. Now, think about this while you are giving Gracie her ride, and don't think it is not manly to be gentle to your little sister."

I hope that all the little boys that read this magazine will remember that gentlemen are made of gentle boys.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE best way parents and teachers can take to teach children to read Catholic books, magazines, and papers, is to train them in their school days to read papers like the Catholic Youth. At the same time parents and teachers will have the great satisfaction of knowing that the children are learning useful and necessary knowledge, and cultivating a taste for both the reading and writing of true literature.

IF there be a laxity anywhere in the matter of grading our schools, it should be corrected and remedied immediately. That, more than all other things, will do our schools an injury which it will take years to repair. For a school without grades of study, is a school without order: and where there is no order there is no study or progress. A school in that condition merits the reproach of every one, and gives parents a reason to object to sending their children there.

A LESSON now and then on the virtue of temperance to the children of our schools would not be out of place, and it would produce good results. Intemperance is a common evil nowadays, and the children, who are to be the future men and women of the world, should be warned against it in time.

WHEN parents claim that a school in their parish is not advanced enough in its course of studies for their children, before they can send their children to a non-Catholic school, they must have the permission of the bishop of the diocese in which they live. This law was made by the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, and it should be enforced every where the laws of that council were promulgated.

IT is not an uncommon thing now to hear those in charge of the state schools saying, that moral education is as necessary for a child as physical and intellectual education. They cannot say otherwise and remain logical and truthful; but the means they would make use of for the moral education of children, and which they are not slow in stating should be made use of in all schools, are not based on religious teachings, and, consequently, they can never effect the results which are expected from them. Morality comes from religion, and from no other source; and every effort to make children moral without religion will prove vain and fruitless.

CHILDREN should be always anxious to learn everything good and useful; and one way they can endeavor to do this is, by keeping their eyes and ears open. They should observe everything newly seen, and endeavor to learn all about it. They should listen attentively when anything is being explained, and at all times when conversation is being addressed to them. One thing they should avoid, however, at all times, and that is, the asking of useless questions.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1889.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Wanted: A Gospel for the Century.

REV. WILLIAM BARRY, a learned Catholic priest, has written for the Nineteenth Century, an English magazine, a remarkable article on the above subject, which we will publish in the December issue of our Magazine. The reverend gentleman has contributed many able articles for the Dublin Review, and other first-class foreign magazines. Dr. Barry arraigns the existing social order as "a Belshazzar's Feast," glorified by some under the name of modern civilization, and by others loathed as a combination of luxury and sacrilege; and he regards it as a condition which cannot last. "The harvest of to-morrow," he says, "which it promises to bring forth, is a new social order. And I ask, how do Christians propose to welcome that universal change — with blessings or with anathemas? Ought we to continue preaching last year's sermons when a new era is about to dawn? And what are those elements, or principles, of the Christian creed which it will carry into the future as an imperial public influence rather than as a private opinion or as one sect among many?"

The Irish in Boston.

WE have received from the publishers, Messrs. J. B. Cullen and Co., of this city, a copy of the Irish in Boston. The book is well gotten up, and reflects credit on the publishers. There are many good words to be said for this book. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cullen will be able to issue a second edition of this work, when he can give us the numerous matter in detail which he alludes to in the preface. The book is worthy of the Irishman's home, and every man who cares to know something about his race.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

THE Western Pennsylvania Exposition was opened at Pittsburgh, on Wednesday, Sept. 5. The opening prayer was offered by a Catholic clergyman, Rev. M. M. Sheedy.

MR. THOMAS H. CUMMINGS gave his lecture on "One Hundred Years of Catholicity in Boston," in the Parochial Hall of the Mission Church, Roxbury, Mass., on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 22. The rector, the Rev. A. J. McInerney, introduced the lecturer, who was very well received, and held the interest of his large audience throughout. Mr. Cummings lectured in West Newton, Mass., Sunday evening, Sept. 29, with the same success; and may confidently expect to receive a hearty welcome in the many places he visits. Mr. Cummings has made many personal friends in his travels who will be joyed to hear of his success.

MR. GLADSTONE wrote lately, stating that he regards Mr. Balfour's Catholic University endowment proposal as a lightning conductor, intended to divert the lightning from striking the Parnell commission at the opening of the session.

IT will interest our readers, especially those who have money to invest, to read the advertisement of the San Miguel Gold Placers Co., in another part of this month's MAGAZINE. The name of Mr. James Gilfillan, treasurer of the United States for many years, who is acting treasurer for the company, is a tower of strength in itself. Their office is 24 Congress street, Boston, Mass.

MISS MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY, whose first volume of children's stories, Merry Hearts and True, published a few months ago by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., of New York, was received with so much favor, is bringing out with the same publishers a companion volume, entitled Happy-Go-Lucky and other Stories. It will be ready for the Christmas holidays, and from what we have seen of the contents, we are justified in predicting for it even a warmer welcome from the children than its predecessor received.

Pawtucket's New Church.

BISHOP HARKINS, assisted by Vicar-General McCabe of Woonsocket, uncle of the pastor, Rev. P. Farrelly, and a large number of priests, laid the corner-stone, the other Sunday, of the new Holy Trinity Church, Pawtucket, R. I. This church will be an exact counterpart of St. Mary's Church of Pawtucket, James Murphy being the architect of both buildings. The style will be Gothic, and the front will be surmounted by three pinnacles, while a steeple, 14x14x172 feet, will be erected on the north-east corner. The basement will be finished by Christmas, and this will be used for religious purposes until the completion of the building.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI, who will represent the Pope at the celebration of the centenary of the Catholic church in America, and also be present in the same capacity at the dedication of the Washington University, will be attended by Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, Rome. They are expected in New York about Oct. 30.

IT was Tom Moore who compared love to a potato, because it shoots from the eyes; and Lord Byron who amended it, by remarking that it grew less by paring.

POSTPONED.—It had been settled some time ago that the bronze statue to the memory of the late Archbishop Hughes would be unveiled Oct. 2. This date is now cancelled, and the ceremony will not take place for the present.

Montgomery Light Guards.

THE following officers for 1889-90 were elected at a recent meeting of the Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association; Colonel, D. G. MacNamara; lieutenant-colonel, James J. Barry; major, John J. Boyle; captains, Daniel Cummings, Richard Murphy, William English, Thomas F. Barrett, Worcester; lieutenants, M. J. Logan, Lawrence N. Shaw, W. F. Kerrigan, W. F. O'Neill, George F. Doherty; executive committee, Thomas F. Doherty, Charles E. Colbert, Dennis Linehan, W. F. O'Neill, Thomas J. Hughes, Fred B. Bogan, James M. Connell; finance committee, Charles McDermott, William English, Thomas A. Slater, Thomas J. Qualters, James Lyons; treasurer, John T. Casey; financial secretary, John J. Coffey; clerk, Felix A. Strange.

AT a special meeting of the trustees of the House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, held on Sept. 18, Archbishop Williams presiding, vacancies in the board caused by death or resignation were filled by the election of Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., as trustee, and of Brother Jude, superintendent of the house, as trustee and treasurer. In the past two months the house accepted fifty-nine boys, twelve being orphans, placed eight in families, and discharged fifty-two to parents or guardians.

KANSAS CITY already covers nearly eighteen square miles. It is the intention of the bishop to have a church to every square mile, and there are now fourteen Catholic churches and several others in contemplation. As the churches are mostly in the centre of their respective parishes, no one is far from a church.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE is now completely restored to health. After consulting the Holy Father as to the details he will address a circular to the various anti-slavery societies and committee, setting forth the programme and date of the Anti-Slavery Congress, and contradicting the numerous false statements which are in circulation as to the circumstances under which the Lucerne Congress was postponed.

Petroleum and its Products

HAVE found many valuable outlets, the absence of which at the present time would cause serious loss to the various purposes for which they are used, and new devices are still being discovered for its utilization. One of a very recent date is that of Peter J. Fitzgerald, of Boston. It is a retort or apparatus, which can be attached to any ordinary kerosene or gas lantern, and when once connected to the lantern it produces a most beautiful white light, showing more illuminating power than gas or incandescent electric lights, the gas being produced in a peculiarly constructed retort, with a proper mixture of oxygen and carbonic substances, which elements are essential to get perfect combustion. It is a miniature gas works inside of a street lantern, and will work as well if set upon a stump of a tree in the woods as though on an ornamental post in a thickly populated city, as there are no gas tanks or gas pipes required.

The Fair

IN aid of the new building attached to Boston College will open on the 25th of November. The sum of money thus far contributed is twenty-two thousand and ninety-one dollars and five cents; money borrowed, fifty thousand dollars. The estimated cost of the addition and improvements is one hundred thousand dollars. There is, therefore, a deficit of over twenty-seven thousand dollars, which, as the building is rapidly advancing to completion, needs to be made up as soon as possible. Father Fulton has decided to have a Fair for the raising of the necessary funds. Boston Catholics owe this devoted priest and admirable educator a debt they can never pay. They can, however, help him to finish what he feels to be the crowning work of his career — a work, let us add, which will be directly to their own advantage.

Ladies who are to Preside.

The table of the Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart will be under the care of Mrs. John Curtin, 6 Rutland street; Mrs. B. E. Hastings, 289 Boylston street; Mrs. Eugene Lynch, 142 West Concord street; Mrs. Edward McLaughlin, 27 Sabin street.

The table of the College and the Altar Boys — Mrs. Elizabeth Heaney, 100 Canton street; Mrs. Barron, 363 Dudley street.

The flower table — Mrs. Francis Strater, 21 Mt. Pleasant avenue.

The table of the Married Men's Sodality—Mrs. Walter Wilkins, 10 Thornley street, Dorchester; Miss Danahy, 42 Worcester square; the Misses Mullin, 5 Everett avenue, Dorchester; Mrs. James D. O'Connell.

The table of the Married Women's Sodality — Mrs. P. Masterson, 35 St. James street; Mrs. Brown, 378 Dudley street; Mrs. A. Turner, 27 East Concord street.

The table of the Sunday School—Miss Nellie Barrett, 21 Arnold street; the Misses Breen; Miss Maggie Gorman, 6 Sharon street.

The table of the Unmarried Men—Miss Agnes Kelley, 37 West Newton street; Miss Desmond, Danube street.

The table of the Unmarried Women — The Misses Tully, 45 East Newton street; Miss Sarah Curran.

The table of the Young Men's Association of Boston College — Mrs. Francis McLaughlin, 37 West Newton street; Mrs. John Dever, 5 Mt. Pleasant avenue; Mrs. John Gilman, 149 Eustis st.; Mrs. P. Mahoney, 11 Rutland street.

The General Committee of the Fair is constituted as follows:—

Hon. Hugh O'Brien,	Thomas Kelly,
James McCormick,	Thomas Fitz,
Patrick Donahoe,	Michael J. Ward,
Hugh Carey,	John Boyle O'Reilly,
John Lamb,	Joseph P. Connell,
Thos. Manahan,	P. H. Powers,
Thos. Maguire,	James J. Grace,
Louis P. Ober,	R. B. Fuller,
E. Kinney, Sr.,	Wm. P. Collins,
John Miller,	Joseph Travers,
Edmund Reardon,	Robert Moore,
Eugene Lynch,	John Curtin,
Hon. J. E. Fitzgerald,	Dr. John G. Blake,
John J. Cuddihy,	Jas. C. McCarthy,
Edward Murphy,	John Shea,
James Mullin,	E. Kinney, Jr.,
Mr. Corbett,	John Murray,
James Hayes,	Mr. Gillespie,
James Fagan,	Henry Doherty,
Hon. M. M. Cunniff.	

LITHIA WATER cures headaches; try it; it never fails.

T. & B.

THE T. & B. people of Danville, Va., manufacturers of the now famous brand of T. & B. smoking tobacco, at the time of the Riel rebellion in Manitoba, forwarded about six tons of their best smoking tobacco into that locality, and presented the entire lot to the Canadian troops. They are now meeting the just reward of their generous act, as, go where you will throughout the Canadian provinces, you will find that every store sells the T. & B. tobacco. The sales of this brand are now constantly increasing throughout the New England states, a fact gratifying to Messrs. Mark A. Torrey & Co., New England agents.

THE Boston Herald deserves much wholesome praise in calling to the attention of the public the injuries likely to arise from the use of old and diseased meat.

The Epiphany Apostolic College.

On Monday, Sept. 9, the Epiphany Apostolic College opened with thirty-three students — as many as our Lord saw years. This number has increased to thirty-seven, of whom five are colored. These are the first seeds of the new vineyard, of which The Colored Harvest (an eight-page illustrated paper), through its subscribers, must cultivate. Become a Zelator, by getting twenty subscribers. A Zelator is one who gets twenty subscribers for The Colored Harvest. Try and become a Zelator. A special Mass is offered up for their intentions on the first Friday of every month. *The sum is paltry — twenty-five cents yearly.* Say not there are plenty of such annual papers; that there are enough calls at home. The Colored Harvest appeals for a national work. It is not the waifs and strays, the orphans and outcasts, of any diocese or section who are in question. No, it is a race, seven millions of God's creatures, called to be brethren of Jesus Christ. Nor will supporting the Colored Harvest do aught but bless God's work at home. St. Paul commended the Thessalonians for their charity to the needy Christians, because it would draw down the Divine blessings upon themselves. So will it be with you. "Cast your bread upon the running waters, and it will return to you." Become a Zelator by getting twenty subscribers. Daily will the holy sacrifice be offered for subscribers, and on the first Friday of every month, in addition, it will be said for the Zelators. Address, J. R. Slattery, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

An image or picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus should be found in every Catholic home, and it should not be hid away in a dark or dusty corner. The Lord Jesus Christ promised to the Blessed Margaret Mary: "I will bless every dwelling in which an image of my Heart is exposed and honored."

The New York Churchman, the leading Episcopalian paper in the country, says: "We are ready to join the Roman Catholic when he asserts that education, to be surely worth anything, must be religious."

Archbishop Ireland writes to Gov. McGill, of Minnesota, that he has not changed his preference for high license over prohibition; but he makes it clearly understood that this is solely because he believes that in large cities public opinion is not ripe for prohibition.

A Great Bell.

The great Basilica of the Sacred Heart, on the highest point of Montmartre, Paris, is nearly finished, and will certainly, when completed, take its place among the cathedrals of Europe. The Catholics of Savoy have subscribed to the present church a great bell, which will more than rival the historical bourden of Notre Dame. It will be christened "La Savoyarde," and will cost sixty thousand francs.

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" — "Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eye-glasses and getting her lips into shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" — "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."

A Warning to Protestants.

Rev. Dr. Chapman of the First M. E. Church of New Haven, Conn., in the course of a recent sermon, said: "The bulwark of Catholicism is the religious education of the children, and in this respect Protestants make their greatest mistake. We let our children grow to the age of discretion, with little or no religious training, and then, when they decide against religion, we deplore the depravity of human nature."

Canada is threatened with a divorce court based on the American system. The existence of such a tribunal would work great evil in society in the dominion. The sad record of American divorce courts ought to furnish the strongest evidence against the proposed creation. Wherever the Catholic law is lost sight of, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," the most lamentable results are certain to follow.

A Big Family.

THE vanguard of an unusually large family arrived at New York in the person of Miss Nora O'Sullivan. She is one of a family of twenty-five children, and is fifteen years old. Her story was received with much astonishment at Castle Garden, and at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, where she remained. She says that her family, which lives in the county Kerry, Ireland, will probably come to America early in the spring. It includes her father and mother, thirteen sisters, three of whom are triplets, and eleven brothers, two of whom are twins. This number will beat the record at Castle Garden, it is thought.

IT is pleasing to note the interest taken in Catholic education by our young men. At the recent convention of the National Union of Catholic Young Men's Societies, held in Providence, R. I., the following was unanimously adopted: *Resolved*, That we express our most cordial sympathy with the aims and objects of the Rt. Rev. Bishops of the country in their efforts to forward the work of Catholic parochial school education, and we pledge our best individual and collective strength to their support in this most necessary undertaking.

THE Bishops of Austria, the Catholic members of the Austrian Parliament, and the Catholic Press in Austria, have begun a campaign for the full recognition of the principle of religious education in all schools supported by the state.

PEOPLE talk quite glibly about one million bushels of wheat; but very few of them realize what a vast amount that is. A wheat broker says, that "if one million bushels were loaded on freight cars, five hundred bushels to the car, it would fill a train over fifteen miles long; if transported by the common wagon — forty bushels per wagon — it would make a line of teams one hundred and forty-two miles long. If made into bread, reckoning a bushel to every sixty pounds of flour, it would give every man, woman, and child in the United States a two-pound loaf of bread.

JOHN BURNS, the leader of the great London strike, is a man about thirty years of age, and has been the recognized leader of the laborers of London for the past eight years. He is employed by a large manufacturing company. He works three days a week and gives the remainder of his time to the agitation of the labor question. He has a powerful voice, that can be heard a half-mile off, and has a style of eloquence that carries the mob. When he led the attack on Trafalgar Square, in 1887, he created a reign of terror in London, for which he was given three months' imprisonment, that had the effect of making him still more popular with the laboring classes. Under the Tory scheme for local government by a county council, Burns, who lives in Battersea, became a candidate for commissioner, and was elected, defeating the Liberal candidate. His associates in the council are Sir John Lubbuck, Lord Rosebury, and others of rank and property. Burns is now a candidate for Parliament, and the labor vote will elect him. It is fortunate that a man who has acquired so powerful a leadership uses his powers, as a rule, to restrain the strikers from violence and the destruction of property.

A NEW departure in the London strike was the refusal of the leader, John Burns, to pay out money to the men. Instead, he furnished them with tickets, which were accepted, according to arrangement, by the butchers, bakers, and grocers. It is the proud boast of the London labor leader that not a farthing contributed to the support of the strike went into the coffers of the dram-shops. It seems to us that this is at least one lesson that our American artisans might bear in mind when they take it into their heads to better their condition by striking. The cablegram that announces the bankruptcy of the London dock dramshops on account of the strike speaks volumes.

A CHIROPODIST will henceforth be attached to every German regiment. Heretofore it has not been considered necessary to employ a corn doctor to put the German soldier on a war footing.

Donahoe's Magazine.

THE New York Herald: New York Catholics, and many New Yorkers who are not Catholics, will read with interest the ten-page sketch of the late Archbishop Hughes, with which the September number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE opens. There is also a portrait of the Archbishop and a full-page picture of the statue of him soon to be erected at St. John's College. A description of the Know-Nothing riot in Providence, R. I., a third of a century ago, shows how great a flame a little spark can kindle. "Irish Literary Men of New York" makes the reader acquainted with several clever journalists, and also makes him wonder why the author did not name others, for there are plenty of them. An article on "Canada and Her Neighbor" throws new light on political feeling within the Dominion. The author declares that the French inhabitants are aggressive in politics, that they are overflowing from Quebec into the other provinces in numbers sufficient to become an influence, and that when the English-speaking Canadians fully realize this, there will be an uprising that will suppress French ambition or lead to annexation.

THE Pittsburgh Catholic mentions the following bequests made to the Catholic churches in Pittsburgh and Allegheny by the late Mr. William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, a non-Catholic who died recently in France: To the Mercy Hospital, $20,000; Home of the Good Shepherd, Troy Hill, $5,000; Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, on Penn avenue, $2,000; Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Washington street, Allegheny, $1,000.

A SECOND LETTER from Mr. James Riley will be found in our present issue. He can write prose as well as poetry. He arrived home on the Scythia, on Saturday, Oct. 5, much improved in health, and well pleased with his trip on sea and land.

January, 1880.

WE want this number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to complete a volume now binding. Who will send it to us? We will send a book worth one dollar for it.

The Parnell Indemnity Fund.

IN compliance with a request contained in a letter from Mr. Parnell, the National Indemnity Fund Committee have ordered a cheque for eighteen thousand pounds to be at once drawn and forwarded to Mr. George Lewis, so as to discharge all liabilities incurred for the defence before the Special Commission. Mr. Parnell, in his letter to the Fund Committee, states that the whole of the remaining funds will probably be required, and that Mr. George Lewis will act under his direction in its expenditure. It has been decided to close the fund. This letter is a reminder that so far as the accused are concerned the Commission has run its course. It has been a costly business to the Irish people; it has been far more expensive to the accusers, even in pounds, shillings, and pence. The fund represents the cost of exposing "the greatest lie of the nineteenth century," and its extensive company of manufacturers, says the Dublin Freeman.

Balfour's Record.

TWENTY-TWO members of Parliament, about eighteen priests, a very large number of professional men, editors of newspapers, lawyers, respectable tradesmen, and well-to-do farmers, some sixteen hundred men of the class of tenant-farmers and laborers, and some women and children, have been imprisoned, so far, under Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act.

School Supplies.

WE advise our schools and teachers to purchase of Mr. Charles H. Kilborn, 3 Tremont place, Boston, wall maps, globes, books, etc., of which he keeps a full assortment. Catalogues and full information on application. Correspondence with pastors and directors of schools is solicited. Terms moderate.

DR. JANSSEN'S "History of the Reformation" is leading to numerous conversions in Germany. One of the most recent cases is that of a Lutheran student of theology, who after reading Dr. Janssen's book became a Catholic, entered the seminary of Mayence, and has just received deacon's orders.

An amusing story is told of a wild university student, who, in itemizing the compulsory monthly statement of funds expended, wrote — cigars so much, stationery so much, sundries so much, and then, not daring to state how foolishly the large amount yet unaccounted for was spent, added, remainder in charity. His father returned the statement, having wittily written, "I fear, in your case, my son, charity covereth a multitude of sins."

Irish Priests for America.

Three young priests, ordained recently at Carlow College, embarked at Queenstown in the steamship Servia, for the American Missions. They were accompanied by Father Slattery, of Dubuque, and their dioceses are as follows: Father John Dillon, for San Francisco; Father David Lonergan and Father James Ryan, for Dubuque.

Carney Hospital Festival.

A festival in aid of this best of hospitals will take place in Music and Bumstead halls on Oct. 30. The object is to raise funds to pay for the new addition made to the hospital.

An Irish Mocking-Bird.

A valuable mocking-bird was stolen from a Savannah gentleman a while ago. After many unsuccessful efforts to recover it, its owner casually heard that a Northern visitor, who had been in the city all winter, was returning North with a remarkable bird, and, hurrying off to the sailing vessel, he found that the bird in the passenger's possession was his own lost treasure. The new owner, however, would not admit his claim, and it was finally arranged he should make a complaint before a magistrate and prove that the bird was his. When before the magistrate, he said that he would whistle an air, and it was agreed that if the bird took it up and followed him, that should be convincing evidence. He then began to whistle "St. Patrick's Day;" the bird listened a moment, took up the air and finished it. That settled the question, and the bird was given up. It is said that the Northerner offered one thousand dollars for it, but this was refused.

The Breeches' Bible.

The New York Catholic News: The favorite and beloved Bible used by the Pilgrim Fathers and Puritans of New England, down to the early part of the last century, was the Geneva version — a thoroughly Calvinistic modification. It is often called the "Breeches' Bible" from the description of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. In chapter iii., verse 7, after the recital of the transgression, the passage reads: "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-tree leaves together and made themselves breeches."

The publishers of the Domestic Monthly, for October, 1889, announce a very attractive subscription offer, as follows: For only twenty-five cents they will send the magazine for three months, and a free coupon good for twenty-five cents' worth of "Domestic" paper patterns. Surely that is an offer that every lady who has never subscribed to the Domestic should avail herself of. Send direct to the Domestic Monthly, 853 Broadway, N. Y. This trial offer will remain open only a short time. The October Domestic has all the newest fall fashions, and is complete in every department. Every number of the Domestic contains over a hundred and twenty-five illustrations. And, last of all, it is absolutely the cheapest magazine published. All this is sold for a dollar and a half a year, postpaid. Besides, every subscriber receives coupons good for a dollar's worth of paper patterns free.

In New York state it is not allowed to send messenger boys into disreputable saloons and houses at all hours. The law of the state says: "It shall be unlawful for any corporation, or person employing messenger boys, to knowingly send or permit any person to send any messenger boy to any disorderly house, unlicensed saloon, inn, tavern, or other unlicensed place, where malt or spirituous liquors are sold, on any errand or business whatever." Should there not be a similar law in Massachusetts? Who among our young lawyers will introduce a similar law in the legislature of Massachusetts and other states?

The Sunday Democrat

Is the name of a new paper, the first number of which appeared on the 16th of September. Capt. John M. Tobin, of Boston, late United States Collector of Internal Revenue, is associated with Mr. Thomas F. Keenan, of Boston, in the publication. If Capt. Tobin does as good fighting in the Democratic ranks as he did on the battle-field, we have no doubt of the success of the new paper. Mr. Keenan, his partner, is a smart, energetic young man, and is no fool in handling the pen. Success to the new paper.

REV. CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, of St. Mary's Church, Fall River, Mass., has purchased in Holland fourteen stations of the cross for his church. They will be descriptive of the sufferings of the Saviour, of crushed stone, and the figures will be in bas-relief. They will cost one hundred dollars each. There are only two churches in this country which have similar stations.

Rome for the Popes.

REV. D. S. PHELAN, editor of the Western Watchman, who recently visited Rome, writes, that, in his opinion Rome, in the nature of things, must revert to become again the seat of an independent Papacy, — and not in the temporal keeping of any earthly prince. "The city itself," he observes, "is the last city in the world for a modern capital. It is unhealthy, and will always remain so. Modern Rome is on made ground. It has no manufactures, absolutely none. It is one vast monument of the past, a place only for the priest, the philosopher, and sexton. The Italian capital will go back to Florence, and that very soon. The government has not expended half a million on buildings since it came here. What has a modern government to do with tombs, and broken shafts, and noseless, legless, armless, ancient divinities?"

A Much-Needed Home.

WE refer to the advertisement of Dr. McNulty in another column. The institution he has established was very much needed in Boston. Dr. McNulty has a heart to sympathize with the afflicted.

"Lord, that I May See."

THE Sisters of the Blind is an order established four years. It is under the supervision of Bishop Wigger, bishop of Newark, N. J., and conducted by the Rev. Mother M. Rosalyn. This Home of the Blind is the only one of its kind in the world recognized by the church. The institution is located at 537 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City Heights. It deserves the recognition of the world over, and all those who can afford a helping hand will do a great charity by putting their shoulder to the wheel and helping this noble work along. It is heart-rending to witness the operations performed time and again on those poor unfortunate people who happen to be deprived of the "windows of the soul," the eyes. The Sisters watch over them with the greatest devotion, day and night, and they make an earnest appeal to all kindly disposed, to lend them a helping hand. Contributions of money or clothing will be gratefully received at the Home, 537 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

THE reformers who are in favor of abolishing capital punishment would do well to consider the fact that the Abbé Faure, chaplain of the Roquette Prison, Paris, who has just sent to the Minister of the Interior a report on his six years' work as prison chaplain, during which time he has accompanied thirteen criminals to the guillotine, defends capital punishment on the ground that criminals are really frightened by no other penalty.

THE JESUIT FATHERS of St. Francis Xavier's College, in West Sixteenth street, New York, are making arrangements to open an evening class, for the instruction in the classics of young men who desire to enter the priesthood, and cannot afford to go to college.

A MIRACLE. — Mrs. Sequin, of Quebec, for nine months deprived of the use of her legs, and suffering from cancer on the breast, was cured on Sept. 3d, miraculously, and in an instant, at St. Anne's Shrine there, while venerating the saint's relics. The miracle was witnessed by two hundred pilgrims.

A Soldier Bishop.

BISHOP CHAS. GORDON, S. J., who was consecrated Aug. 15. for the See of Jamaica, arrived in New York on the 8th of September, in company with Father Martin Parker, once an Anglican clergyman, but now a priest of the Society of Jesus. The bishop was appointed by the Holy Father, at the May Consistory, Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, with the title of Bishop of Thyatira, and is a descendant of the Scotch clan of the Gordons. Although a native of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1831, he belongs to the Highlands. His father, Sir Chas. Gordon, whilst professionally a barrister at law, was the proprietor of the land of Drimnin, Argyllshire. The new bishop became a landlord on the death of his father, and continued to manage the property until he reached the age of thirty-six. That was in the year 1866, when he resolved to go to Rome to defend the rights of Pius IX., then attacked. He enrolled as a Papal Zouave, and from Glasgow and other Scotch towns, he carried away with him many recruits to the Eternal City in the good and noble cause. Matters in Rome quieting down, he discovered, about the time of the Vatican Council, that the priesthood was his true vocation. He at once entered the Jesuit College in Rome, but the revolutionists driving the Order from their home, he had to complete his studies in Great Britain. After his ordination, in 1878, he acted as a priest in Galashiels, N.B., and South Africa. He then returned to St. Aloysius's, Glasgow, of which he has been Superior for the past eight years. His residence at Jamaica will be at Kingston, and the flock throughout his diocese number ten thousand.

ALL accounts say that our colleges were never so full of students as now. Boston College, and Holy Cross in Worcester, have more students than ever before. This is good news. Give the boys a good, solid, Catholic education.

DELINQUENTS: — Please look at the directions on the cover of your magazine, and see to what time you have paid up. If in arrears, remit the amount and oblige the proprietor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Annals of St. Joseph.

A MONTHLY Catholic journal, published in the interest of St. Joseph, and managed by Rev. J. F. Durin, M. S. H., rector of St Joseph's Church, West Depere, Wis. The clients of St. Joseph's should subscribe for this very interesting publication. It is published monthly, and sent to any part of the country for seventy-five cents a year. Send on your subscriptions to Father Durin, West Depere, Wis.

The Catholic Review.

UNDER the editorship of the Rev. John Talbot Smith, the Catholic Review is maintaining and increasing the high reputation which its founder and first editor, the lamented P. V. Hickey, made for it. It has appeared in a new dress, and looks as bright and sparkling as the contents. We wish the Review every success.

THE destruction of the cathedral of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, is a sad loss to the people of that place. It was said to be one of the handsomest church edifices on the continent, and cost between two hundred thousand dollars and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The building was commenced by Bishop Carfagnini, and completed by Bishop McDonald, the present incumbent of the See. It was completely out of debt. There was not a dollar of insurance on it. Bishop McDonald will have the sympathy of the people of Canada in his very great loss. The circumstances under which the burning took place look as though it might be the work of an incendiary.

THE New York Tribune: English churchmen are very much chagrined over the fact that their own prelates did nothing to settle the great London strike, and, indeed, appeared to be indifferent to it, while Cardinal Manning took such an active part in it. The Anglican bishop of London is personally a very unpopular man, owing to his brusque manner, while Cardinal Manning is at all times charmingly courteous. Visitors to the bishop of London frequently complain of being insulted by him, while even the most bigoted Protestants who call on the cardinal go away delighted.

Melancholy Death.

A SAD and fatal accident befell the third son (Joseph T.,) of Mr. Eugene Kelly, the banker, of New York, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 10. He was blown from the platform of a Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad train crossing the Hackensack meadows, and instantly killed. The young man boarded the 5.05 P. M., Orange express train at Hoboken, in company with his father and Ollie Byron, a friend. Father and son were on their way to their summer home in South Orange. The young man was seated in one of the passenger coaches near his father during the trip through the tunnel. Just as the train was passing over the Hackensack bridge, Joseph and his friend started to go into the smoking-car. The storm was raging at the time, and as the young man was crossing the platform between the two cars, a gust of wind blew off his hat. He made an attempt to catch it, and, at the same moment, another gust of wind lifted him off his feet, and that, coupled with the movement of the train, threw him from the platform, across the east-bound track. One of the brakemen, who saw the accident, pulled the bell-cord, and the train came to a sudden stand-still. A detachment of train-men hastened down the railroad tracks to the place where the still body of the young man lay. They lifted him up tenderly and found life extinct. Young Mr. Kelly's head struck on the side of the track, causing instantaneous death. The venerable father of the boy was among the passengers who inquired why the train had stopped. His unspoken grief when he saw the lifeless body of his son carried into the baggage car was pitiable in the extreme. He fondled and caressed the corpse, and called the boy by endearing names. The body was taken on the train to South Orange, and the stricken father remained with it in the railroad station while messengers went to Seton Hall College, to ask Father Marshall, the president of the college, to break the sad intelligence to Mrs. Kelly, the young man's mother, who is an invalid. Joseph Kelly was about twenty-five years old. He assisted his father in business, and was a graduate of Seton Hall College. A few years ago the second son of the venerable banker lost his life by accident. He was swimming in Mexico, where he had gone on a visit, when he was seized with cramps and drowned. Four of Mr. Kelly's sons survive — Eugene, Edward, Thomas, and Robert, and all, like their esteemed father, are highly respected.

Statue in College-Green, Dublin.

THE Irish Catholic, of Dublin, directs the attention of the members of the corporation to the fact that unless they are content to run the risk of becoming involved in a costly law suit, they will take speedy steps for the removal of the statue of William the Third, from its present position in College-green. Just now a serious or fatal accident may happen at any moment. The entire monument, pedestal included, is mouldering away, while the hideous figure of the horse and rider may topple over at any moment, crushing the unfortunate passers-by. One of the hind legs of the ungainly steed is badly fissured, and most certainly no time should be lost in getting rid of a possible source of danger to our citizens.

SAYS the New York Freeman's Journal: The Irish and Italians should be friends, for both people are largely composed of similar race elements, and are, in many respects, alike in their characteristics.

St. Patrick or Emmet.

THE Catholic Columbian says with great truth: If we are to choose between Emmet's Day celebration and St. Patrick's Day observance, give us, in God's name, the latter. Robert Emmet was a great patriot and martyr for Ireland's cause; but he was not of Ireland's ancient, glorious faith by which her children were made saints, and retain to-day the title of an apostolic nation. It was the great St. Patrick that made Ireland the land of scholars, and sent her men and women into every clime as teachers and disseminators of the true religion. By all means retain St. Patrick's Day. Ireland is a nation of Catholics not of politicians.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

THE CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES. By Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland. New Primer, 12mo, 32 pages, paper cover, 6 cents; boards, 12 cents. New First Reader, 12mo, boards, cloth back, 96 pages, 25 cents.

The above are entirely new books: new in method, in matter, in type, in illustrations, and have been prepared to meet the constant demand for "something new." The type is exceptionally large, clear, and beautiful. The illustrations are the best of their kind, both in drawing and engraving. The paper and printing are excellent.

PRAYER (price 50 cents), by the author of Golden Sands; translated by Miss Ella McMahon.

This book is offered to novices and pious people of the world. "Come, follow Me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." For all stations in life this is a most excellent companion.

THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Explained in short conferences with appropriate prayers, suitable for Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin. By Very Rev. Joseph Rainer. Price, net, 50 cents.

This book is timely. It is very appropriate for the services attendant upon the Festival of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & N. Y.

THE RIVERSIDE SERIES. This house has issued the following books at 15 cents each: Evangeline, by H. W. Longfellow, with notes and a biographical sketch. A Longfellow Night, a short sketch of the poet's life, with songs and recitations from his works, by Catherine O'Keefe; Birds and Bees, essays by Burroughs, with an introduction by Mary E. Burt; Rules of Conduct, Diary of Adventure, Letters, Farewell Addresses, by George Washington, with introductions and notes.

These series are issued monthly, are neatly gotten up and sold at moderate prices. Send for a catalogue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS. By Rev. William P. Treacy. Price, $1.

In a recent letter to the Rev. P. A. Treacy, pastor of Burlington, N. J., the venerable and learned Archbishop Tobias Kerby, writes: "My dear Father Treacy: Your esteemed letter, accompanied by the beautiful work on Irish scholars, has come to hand. I thank you and your reverend brother for so valuable and useful a gift. It is full of most important and interesting information, and reflects the highest credit on the mind and true Irish Catholic heart of the gifted author, to whom I beg of you to present my sincere and grateful acknowledgements."

The Rev. Charles P. Meehan, the distinguished member of the Royal Irish Academy, has just written to the author: "My dear Rev. Friend: I have gone through a good portion of your work; and every page, prose and verse, charmed me more than I can tell you. God grant you many years to adorn the priesthood of Ireland and America.

The Right Honorable William E. Gladstone, statesman and *litterateur*, writes in reference to Irish Scholars: "It is touching to see the taste of Ireland for scholarship, acknowledged and recorded from across the Atlantic."

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

THE QUESTION OF NATIONALITY. Its Relation to the Catholic Church in the United States. By Rev. A. H. Walburgs, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Cincinnati, O. Price 25 cents.

Chapter I., treats of Foreignism and Nativism. Chapter II., the Irish nationality. Chapter III., the German nationality. Chapter IV., the American nationality. Buy the pamphlet: it is worth reading.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Queenie," words by Michael Watson, composed by J. S. McMurray.

Instrumental: "Col. Taylor's March," by Geo. W. Stewart. "Lucia Di Lammermoor," arranged by R. F. Raymond. "Little Ethel's Schottische," by same author. "Little Sprite," by same. "Electric Polka," by Lulu A. Munn. "Evelena," transcription for piano-forte, by Chas. D. Blake.

Books: The Folio for August. An excellent number.

MESSRS. JOHN MATTSON & Co., 28 School street, Boston, are doing a great deal of business in real estate; those in want of good houses should call, and those who have houses to sell should do likewise. Their office is very nearly opposite the City Hall, 28 School street, Boston.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal: The announcement of the death of the senior member of the Irish Catholic Episcopacy will be received throughout the country with feelings of genuine regret for a venerable personage. The Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Derry, died on Sunday, Sept. 3, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. His Lordship was forty years Bishop of Derry. In the black year of 1849 he was consecrated to the remarkable diocese over which his spiritual sway has been so successful. The ceremony was performed by the illustrious Archbishop MacHale, and from that day to the close of the life of the great Prelate of the West, a warm friendship existed between the two bishops. Bishop Kelly devoted himself with all the strength of purpose of a steadfast and zealous pastor to the interests of his spiritual care. He had had both missionary and collegiate experience during his life as a priest, and it became his aim as a bishop, to raise the statu of his co-religionists in the North by every means at his disposal. Churches, colleges, and convents soon began to stud the broad country over which Dr. Kelly was placed, and under his auspices Catholicity in Derry steadily advanced and flourished. Of a dignified presence, indefatigable zeal, absolute unselfishness, and wide-spread popularity, amongst those outside his flock, as well as amongst the thousands composing it, Dr. Kelly has been for a lengthened period a great power in Derry. The heat of bigotry and partisan strife often made his position an onerous and irksome one; but he always acquitted himself with address, and won the good opinion of foe as well as friend in the most trying circumstances. For many years his health has been delicate; his personal appearance was known throughout Ireland perhaps less than that of any of the members of the Episcopal Bench. But he died in harness, and was engaged in the active discharge of his duties up to the time of his seizure by the last fatal illness. His death breaks a link with the past, and removes one of a school of prelates earning the love and veneration of the people by assiduous labor in their episcopal functions, and with whom the history of Ireland is closely bound up. The deaths amongst the Catholic Episcopacy have been frequent of late, and although Dr. Kelly's age might have prepared people for the end, the comparative suddenness of his death causes it to come with a powerful shock upon all who knew him. We are only recording the simple fact when we say that his brethren of the Episcopacy will receive the news with profound sorrow, and his own priests and people mourn their veteran guide and pastor with deep and lasting grief. The funeral took place on the 6th. It is estimated that some fifteen thousand persons were present, among whom were the leading Protestant families. The Primate of Armagh presided at the office. All the bishops and priests who arrived in time took part in the solemn office, and chanted the responses round the bier. The bells of the Protestant church were tolled during the passage of the funeral cortege.

CLERGYMEN.

The Very Rev. Canon Lee, P. P., V. G., Ballinahown, near Athlone, expired in the parochial house, Ballinahown, after a protracted illness. The deceased clergyman was highly esteemed, and his demise is greatly regretted in the neighboring dioceses.

The death of the Very Rev. Roger O'Riordan, President of St. John's College, Waterford, took place at his mother's residence, Burncourt, county Tipperary, after a short illness. The deceased clergyman was comparatively young, having only attained his forty-fourth year. He was educated at St. John's College, and afterwards went to Maynooth, where he was for two years on the Dunboyne establishment, and filled the office of Dean of the College at the same time. He went to Water-

ford on the opening of the present new College of St. John's, and filled the professorial chair until he was appointed President, in succession to the Very Rev. Joseph A. Phelan, on the appointment of the latter to the parish of SS. Peter and Paul, Clonmel. On the occasion of the appointment of coadjutor to the late Most Rev. Dr. John Power, Father O'Riordan was *dignissimus*, with right of succession, but he was subsequently permitted by the Pope to decline the responsible dignity on the plea of delicate health.

Rev. Peter Bermingham, rector of St. Bridget's Church, died at San Francisco, Cal., recently. Father Bermingham was born in Coxtown, in the county Galway, Ireland, on April 5, 1839, consequently he was fifty years four months and twenty-five days old at the time of his decease.

BROTHER.

Brother Joseph, member of the community of the Brothers of Charity, in charge of the House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, Mass., died in the institution on the 8th of September. He was widely known and esteemed for his connection with the House, of which he was superintendent for five years. A very painful abscess, which had caused him much suffering on and off for fourteen years, at length obliged him, last June, to relinquish his duties to other hands, and to undergo treatment in Carney Hospital. Four weeks later he returned to the institution much improved, but under directions to refrain entirely from active occupation. His death was unexpected, and was a severe shock to his many friends. The body, in charge of Brother Justinian, Provincial of the Brothers of Charity, was conveyed to Montreal, where it will be interred in the cemetery of the Order. May he rest in peace!

SISTERS.

Departed this life, at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., Sept. 2, Sister Mary Appolonia Digges, in the ninetieth year of her age. The subject of the above notice was the daughter of the late Francis Digges, Esq., of St. Mary's county, Md., a direct descendant of Col. William Digges, a distinguished and "well beloved" counsellor of Lord Baltimore, and closely related to that family, as well as to the Brookes, Plowdens, Hamiltons, Neales, Hamersleys, and other distinguished families of Maryland. She received her education at the academy, and entered the convent at the age of sixteen, where she spent her entire life, with the exception of a few years, when she was at Parkersburg, W. Va., as Mother Abbess of the convent of the Visitation there. It was whilst there that her Golden Jubilee was celebrated, receiving on that occasion innumerable testimonials of the great love and respect in which she was held. She was distinguished for her great piety, and a truly kind and gentle manner to all who approached her. She was many years ago miraculously cured, being then at the point of death and having been given up by her physician, but on receiving Holy Communion, at the conclusion of a novena for her recovery, arose from her bed perfectly restored to health. The account of this miracle was published in all the papers at the time it occurred.

On Sept. 5, 1889, at St. Joseph's Convent of Poor Clares, Cavan, Sister Mary Stanislaus Lynch passed to her eternal reward, after a protracted period of failing health, borne with saintly resignation. Sister M. Stanislaus was in the thirty-first year of her age and tenth of her religious profession. Deceased was sister to Sister M. Clare, of same convent, and younger daughter of John Lynch, Woodland, Arva.

At the Ursuline Convent, Tiffin, O., on Sept. 19, Sister Josephine, in the world Miss Matilda Byrne, died of heart disease. She was twenty-eight years of age, and was a cousin of the Hon. P. A. Collins of Boston.

Sister Dionysias (O'Keeffe) died on Saturday, Sept. 21, at St. Vincent's Orphanage, Camden street, Boston. She was one of the few who attain the golden jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary of her profession, which she celebrated with her sister, Sister Camille, at the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity, Emmittsburg, Md., a few years ago. Her whole religious life had been spent in the service of the or-

phan. She was over twenty years at St. Vincent's. Her funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church, Mt. Pleasant. There was a Solemn Mass of Requiem. A number of priests were in the sanctuary, and a vast congregation thronged the church. The crown of her golden jubilee rested on Sister Dionysias' coffin. Sisters of Charity from St. Vincent's, Carney Hospital, the Infant Asylum, the Home for Destitute Children, and St. John's Hospital, Lowell, were present and accompanied the remains to Mt. Holyhood where they were interred.

Sister Mary Agnes, a member of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy at the Magdalen Asylum, San Francisco, Cal., died after a short sickness, from apoplexy. The deceased Sister was born in Drogheda, county Louth, Ireland, in 1836. She entered the Order in 1858, and, consequently, was in the thirty-first year of her religious profession at the time of her demise.

LAY PEOPLE.

William J. Sheridan expired suddenly Monday morning, Sept. 9, at the family residence, 48 Phelps avenue, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Sheridan was not only a well-known member of the Monroe county bar, but he was a native of Rochester, and one of its best-known citizens. He was the eldest son of John and Ann Sheridan, and was forty-seven years of age. After attending school there he entered St. John's College, Fordham, where he distinguished himself as a student, and was graduated at the head of his class. He was subsequently elected president of the alumni association of the college. After graduation he read law in the office of the late James C. Cochrane, and on his admission to the bar, twenty-six years ago, soon won a place in the profession. A lawyer who had extensive dealings with Mr. Sheridan said of him to-day: "It was a pleasure to transact business with him. There was nothing petty or technical about him — he was faithful to his clients and honorable in all his dealings." He gave close attention to his profession, and although he held strong political convictions was not an office seeker, his sole experience in that respect having been acquired as supervisor from the ninth ward, a position in which he served the public with credit. He had hosts of friends who will be not less grieved than surprised that one who always had good health and a cheerful disposition should be called away so suddenly. His illness was of but a few minutes' duration, he having retired Sunday night in apparent good health. He called for assistance at five o'clock and Dr. Jones came immediately, but could afford no relief, and the patient expired within ten minutes of the time when he was first attacked. His death is attributed to heart failure. The immediate surviving members of the family are his parents, and his sisters Mrs. P. Hughes and Mrs. B. B. Hughes of Toronto, Mrs. P. J. O'Reilly of Utica, Anna C. and Alice, of Rochester, and his brothers John A., of Leadville, and E. C., residing in Rochester.

Master George A., son of Mr. Edward McCormick, of Boston, died on Sept. 14th, at the summer residence of his parents, Nantasket Beach, aged fourteen years ten months and twenty-four days. Deceased was a bright and amiable youth, full of promise had he reached mature years. For the past two years he had been a sufferer from that dread disease, consumption, the sufferings of which he bore with a fortitude beyond his tender age. Owing to the absence of the family from their city residence, the obsequies were privately held at Hingham, the interment taking place at Calvary.

Mr. Thomas F. Maguire, a prominent resident of Somerville, Mass., and a well-known lawyer of Boston, died suddenly at his home on the morning of Sept. 12, of hemorrhage. Mr. Maguire was born in Ireland about forty-five years ago, and was well known and respected in Boston and Somerville. He leaves a family of five children, his wife having died six years ago.

Many besides the citizens of Cork, of all creeds and classes, will hear with sincere regret of the death of Alderman James Dwyer at his residence in that city. The deceased gentleman, who had attained the patriarchal age of ninety-one years, had been during a long period of his life active in every Catholic and national movement.

Death of Mr. Andrew Brennan, of Rochester, N. Y.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Andrew Brennan of Rochester, N. Y., which occurred Sept. 19. Mr. Brennan was amongst the oldest Irish Catholic residents of the Flower City where so many of our race have attained both business and social distinction. The deceased was, for many years, engaged in the dry goods business as a member of the firm of McRoden and Brennan, then one of the largest establishments of its kind in Western New York. In 1870 Mr. Brennan purchased his partner's interest in that concern, and associated with him his younger brother under the firm name of A. & E. Brennan. He held many positions of trust during his long and useful life being intimately concerned in all church charities; but he will be best remembered as the manager of the House of Refuge in which capacity he gave full scope to his benevolent industry. He married the daughter of Mr. Austin Cross of Rochester, a lady known far and wide for her charities and estimable character. Shortly after her marriage she became a Catholic owing to the excellent example of her husband. At the time of her death she had become the mother of seven children, four sons and three daughters,—five of whom are still living. Mr. Brennan's second daughter was married last spring to a merchant of Montreal, and the newly married couple invited him to accompany them on their wedding tour abroad, hoping that his health which had shown signs of breaking up for some time, might be restored. For a while the change of air seemed to benefit him; but on his return to Rochester the old symptoms returned, and he sank rapidly. His end was peaceful, surrounded and consoled by his children who fully realize the great loss they have sustained. His good works will long survive him, whilst his children will recall him as a kind and indulgent parent and a wise counsellor. May his soul rest in peace.

Mr. P. Golden, house and sign painter, decorator in oil and water, frescoing, tinting, and whitening, 75 West Dedham street, Boston, is one of the best known men at the South End and Old Roxbury, in his line of business. He attends to all orders personally and promptly, and guarantees general satisfaction in everything he undertakes.

A Bit of Advice to the Boston Daily Herald.

The New York Catholic Review: We wish to say to the Boston Herald that its information concerning Catholic matters is often from sources which cannot be trusted. Don't trust the Independent. However fair and just that paper may be on general matters of religion, on Roman Catholic matters it has not yet arrived at the point where it can be trusted. We hope that time will some day come when the Independent will be thoroughly independent, and will not obtain its Catholic literature from uncertain sources. The Herald knows that its success as a secular newspaper does not signify that it is competent to discuss questions of religion. The Herald as a newspaper is reliable and satisfactory; but it ought not to trust itself too much on religious matters. It is only fair to ask that the newspapers obtain their religious news from the religious press, and that Catholic information shall not come from hostile sources. Hence, it will understand how utterly foolish, unnecessary, and ridiculous was its latest editorial on ecclesiastical tyranny. It knows nothing of Archbishop Elder and his business methods, never read a line of the Catholic Telegraph, and trusts to the Independent for its data in writing rigmaroles on Catholic matters. This is not the enterprise which the Herald shows in secular matters.

The October Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Philadelphia, Pa.,) contains much interesting matter and several striking illustrations. The frontispiece represents the "Death of St. Bruno," of whom there is given in this number a very well-written, though rather brief, biographical sketch.

Messrs. Moore & Woods, roofers, No. 5 Province court, Boston, are among the most reliable men in their business in this city. See their advertisement in another column.

Pullets Should be Laying.

YOUNG pullets hatched in March and April ought all to be laying this month. Later hatched ones, if not laying by November, will, probably, if left to themselves, not lay before spring when eggs are down to fifteen cents per dozen. A well-known poultry farmer showed us, recently, his account for last December with one hundred and twenty-five pullets. The net profit for that month, from eggs alone, was thirty-nine dollars and thirty-nine cents: from the same pullets in April following, the profit was fourteen dollars and ninety-seven cents, and he got fifty dozen more eggs in April than in December. Now this is a striking lesson to all who keep hens for profit. Get all the eggs you can this dull year when other crops are short, as eggs always bring cash. Probably forty-five cents per dozen by Christmas. Therefore get the pullets to laying early when prices are highest. Rev. S. W. Squires, of Franklin, Mass., says: "For the purpose of seeing how many eggs I could obtain, last winter, from twelve hens, I used four large cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder. I believe it is the best preparation known to increase egg production. I saved part of the eggs for hatching after forcing the hens four months for all they were worth with Sheridan's Powder, and I never had a greater per cent. of fertile eggs, or more vigorous chickens. In brief, I do not believe I can afford to be without the Powder to give health and vigor to young hens." Six cans of Sheridan's Powder will pay a good dividend in eggs if you commence early. If you cannot get it near home, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass., (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send, for 50 cts., two 25-cent packs of Powder; for $1, five packs; for $1.20, a large 2 1-4 pound can, all post-paid; six cans for $5, express prepaid; one large can of Powder, also one year's subscription to the Farm-Poultry Monthly, both sent post-paid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper, 5 cts. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free.

IN the February issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE a lengthy biographical sketch of Archbishop Carroll will be found.

Catholic Family Almanac for 1890.

THIS annual is early in the market. It is beautifully illustrated with such eminent Divines as Fathers Hecker, Corcoran, Damien, Thiry, S. J., and others. Among the laity are portraits of the late Mr. Hickey and Miss Kathaleen O'Meara. On the whole, it is the best number yet issued. The price is twenty-five cents. To any of our present subscribers who will procure a new one, we will give a copy to each on receipt of four dollars. For sale by T. B. Noonan & Co.

New York Freeman's Journal.

Foul-Mouthed Fulton Rebuked.

FOUL-MOUTHED Fulton, the vilifier of Catholic priests and nuns, has got a rebuke in England which he cannot forget, though it is impossible to hope that he will profit by the lesson. A cable despatch from London to the New York Herald informs us that at a lecture in Brighton, he spoke of the Blessed Virgin as "not much of a virgin." The lecture was presided over by Rev. J. G. Gregory. Fulton's profanity, we are told, was brought to the attention of Mr. Gregory's ecclesiastical superior — the Protestant Bishop of Chichester, who "called upon Mr. Gregory to disavow any agreement with Fulton's statement." No doubt the ribald doctor is disgusted with Brighton and its Bishop. He ought to go and settle among the Orangemen of Belfast. He would be more at home there than in Brooklyn or Brighton.

The Haverhill, Mass., Daily Gazette administers the following rebuke to Filthy Fulton: "The spectacle presented by Rev. Dr. Fulton, with a soldier's hat on his head, pacing up and down the platform in Music Hall, Boston, denouncing, with tears in his eyes, our Catholic fellow-citizens, is not an edifying one. The hundreds of thousands of noble men and women in the Catholic communion, who have forsaken the pomps and vanities of this world to follow in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene, is an eloquent answer to the accusations of the Music Hall orator. Dr. Fulton seems to be quite a prophet of evil to come, and for his consideration, we would respectfully commend the words found in Ezechiel xiii. 3."

Important Document from Cardinal Gibbons.

THE CENTENARY OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

James Cardinal Gibbons, by the Grace of God and Favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Baltimore, to the Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

Dearly Beloved Brethren and Children in Christ.

On the 6th of November, 1789, His Holiness, Pius VI., issued a bull creating the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States, and appointing Rev. John Carroll the first Bishop of Baltimore, whose episcopal jurisdiction extended over all the territory then comprised in the Federal Union.

He was consecrated in the chapel of Lulworth Castle, in England, by the venerable Bishop Walmesley, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, on the 15th of August, 1790, and soon afterward he set out for Baltimore, where he arrived on the 7th of December. After occupying this See for a quarter of a century he died, full of years and merits, Dec. 3, 1815, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The history of Archbishop Carroll's administration clearly shows that his appointment was not only a wise and judicious, but an especially providential one. Gifted by nature with talents of a high order, he improved and developed those talents by a long course of studies in one of the best colleges in Europe, and, even among the brilliant scholars of St. Omer's, he won a high reputation for learning.

Archbishop Carroll united in his person the triple character of an ardent patriot, a zealous prelate, and an accomplished Christian gentleman. His devotion to his country's cause gained for him the confidence of the revolutionary leaders; his apostolic labors commanded the love and veneration of the faithful, and his benevolent disposition and gentle manners won the hearts of all his fellow-citizens with whom he came in contact.

Living in the midst of the Revolution, animated by its spirit, and zealous for its triumph, so strong was the trust reposed in his loyalty and judgment, that he was commissioned by the Continental Congress to accompany his friend, Benjamin Franklin, his cousin, Charles Carroll, and Samuel Chase on a delicate and important mission to Canada. The Catholic religion subsists and expands under all forms of government, and adapts itself to all times and places and circumstances; and this she does without any compromise of principle, or any derogation from the supreme authority of the church, or any shock to the individual conscience. For while the truths of faith are eternal and immutable, the discipline of the church is changeable, just as man himself is ever the same in his essential characteristics, while his dress varies according to the fashion of the times. Archbishop Carroll was thoroughly conversant with the genius of our political constitution, and with the spirit of our laws and system of government. He was, therefore, admirably fitted for the delicate task of adjusting the discipline of the church to the requirements of our civil constitution. The calm judgment of posterity recognizes John Carroll as a provi-

dential agent in moulding the diverse elements in the United States into an organized church. He did not wish the church to vegetate as a delicate exotic plant; he wished it to become a sturdy tree, deep-rooted in the soil, to grow with the growth, and bloom with the development of the country, inured to its climate, braving its storms and invigorated by them, and yielding abundantly the fruits of sanctification.

Knowing, as he did, the mischief bred by national rivalries, his aim was that the clergy and people — no matter from what country they sprung — should be thoroughly identified with the land in which their lot was cast; that they should study its laws and political constitution, and be in harmony with its spirit; in a word, that they should become, as soon as possible, assimilated to the social body in all things appertaining to the domain of civil life.

The more we study his life, the more is our admiration for this great prelate enhanced. His "solicitude for all the churches," his anxiety to provide priests for the widely-extended missions, his personal visitation of the scattered members of his flock, his privations and fatigues, his efforts to heal dissensions, to allay disputes, and to avert schisms, his earnest, though well-tempered, vindication of the Catholic religion against the misrepresentations of her assailants, — how vividly these complex labors of the Archbishop recall the trials and vicissitudes of the Apostle of the Gentiles, as portrayed by himself: "In journeyings often, in perils of rivers, perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils in the sea, perils from false brethren, in labor and distress, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, besides the things that are without, my daily charge, the care of all the churches." (II. Cor. xi.)

But while assiduous in the care of his own flock, Archbishop Carroll never forgot the duties of Christian charity he owed to those who were not of the household of the faith. His social relations with the Protestant clergy and laity of Baltimore were of a most friendly and cordial character. The veneration in which he was held by all his fellow-citizens was amply attested by the uniform marks of respect exhibited toward him during his long administration, and particularly by the genuine outpouring of grief and the warm tributes of affection paid to his memory at the close of his earthly career.

On Sunday, the 10th of November next, and on the two days following, the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States will be celebrated in Baltimore with appropriate religious and civic festivities. We cannot, dearly beloved brethren, take a retrospective view of that memorable event, and of the century now drawing to a close, without mingled feelings of gratitude to God for the wonderful things He has wrought through His servants who have gone before us, and rest from their labors, and also of a profound sense of the responsibility that devolves upon us to emulate the virtues of our fathers in the faith.

When Bishop Carroll was consecrated, in 1790, the entire population of the United States was a little less than four millions, freemen and slaves included. The Catholic population was estimated at

about forty thousand. A small but heroic band of thirty priests, almost exclusively belonging to the Society of Jesus, ministered to this scattered flock. There was not a single hospital or asylum throughout the land. Churches there were none, unless we designate by that title the few modest houses of worship erected in Catholic settlements, chiefly in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Georgetown College, just then founded, was the only Catholic seat of learning in the country.

Such is a true picture of the past. Let us now glance at the present. Thanks to the blessings of an overruling Providence, and to the beneficent character of our civil and political institutions, the population of the United States has grown within a century from four to sixty-five millions of people, as happy and contented as any that move on the face of the earth.

And thanks to the fructifying influence of the Holy Spirit, and to the liberty we enjoy, the progress of the church has more than kept pace with the material development of the country. There is now embraced within the territory of the United States a Catholic population of about nine millions. There are thirteen archbishops and seventy-one bishops, eight thousand priests, ten thousand five hundred churches and chapels, twenty-seven seminaries exclusively devoted to the training of candidates for the sacred ministry; there are six hundred and fifty colleges and academies for the higher education of youth of both sexes, and thirty-one hundred parish schools. There are five hundred and twenty hospitals and orphan asylums, where every form of human misery and infirmity is alleviated, and where children of both sexes are rescued from spiritual and temporal wretchedness, and and are reared to become useful and honorable members of society.

But while we rejoice in the numerical strength of the Catholic religion, we rejoice still more that far from betraying any symptoms of religious torpor, still less of decay and dissolution, the church exhibits an organic vitality, an exuberant spirit, a vigorous activity, and a sturdy growth which afford a well-founded hope of unlimited expansion in the future.

We rejoice also that the episcopate and clergy have not only been greatly multiplied, but that they are bound to one another by the ties of a common faith, hope, and charity, having "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all and in us all." (Ephes. iv.)

We rejoice, moreover, in the cordial and happy relations which subsist between the clergy and the faithful committed to their charge; that the clergy are ever ready to consecrate to the service of their flocks their time and talents and daily ministration, and to pour out their life's blood, if necessary, and that they receive in return the reverence, the filial love, and the free-will offerings of a grateful and devoted people. If the world understood the sacred and tender ties of charity that bind the pastor to his spiritual children, it would never confound filial obedience and respect with servile fear, for "perfect love casteth out fear." (I. John iv. 18.) And we are persuaded that

this mutual affection and confidence existing between the clergy and the people is quickened and fostered by the system of voluntary contributions that obtains among us.

But we rejoice in the growth of the Catholic religion, not for our own sakes only, for that would be a narrow and selfish satisfaction. Our joy rests on broader grounds. We rejoice for our country's sake, firmly believing that the progress of Christian faith will contribute to the stability and perpetuity of the government. In this country the citizen happily enjoys the broadest exercise of personal freedom. But the wider the scope of liberty, the more efficient should be the safeguards to prevent it from being abused and degenerated into license. The Catholic Church is the friend of law and order; she is the upholder of legitimate authority; she is the stern opponent of anarchy on the one hand and oppression on the other; and, by her conservative spirit, she is an element of strength to the nation. Indeed, to proclaim loyalty to a government like ours is, as it ought to be, a spontaneous act of love, as well as a duty to all who preach the Gospel. For if, in the days of Nero, the Apostles commanded that the ruler should be honored and prayed for, and that his ordinances should be observed (I. Tim. ii.; I. Pet. ii.), with what alacrity should we enjoin respect for the constituted authorities who are the people's own choice, and should we inculcate obedience to the laws which were framed with the sole view of promoting the welfare and happiness of the community!

The due observance of the coming centennial requires of us that we should not only thank God for the great things wrought by our fathers, but that we should recognize the obligations incumbent on us in our day and generation. Let us not boastingly say with the Jews: "We are the seed of Abraham." "If ye are the children of Abraham," says our Lord, "do ye the works of Abraham." (John viii.) It was no extenuation, but rather an aggravation, of the crime of those who crucified our Saviour, that they vaunted in being the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And our lack of faith and zeal would be all the more reprehensible, since we have before our eyes the examples of a Carroll, a Cheverus, a Flaget, a Hughes, an England, and "so great a cloud of witnesses." The civic and moral virtues of past generations will not redound to our glory, but rather will be a reproach to us, if we have no share in their patriotism and piety. In vain we praise their heroic deeds if we do not strive to emulate them; for God will not be content with a vicarious fealty. We have indeed the divine assurance that His church shall never fail; but He ordinarily works his wonders through secondary agents, and we should all regard ourselves as included among the providential instruments He has chosen for the fulfilment of His decrees. We have entered into an inheritance not simply to enjoy it, but to cultivate it and enlarge its bounds. And if the Patriarch of the American church and his small band of pioneers accomplished so much with their limited means after they had emerged from the dark night of bondage, and while they were yet more or less hampered by civil and religious disabilities, how much more should be expected of us with our multiplied numbers and

resources, and basking as we are in the noonday sun of liberty. Let us, then, like our forefathers, leave behind us monuments of faith and good works to which posterity will point with pride when they are called together to commemorate the second centennial of our country's history.

We hail it as an auspicious omen that the new century will be inaugurated by the opening of the Catholic University, just as the closing century was ushered in by the founding of Georgetown College. And, as Pius VI. gave an impetus to religion in 1789, by the creation of the Catholic hierarchy among us, so does Leo XIII. inspire us with renewed hope in 1889, by giving us his august sanction to the establishment of our national seat of learning. Thus Pius has planted, Leo has watered, may God give the increase. (I. Cor. iii. 6.)

And we have the firm trust, dearly beloved brethren, that our Lord will deign to ratify the blessing of Leo, as He has abundantly confirmed the blessing of Pius; for those two venerable Pontiffs have spoken as the highest representatives of Him who "was made flesh and dwelt among us," whose name across the chasm of nineteen centuries is a living Power, and who is daily shedding benedictions on the nations that invoke Him.

We take great pleasure in announcing to you that a benevolent interest in the approaching celebration is manifested by the hierarchy and laity of the United States, and even of those in other lands. Seventy-three archbishops and bishops have already signified their intention of honoring us by their presence. Nearly every state and territory of the Union will be represented on the occasion. A large number of Canadian prelates have also promised to attend, among whom, I am happy to name, His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec. Even our sister Republic of Mexico will be represented by two or more prelates.

In a letter lately received, the Sovereign Pontiff expresses his gracious intention of sending a church dignitary from Rome to represent the Holy See at the Baltimore and Washington festivities. The archbishop commissioned by the Holy Father is not only an eminent divine, but is honored with the personal friendship of His Holiness himself.

Our acquaintance with the public spirit of Baltimore, leaves little doubt on our mind that our fellow-citizens, irrespective of faith, will add to our joy by sharing in it, and that they will welcome those distinguished visitors with that genuine warmth and fellowship for which they are so conspicuous. We are also assured that the clergy and private families will feel honored, as they have on previous occasions, in entertaining the prelates who may accept their hospitality. Let all of us eagerly unite in contributing to the comfort and enjoyment of the visiting prelates and clergy, and the delegates to the Catholic Congress, so that they may return to their homes with pleasant memories of Baltimore and its people, and with edifying impressions of the festive scenes in which they will have participated.

As an expression of our gratitude to God for past favors, and to

invoke his merciful benediction on our country for the years to come, the clergy of the archdiocese are directed to recite the Thanksgiving Collect (*pro gratiarum actone*) during the next month of November, on all days permitted by the Rubrics.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communication of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.

Given at Baltimore on the eighth day of October, 1889.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

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Special Words to Irish-Americans.

MANY shrewd observers are watching, with much more than casual interest, that special feature of the Irish National movement which may be termed the economical; that is to say, to the progress which is being made in developing the manufacturing industries of Ireland. The measure of success achieved in that direction by the onward flow of the national tide, is probably a surer test of the real advance which practical Irish patriotism has made than even the great political victory won by the Irish constituencies which so clearly demonstrated to Great Britain and the world that seven-eighths of the Irish people were as a unit for Home Rule. If seven-eighths of the people were only as practically united in bestowing their patronage on home manufactured products, the development of Irish manufactures would have been much farther advanced than is now the case. Considerable success has been made, but nothing like that which ought to have been made.

Now there are certain textile industries in which Ireland, by reason of natural advantages, should excel. But among them all linens alone stand in the front rank in the markets of the world. Why should not Irish woollens attain as high distinction as her flax fabrics? On the score of natural advantages woollens unquestionably should take the first place. For that reason, their manufactures was the first of the Irish industries which was absolutely wiped out by British legislation. It may not be generally known, but it is an indisputable fact, that to Irish manufacturing skill and Irish wool are chiefly due the early supremacy of French woollen fabrics in the markets of the world.

There is no good reason whatever to-day why Irish woollens should not attain to the high level to which they are justly entitled through their pre-eminent excellence, save because of the apathy or thoughtlessness of those who should be the first to assist in the resuscitation of this splendid industry. On this point we have, from time to time, drawn the attention of our readers with fairly good results to the aid which they can render in this very praiseworthy and patriotic work without any cost to themselves. We do so now again. Up to a few years ago, it was practically impossible for Irish-Americans to render assistance in this respect. Irish woollens as such could not be procured in the American market. The few that were brought here came from English or Scotch exporting houses, and they were sold as English or Scotch goods.

Happily, it is not so to-day, thanks to the warm sympathy for Ireland, and the enterprise of A. Shuman & Co., the largest manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers of first-class clothing in Boston or New England. Direct from the company organized by Mr. Parnell and Michael Davitt, the Irish Woollen and Export Company, limited, this Boston firm imports the best, and nothing but the best, products of the Irish looms, which are manufactured on their own premises, under their own personal supervision, with such scrupulous care, and in such a thorough manner, that they specially guarantee not only the superior excellence of the materials which enter into these garments, but the superior manner of their make-up. Mr. A. Shuman has repeatedly stated to newspaper interviewers who questioned him on this subject, that he regarded Irish tweeds and cheviots as superior to any fabrics manufactured in Europe in point of durability, and that he absolutely guaranteed those which he imported in that particular. He has thus staked the well-won reputation of his widely-known house on the true worth of these cloths.

Nothing more could be desired in the way of affording a fair field to Irish woollens in the American market. Under these circumstances, then, and in view of this magnificent opportunity to assist the development of a great Irish industry, we cannot too strongly urge upon Irish-Americans their duty in the premises. The plain facts of the matter are eloquent and forceful. A suit of these goods costs no more than a medium suit of any other make, and but very little more than the shoddy-filled garments which are to be found on the tables of some clothing stores. There is nothing to prevent one hundred thousand of our readers from procuring such a suit of Irish goods before Hallow Eve—nothing whatever except an almost criminal apathy to the far-reaching importance of our plain, practical suggestion.

One hundred thousand additional suits of Irish clothing sold here by Hallow Eve means over three hundred thousand yards of double-width cloth; which also means comfort and plenty by many an Irish fire-side when the next Christmas snows descends. The expatriated in this country should be among the best patrons of the Irish woollen factories. The good which can be rendered in this direction is simply incalculable. A splendid opportunity is open. The name of A. Shuman & Co. can be found on all the Irish suits which they manufacture, and we assure our readers that there is a sufficient guarantee of the genuineness of every garment on which it appears.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

THE flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write the Star Spangled Banner, and which its present owner, Mr. Eben Appleton, of New York, refused to lend to the people of Baltimore to be displayed on the ramparts of Fort McHenry from Sept. 10 to 14, when the anniversary of the bombardment of the fort was celebrated, was made by Mrs. Mary Pettengill, one of Baltimore's patriotic women. She used four hundred yards of bunting in its manufacture. This flag was originally forty feet long and twenty-nine feet wide; but it is now considerably smaller, having been whipped out on the edges by the wind. It has the regulation thirteen red and white stripes; but only thirteen stars in its blue folds. It was presented by Mrs. Pettengill, and other patriotic women of Baltimore, a few days before the bombardment of Fort McHenry, on Sept. 14, 1814, to Lieut.-Col. George Armistead, grandfather of Mr. Appleton, and who at that time was in command of the garrison, numbering about a thousand men. The flag was flown over the fort on the night when Francis Scott Key walked up and down the decks of the cattle-ship Minden, watching the bombardment. After the bombardment and the practical defeat of the British fleet, a silver punch-bowl and a dozen silver goblets were presented to Col. Armistead by the city of Baltimore. The punch-bowl is of the shape of a bombshell, and the goblets represent powder barrels. The flag has upon one of its stripes, in Col. Armistead's writing, his name, title, and the date of the bombardment. The flag fell to the colonel's widow by inheritance, who, at her death, left it to her daughter, Mrs. William Stuart Hamilton, who was born at Fort McHenry some time after the siege.

IMMIGRATION.—The falling off of immigration to the United States this year has been about forty per cent. — to Boston, by the Cunard line, ten per cent. The outward (to the old country) in Cunard line, has been greater, by thirty per cent., than last year.

FATHER KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

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CHICAGO, Oct. 11th, 1887.

REV. E. KOENIG: *Dear Sir:*—I deem it a duty I owe you to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by overwork. Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume, is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me, could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally; would not be without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will prove a great blessing to this over-worked nation. Yours truly,

JNO. F. SCANLAN,
H. C. R.

A similar experience was made by Mr. John Beatty, Corner Carroll Avenue and Lincoln Street, Chicago.

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19 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

P. O. BOX 3536. june 90

Daniel O'Connell and the Rosary.

THE Great Liberator had a tender and filial love for Our Blessed Lady. He entrusted the great work of the Catholic Emancipation to her special protection, and before he took part in any public enterprise he always consecrated himself to the Immaculate Virgin, styling her the "Destruction of Heresy and the Mother of the People." The *Angelus*, the *Memorare*, the Litany of Loretto, and the Rosary, were among his most favorite devotions, and it is said that he recited the latter daily.

OUR Holy Father has warmly congratulated Cardinal Manning upon the marked success of his efforts to bring about a settlement of the strike of the London dock laborers.

WE regret to learn the death of MR. JOHN GAVIN DONNELLY, brother of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, the poet. He died in the town of Donnelly, Minn., on the 9th of September, after receiving all the consolations of the church from the hands of Rev. Father Gaskell of Morris. As an evidence of his attention to his religious duties, he never omitted the daily recital of the Rosary. He leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss. Readers, say a Pater and Ave for the repose of his soul, which may God rest in peace.

THE last Illustrated Catholic American contained a good portrait of Cardinal Gibbons. There were also beautiful illustrations of St. Dominic and the Queen of the Rosary, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city.

Prayer to St. Joseph.

O BLESSED JOSEPH, we fly to thee in our tribulation, and having implored the help of thy Most Holy Spouse, we confidently ask, for thy protection also. By that affection which united thee with the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God, and by the fatherly love with which thou didst foster the Child Jesus, we mercifully beseech thee, look kindly on us, who are the inheritance purchased by the Blood of Jesus Christ, and help us in our necessities by thy powerful assistance.

Protect, O Most Provident Guardian of the Divine Family, the elect race of Jesus Christ; banish from us, O Most Loving Father, all taint of error and corruption; do thou, our strongest support, assist us from the height of heaven with thy efficacious help in this struggle with the powers of darkness; and as formerly thou didst snatch the Child Jesus from the danger of death, so now defend the Holy Church of God from the treachery of her enemies and from all adversity, and shield each one of us with thy lasting protection, so that following thy example, and supported by thy help, we may be able to live a holy life, die piously, and obtain eternal happiness in heaven. Amen.

The above prayer to St. Joseph is to be offered throughout the Catholic world during the month of October.

To those who piously recite this prayer, an Indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days is granted for each time.

Before the Festival of St. Joseph, March 19, a triduum is ordered by the Pope to be celebrated in the principal church of each city. He exhorts all to keep the Festival of St. Joseph, March 19, as a day of special devotion.

[The prayer can be cut out and placed in your prayer book.]

A Welcome Home.

THE Parnell Branch of the Irish National League, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, gave James Riley a welcome home in Knights of Labor Hall, Neponset avenue, Neponset, on the evening of the 9th of October. Mr. Riley gave an extremely interesting account of his visit to Ireland and other places, which was well received by the audience. Mr. Riley is giving account of what he heard and saw, in our MAGAZINE.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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Base Ball.

THROUGH mismanagement and dissipation of some of the players of the Boston nine, the New York club captured the pennant. To John Clarkson and the old Detroit players belong the credit of their holding the position they now occupy.

THE eldest son of Mr. William Pelletier, treasurer of the Union Institution for savings, Mr. William J. Pelletier, was wedded to Miss Lucille M. Garceau at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, on the 9th of October. We wish the married couple long days of happiness.

THE Working Boys' Home Festival on Labor Day yielded twelve hundred dollars.

Three Thousand Pounds.

THE contribution of Ireland towards aid for the living victims of the disastrous deluge in Pennsylvania was but a small token of the sympathy amongst our poor people for their brethren of the great republic. The Lord Mayor sent about three thousand pounds, and the value of the gift was not only its spontaneity, but its promptitude. Rich America hardly needed our tiny help, but she is not the less grateful for it, and for the feeling which dictated it. The suffering has now passed away, and Ireland is proud that she lent a hand.

MR. HUGH NAWN, a respectable citizen of Roxbury, Boston Highlands, died on the 5th of October, aged sixty years. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church, where a Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of his soul. The attendance was very large. The remains were conveyed to Mount Calvary Cemetery for interment. The deceased was a brother of Mr. Owen Nawn.

REV. FATHER NUGENT, of Liverpool, England, has accepted invitations to be present at the Catholic celebration to be held in Baltimore, and the opening of the university at Washington. Father Nugent has visited America three or four times in the interest of the poor at home and abroad. He is at the head of the temperance movement in Liverpool. He is a retired government chaplain with a pension, and the proprietor of the Catholic Times, a weekly paper of wide circulation. He attended the ceremonies at Worcester on the 2d of October. We had a call from the reverend gentleman at our office, and are glad to say that he is in excellent health.

Dedication of a Bell.

THE bell of the Church of the Holy Family in Rockland, Mass., was, by His Grace, Archbishop Williams, blessed on Sunday, Oct. 6, with imposing ceremonies, and before one of the largest congregations ever assembled in the church. The ceremony took place at 3:15, and the archbishop, assisted by Rev. George Patterson, Rev. T. J. Mahoney of Abington, Rev. J. J. Murphy of South Weymouth, Rev. W. P. McQuaid of Boston, Rev. Gerald Fagan of Hingham, Rev. C. A. O'Connor and Rev. J. D. Tierney, formally consecrated the bell in the name of St. Patrick. The sermon was delivered by Rev. W. P. McQuaid of Boston.

MISS KATHERINE A. O'KEEFFE, of Lawrence, Mass., whose previous historical and literary lectures have been so well received in New England and Canada, is preparing two new ones. Subject, "Scenes and Events in the History of the United States." These will be given in the "White Fund Course" in Lawrence, Nov. 13, and Dec. 18, and are sure to attract large audiences.

OUR NOVEMBER ISSUE.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for November, is rich in its table of contents. Business men are finding out that a magazine is preferable to the newspaper as an advertising medium. There are 47 pages of advertisements in the November number.

Death of The O'Donoghue.

DANIEL O'DONOGHUE of the Glens, commonly called "The O'Donoghue," is dead. He represented Tipperary in Parliament from 1857 to 1865, and sat for Tralee from 1865 to 1885.

THE Papal bull appointing Rev. Fr. Van de Vyer to the bishopric of Richmond has been received by Cardinal Gibbons, and the documents have been placed by the latter in the hands of the bishop-elect. The consecration will occur Sunday, Oct. 20, in the Richmond Cathedral. Cardinal Gibbons will officiate.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1889. No. 6.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

A Tintype of "Col." Shepard of the New York Mail and Express.

THERE are things in this world in the shape of men, that, in the economy of nature, are not even so useful as the poor little common earth-worm that silently works its life out underground, ploughing, and making holes and furrows to admit the oxygen that sweetens and pulverizes the earth. There are still other things in this world in the shape of men, whose heads are as brainless as the head of a crutch, and not half so useful. Sometimes these latter things have the characteristics of the magpie, and chatter so loudly that men are constrained to stop, and even turn their heads around to see what the noise is about. To this class of things, less useful than the worm, according to the common consent of those who know him best, belongs "Col." Elliott F. Shepard, accidentally proprietor of a New York newspaper, known as the Mail and Express. The "Col." is quite a novice in newspaper work, and would never have been heard of in that line but for the accident of his marriage into a rich family. By that marriage he was enabled to gratify the passionate ambition of his life, whereby he could play the magpie to his heart's content, and by the use of his money, secure an audience which otherwise he never could have reached. But the newspaper is only a means to a personal end. The "Col." aims high, according to the strength of his purse, and expects one day (D. V.) to reach St. Petersburg, or some other burg, as United States Minister. There would be nothing wrong in all this, even for a bogus colonel, but for the fact that he seems possessed of some sort of rabies, that leads him, on every possible occasion, to insult his Catholic fellow countrymen, belie their church and creed, and stops not even at the line of blasphemy, in order to distil the poison of hatred from his heart and fling it in Catholic faces. In this practice he is loathsomely conspicuous, and, as a consequence, is despised by the

editors of the New York press, who dub him, "Col. Elliott Firebrand Shepard," and "Col. Elliott Flapdoodle Shepard," etc., and it may truthfully be said that the majority of American editors of all creeds, and of every political shade of opinion, hold him in the same estimation.

Whatever faults American editors and journalists may have, they are, as a rule, gentlemen, and they do not needlessly and heedlessly go out of their way, simply for the purpose of reviling others of a different religious belief from themselves. Not so our precious "Col." who is innocent of all knowledge, even of the smell of gunpowder, who embraced the occasion of the appalling calamity at Johnstown, to ferret out something from the ruins of that terrible disaster, whereby he might insult the great Catholic body of this country.

It will be remembered that the closing exercises of the May devotions in the Catholic Church of Johnstown had just passed, when the great flood came sweeping down like a deluge upon the doomed town. The beautiful little altar, with its statue of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by tapers and flowers, had somehow escaped the devastating work of the waters, and when all else was in ruins, the statue and its surroundings were found whole and intact, when the fury of destruction had passed. Not even a fragile flower had been displaced, and the tiny tapers that had burned before the image of our Blessed Lady remained as if awaiting the hand of the sacristan to be relighted. These incidents were like rays of light from heaven, falling with a blessed and merciful influence on many whose hearts were wrung with fear and despair. It was, indeed, a dark and calamitous time, and people the wide world over, were moved with pity for the sufferings of those who inhabited the death-stricken valley of Conemaugh. The bright, and the brave, and the innocent, the old and the young, lay huddled together in the cold embrace of death,— death, sudden, relentless, and stern, — while the daily revelations of new horrors made the heart of humanity beat quick in response to the demands of the saved. It was at this very moment of unspeakable anguish and pain, that the creature known as "Col." Shepard came out with his blasphemies, and after his gibberish about "wooden images," could find no other language to designate the Mother of God by than the "Woman Mary." Then followed a violent tirade on the Catholic Church and its people, for their veneration of Mary Immaculate, and the question asked why did not the wooden image "of the Woman Mary," save the people from destruction? The "Holy Willie" of New York, the pharisee of the press, who daily quotes scripture as a heading to his editorials, forgot the cry of the Jews at Calvary: "If Thou be the Son of God come down from the Cross." He also forgot that the devil can quote Scripture as well as he.

The heart of the bigot who could select such a time, and such an occasion, for a display of his rampant intolerance must have been a corrupt heart working in an evil nature, bereft of every human feeling of pity and sympathy.

During those days of festering death and misery, when Johnstown

was a charnelhouse, a sepulchre where the living mixed with the dead, the priests and nuns worked like true servants of God, alleviating want, and consoling the afflicted without regard for religious belief, while this affluent fool of a carpet-room "Col." was sitting at his leisure coining insults, for the brave and gentle workers in the cause of humanity. It was not enough that he outraged Catholic religious feeling by using such language as the "Woman Mary," but he was uneasy to know why the "wooden image" of "that woman," did not work miracles for his delectation and the edification of the sufferers.

Some people wonder why the patience and mercy of God are not worn out in regard to those who take a demoniacal delight in offering insults to the dignity of the Mother of his Divine Son. But God's time is not the time of man; rather there is no time with God, but eternity. Man's time will surely come!

The New York World, which is no particular friend of Catholics, but is certainly a friend of humanity, lacerated the "Col." mercilessly for his wretched conduct. But what did the gallant carpet "Col." care for a laceration. He is one of the things of earth in the shape of a man, but wanting in all the instincts of a man, and is, so to say, covered with the hide of a pachyderm that renders him invulnerable to attacks from any quarter.

The following letter, from a good and able priest, to the editor of the New York Sun, is a pretty fair photograph of "Firebrand" Shepard.

"During the past week," says the priest, "while I was shut out from the world in spiritual retreat, the Mail and Express made a violent and malicious attack upon my clerical character, and held me up to public opprobrium. The occasion of this was the desire of certain ladies to open a reading or coffee room in Tarrytown. Because I opposed its designs, it was reported that I desired sins to be committed in saloons in order to receive money for absolutions; that I would permit 'nothing but secular newspapers and magazines;' that I would allow no pictures but 'Mary's Heart;' that I would not allow the 'Holy Bible or enlightened Christian literature.' 'Hereafter let every rumshop in Tarrytown,' the article says, 'be charged directly to the doors of that Romish, denationalized priest.'

"My reply was ignored by the Mail and Express. I wrote that I regretted all sins and scandals, particularly such as were occasioned by saloons. If the priests of Tarrytown had the influence to cause it, there would be no saloons. I recommended books, plenty of them,—history, travels, literature, ancient and modern. Books relating to America were specially requested by me. I objected to religious pictures only, and asked for plenty of pictures relating to America and Americans. The 'Holy Bible' was never mentioned. The only 'enlightened Christian literature' mentioned was the volume of Moody's and Sankey's hymns. For hymns I recommended the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'America,' etc. I said, 'I am notoriously a practiser and preacher of total abstinence for the sake of example; an active advocate of high license, and ready to champion prohibition or any other lawful means of destroying intemperance.' In support of this statement, I referred to Protestant public gentlemen of Tarrytown. Regarding denationalization, I referred to the G. A. R. of Tarrytown, before whom I publicly declared I considered American liberty God's greatest temporal blessing vouchsafed the children of men, and America a new world in a very significant and comprehensive sense.

"As the Mail and Express absolutely ignores the vindication, and intentionally bears false witness against its neighbor, please let the Sun shine upon it.

"Your obedient servant, "JOSEPH P. EGAN."

St. Teresa's Church, Tarrytown, N. Y.

One would naturally think that having so indecently and so lyingly abused a clergyman, the columns of the Mail and Express would have been freely offered to the victim of abuse for a reply. But no; that would savor of fair play, and the "Flapdoodle" "Col." has yet, for the first time in his whole career as a journalist, to be known as a creature of fair play. He may vilify a priest as atrociously as he pleases; but it must not be expected that he would afford his victim a chance to vindicate himself in the place where he had been attacked. Your pious ranter will see to it that —

"Turk, Jew, or Atheist
May enter here but not a Papist."

But even all this taken together is not the worst phase of this Tarrytown business. Let the admirers of brazen cheek look here, and if they can judge and realize the unbounded cheekiness of what follows they will form one of the wonders of the world.

After Father Egan's letter appeared in the Sun, the Mail and Express printed the following:

"*Now that both sides have been heard*, there is an opportunity for a better mutual understanding, and for associated effort to establish a home-like reading-room at Tarrytown, which may be visited by people of every shade of religious belief, and made a common rendezvous in opposition to the saloon."

One would think that both sides had been heard in the same place, where they should have been heard. Is not this incident a proof of amazing cheek? "Now that both sides have been heard!" The gallant "Col." being all-sided, round-sided, lop-sided, especially in his head, and one-sided towards those whom he has injured, would try to deceive the public into the belief that his paper was opened to the rejoinder of the injured priest. Deception is thus another of the virtues of the amiable, psalm-singing "Col." His disingenuousness is so notorious, as shall appear directly, that the truth is seldom expected from him.

Rev. Father Egan uses a keen lancet on the "Col.;" but bless his honest heart, he seems to forget that it would require a surgical operation to get down to the gray matter of his defamer's cranium, if there be anything of the kind in his composition.

The beloved priest of Tarrytown must be of a most forgiving temperament, or he would have made the Mail and Express proprietor pay dearly for his libel. To accuse a priest of encouraging the commission of sins, for the purpose of getting payment for the forgiveness of those sins, is certainly the greatest libel that even the "Col." could be guilty of publishing. Indeed, it is to be regretted that Rev. Father Egan did not afford his libeller an opportunity of proving his accusations in a court of justice. New York is not so bereft of all honor and fair play as not to be able to have given the libelled priest all due satisfaction for such gross attacks upon his priestly character.

The "Firebrand" libeller is seldom at a loss for subjects irrespective of time or place. At the annual meeting of the National Editors' Association held at Detroit, Mich., in the latter part of August, the ubiquitious "Col." was present, and made his presence felt in a manner neither to be misunderstood nor forgotten by the gentlemen in attendance, every one of whom will retain a lively sense of how

much evil a thing in the shape of a man can commit once it is afforded the opportunity of manufacturing insults while addressing such an assembly. It is unnecessary to remark that the Association was composed of gentlemen of all creeds, and some of no creed. The "Col." was permitted to address the meeting, and did so in a speech wherein he endeavored to show that he was in quest of "editorial philosophy," whatever that means, and wanted to know where he would find it. He could not "find it in Rome, where, under the Pontifex Maximus her only news was her *Masses*." This, after a fling at the foreign immigrants known as the Irish, appeared to the speaker to be very witty. Every word of the address was insulting and impertinent in the last degree. Men's faces burned with shame at the audacity of the speaker. They were gentlemen, and consequently had to bear the insufferable humiliation of a presence that was distasteful to one and all alike. But the Detroit Evening News got a vent for its indignation soon after. It headed an article on the subject: "An Editorial Boor," and dignified the "Col." by calling him "that exquisite New York cad." Further on it added, "the simple and unvarnished truth about Shepard is that he is an ass and a boor."

Now, now, this is a trifle too hard on the ass. That useful animal kicks sturdily at short range, and brays loudly at long range; otherwise it never insults people. Shepard can't kick at any range; for, like all bigots, he is a coward, and knows that he is a coward; but he beats the ass at long range braying. The quadruped sometimes takes a tumble to himself and rolls in the dust. If the "Flapdoodler" took a "tumble" to himself, and rolled for awhile in the dust of repentance, it might prove a blessing to the unfortunate public, who are compelled to be within range of his braying. The analogy of the Detroit Evening News might be extended this way: Asses are fond of thistles, their tongues being so thick-skinned that the thistle just tickles the palate. The "Flapdoodler" is a foreign immigrant of Scotch origin, who came from a land specifically known as "the land o' thistles." The relationship, therefore, all things considered, between the thing and the shaggy brayer, is not wanting in affinity. But to call him a "boor?" Well, that's about right. Your boor is exceedingly coarse, ill-bred, thoughtless, illiterate, insulting in conduct, because he knows no better, and is a thing of the roughest nature. Yes; boor is appropriate to Shepard, particularly as a boor never knows when he is remorselessly lacerated by such a keen blade as that wielded by the Detroit Evening News.

But with all his blasphemies against Catholic worship, and all his insults to the people of Detroit, and libels against the Rev. Father Egan, the "ass" of the Mail and Express brayed its biggest blunder, and showed its worst nature, when it permitted itself to be caught in the neatly set trap of a newspaper interviewer, and delivered itself on the question of the South in such a manner as to make the Southern editors feel their blood boil with the hottest indignation.

First, he insisted that President Cleveland had formed a conspiracy to secure control of Congress, form four states out of Texas, admit

Utah and New Mexico, and thus, when the Senate would have become Democratic, extend and solidify his power over the whole country. "But," adds Shepard, "the good Lord, God Almighty, in his beneficent providence, saved us from this calamity by defeating Cleveland." Thus, Harrison was not elected by the people, but by the "good Lord," at the instigation of his holy and pious servant, "Col." Shepard, who has repeatedly played on this harp of a thousand strings, although it is alleged that the pious servant, having some misgivings concerning the "good Lord," collected and subscribed largely to a corruption fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to aid the election of Harrison, whom the "good Lord" had taken under his special protection. By the by, the "Col." has, on more than one occasion, given Matt. Quay "fits," for the way that money was distributed. It was scattered around without Shepard's knowledge of how every dollar was spent, and this made the "Col." feel all the pangs and sorrows of another's ingratitude.

After all, the raising of this quarter of a million of dollars was not so much for the benefit of Harrison, as to ensure the "Col." the appointment to the court of St. Petersburg. That's where the piety comes in!

Speaking of Shepard's talk of Cleveland's alleged conspiracy, the sturdy Michigan Catholic, the able and vigilant guardian of Catholic interests in that state, says:

"Then this man had the almost incomprehensible indecency and audacity to use the name of the venerable and venerated soldier of the Republic, Gen. Sherman, and report him as having said, in private conversation, to him, Shepard, that 'the Southern people are as traitorous as ever; that there is no patriotism among them; and that it is only the patriotic spirit and superior strength of the North which keeps the country together.' And then this Shepard says: 'I insist that the people of the South will never become patriotic. Look at the way they idolize Jeff Davis whenever he appears in public. You notice that the men who are most popular in politics in the Southern states, are those who were most devoted to the lost cause, and who insist that the "lost cause" is not lost, but is yet alive. The South will not have liberal sentiment. They send home all our Northern men who go South to stimulate the productive industries of the country.

"'Why, to indicate how strong the rebel sentiment is to-day, do you know that in Alexandria, six miles from Washington, there was not a Union flag to hoist on the recent Centennial day, and they had to send to Washington for one, and it was hung up with two old rebel flags.' Now what may be thought as to the kind of head and heart the man posseses who would utter such sentiments as these, at a time when scores of the most representative Southern editors were in the city, members of the association whose guest he was? Naturally, the interview caused a sensation, which was not confined to the Southern men, but extended throughout the whole assembly, for, besides its falsity, as descriptive of Southern political and national sentiment, it was a bombshell evidently calculated to arouse discord. Then this foolish man discovered that he had for the second time put his foot in it, and he hastened to deny the correctness of the interview. But the paper in which the interview appeared, asserted that it was correct, and the colonel had to father it. Then a number of the Mississippi editors issued a statement, denying the truth of the statements made by Shepard, and saying: 'If Col. Shepard is a representative "patriot," then we, of Mississippi, wish to say that we have no such patriots in our country. Col. Shepard may not know in his New York home, as well as we in our Southern homes,

that the war is over. We bear no malice, no hatred, no ill-feeling for our Northern friends, who have, from the time we left our homes, extended to us warm, cordial greetings. To them, and all others who have so generously shown their warm, true, American friendship, we will carry back to our homes many fond recollections of our visit to the great West. Should we ever be so fortunate as to visit the East, we dare say, that our reception (barring Col. Shepard,) would only be equalled by that of Detroit, the metropolis of Michigan. We are surprised that the Evening Journal should, at this time, be a party to such an insult to the Southern delegates. We hesitate in making this statement; but, in the name of our country, our homes, and the great American Republic, we deem it our duty, and with this leave the Colonel, who gained his title by never smelling gunpowder, in the hands of the American people, who, we trust, will bury him as gently as his ignominous statement will allow.' "

The Detroit Free Press also entered the lists and gave the "Col." a literary cudgelling. It is a fact that since the Editors' Convention the "boor" has drooped considerably; his face has lengthened as if the conviction had struck his mind that most people have feelings, and are apt to kick when those feelings are deliberately outraged by insults like those offered to the Southern gentlemen at Detroit. That spiteful rancor against the South, that possesses Shepard and others like him, is a standing menace to the peace of the country. It has a worse effect than bad legislation, for it eats like poison into the hearts of the Southern people, and keeps rankling in their minds, begetting hatred in return, or calculated to beget hatred to the injury of our common country. No wonder the Southern editors make fun of Shepard's patriotism. There is no such stuff in the creature's composition. He is only a bigot at best, a chapman, a pedler, and a seeker after a little money no matter where it comes from. Recently he attended a Baptist meeting and secured leave to speak to the toast of "the Press." Just hear the shopman for a minute as he addresses the Baptists:

"If you will not patronize, either by advertising in, or buying, or reading the press that is inimical to the highest interests of society, then, that press will either die, or change its character. And if, on the other hand, you will patronize by reading, and by buying, and by advertising, in the press of the first description I have mentioned (the Mail and Express), then it shall become the predominating influence of the secular press, throughout the whole country. The public press is in the hands of the pulpit of the United States, and it is for you to say what character it shall possess."

The Baptists with a Shepard to lead them can form the character of the press of this country!

At a social gathering in Detroit, where there were present a Catholic bishop and several priests, this pedler obtained admission, and endeavored to mix freely with those present. He was ignored by all respectable people. He felt more at home among the Baptists where he could recommend his wares and flatter those present by stating that they had the forming of the character of the whole press of the country in their hands.

It was Byron who compared Burns to "a compound of dirt and deity." What would the great poet have compared "Flapdoodle" Shepard to? Perhaps he would have said he was without, or beyond all comparison, or, comparable only to "Firebrand" Shepard.

PETER MCCORRY.

The Drink Evil in Ireland.

REV. DR. CONATY, who recently returned from a three months' visit to Ireland, at the national convention of the C. T. A. Union, said that in Ireland, the old home of the total abstinence movement, much apathy and indifference prevail; but for actual drunkenness among the people it bears no comparison with large cities of Scotland and England. Whilst the cost of drink in Ireland is simply astounding, when you consider her condition, yet it is well to remember that she is cursed with an idle, inactive army of forty thousand soldiers who are seen constantly in the public drinking houses, and the vast majority of these are not Irish. The heart bleeds to see such evidences of degradation from intemperance in a people whose record for morality and virtue gives them a proud place among the purest and best of human kind. What must be acknowledged is that the liquor traffic seems to be the only prosperous business. It seems to me unfair to compare Ireland with her more prosperous neighbors, and reproach her so severely for her vices without finding some palliation for her weakness in her unceasing oppression. Impoverished by iniquitous laws which have enriched the few at the expense of the many, legislated out of all business except that which led to the support of the great brewing interests of the kingdom, she has among her people many thousands that are the most hounded, the poorest clad, and the most wretchedly fed in Europe, and who can wonder that under such social conditions intemperance is found among them. The organization effected by Father Mathew was broken by the great famine and the forced emigration of the people. Succeeding years demanded efforts in other directions to restore life and strength to a heart-broken and despondent people. The struggle for nationality calls out the entire energy of the leaders of the people, and seems to forbid the mind to be diverted from the one idea of nationhood. I am proud to say that among the public men of Ireland there are many who look beyond the day of a successful nationality, to a grand national movement in the interests of total abstinence. Many are not content to wait for that day, but are lifting the banner of total abstinence in St. Patrick's League of the Cross, and thousands are enlisted in its ranks, pledged for life to total abstinence.

College Athletics.

THE Notre Dame Scholastic: An exchange remarks, *apropos* of athletics, that some of the Eastern colleges are best known by reason of their excellence in field sports. There is, perhaps, some truth in this. Nowadays we hear more of Yale's crew and Harvard's eleven than we do of the intellectual precedence of either of those hoary institutions. Not unfrequently a student receives his degree, and hastens to bid for immortality by joining a base-ball team. The American people are flighty; they run to extremes, and the contagion has extended to their colleges. Mental discipline becomes a farce when it is subordinated to physical culture.

Canada and Her Neighbor.

IV.

We Canadians are in the habit of computing all great modern events in our crude provincial chronology from the era of Confederation, as the ancient Greeks were used to reckon from the reign of Pericles, and the Romans from the founding of the Eternal City. It is, therefore, not only opportune but necessary to lend some reflection to Canadian confederation, inasmuch as an inadequate comprehension of the motives of its instigators, and the results of their measure, have led commentators of Canadian affairs, in all parts of the world, into serious and innumerable errors. The ten years between 1857 and 1867, is, perhaps, the most interesting period in the history of British Canada. It was during those years the great agitations that preceded the federation of the Provinces took place. They were years of conflict, confusion, and change. But the project of interprovincial union is as old as the conquest. The vast progress made by the United States demonstrated the benefits which might accrue from the principle, and the American Constitution which gave each State an independent legislature which governed its own local affairs, and a central government supreme over all such matters as pertain to defence, commerce, currency, and foreign relations, furnished a convenient model to the study of which the more thoughtful of our colonial statesmen directed their best attention. The mere allegiance to one sovereign, which the British Provinces owed, was not considered sufficient without the existence of that community of interests by whose instrumentality the component parts of commonwealths are welded together. Previous to confederation each Province regulated its own currency; each adjusted its own tariffs to suit its own purposes; and the free interchange of products was prevented by a barrier of custom-houses along the boundaries of each Province. The result of this Chinese system was confusion and chaos. Under such conditions, it was not a matter for surprise that sectional differences and jealousies were more numerous than at the present time, which is saying a great deal. A federal union, it was said, would afford a remedy for allaying the sectional jealousies, and a means of binding together and promoting the prosperity of all the Provinces, and of strengthening the power of the empire on the American continent. Great ideas, like oaks, are of slow growth. In the year 1808, a scheme to unite all the British Provinces was proposed. In 1814, a somewhat similar scheme originated in Quebec, and was laid before the Earl of Bathurst, then Colonial Secretary. In 1822, a project for the confederation of all the Provinces, was drawn up at the request of the Colonial Office. In 1839, Lord Durham, in his famous Report, recommended confederation as the best means of obviating the difficulties of government in Lower Canada, and of advancing the general interests of all the Provinces. In fact, at every political crisis in Canada the idea of confederation was revived.

In 1857 the first practical step was taken to carry out the project

which had been at various times contemplated. The American War of Secession broke out in April, 1861, and the events which followed, — the recognition of the South as a belligerent power by Britain, the hostile feeling of a large portion of the English people towards the North, the breaking of the blockade by British vessels, the dispatch from British ports of armed cruisers to prey upon the commerce of the North, — created such a tension between America and England as to accelerate the confederation movement in Canada. Yet party feeling ran so high in the Provinces themselves, especially between Quebec and Ontario, over the question of representation by population, that no progress was made in the great cause, until a stroke of unseen fortune thrust it forward with a bound. In Nova Scotia there was a proposal for a legislative union with New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, with a view to the formation of a purely maritime power. A convention was called to consider the question, and this notable council of representative men from the Lower Provinces was "captured" by some eloquent promoters of confederation from Quebec and Ontario who attended for the purpose. Another convention was assembled whereat the union of all the Canadian Provinces was considered, and after much further agitation the year of 1867 was made memorable in our annals as the one which beheld the various divisions of the British possessions in North America bound together in a great Canadian Confederation.

When a statesman of the time heard the clashing of bells which welcomed the new-born union, he is reported to have said, "They are ringing their bells now; but they will wring their hands before long." Was this prophecy correct? Is Confederation a success? Has it achieved the principal objects desired by its ablest promoters,— objects which I have already stated? A brief inquiry is, of course, all that can be attempted in this article. Said Mr. Colby, the Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, and a prospective member of the Federal Cabinet, during the recent debate on the Jesuits Estates Act, "The Constitution has already withstood several severe strains. We have seen, in one Province of the Dominion, that Province swept by a sentiment favorable to an entire separation from this Dominion. We have seen, in another Province, the government of the day and all existing things swept away by a spirit of nationalism that felt, in some way, injured by the action of the central government. We have seen the Province of Ontario agitated on account of an alleged infringement of provincial rights, and so, also, the Province of Manitoba." Such a confession, coming from a firm supporter of a Tory government, is notable for its unusual artlessness and unreserved candor; yet this inventory of hair-breadth escapes on the part of our fortunate constitution, is most remarkable for its omissions. Motions for secession and defeats of governments are observable and noteworthy events in the history of a Province; but they are of minor consequence when compared with an uprising which necessitated the loss of many lives and several millions of dollars. The enlightened member for Stanstead has not one word to say about the two bloody rebellions in Manitoba

and the North-West, caused, principally, by the culpable maladministration of the Tory central government. Mr. Colby further stated, we were happy in having so far escaped one great misfortune, religious war; but, while speaking those words, he was ably contributing to a great debate, out of which has since grown, like a noxious weed, the very misfortune which he congratulated the country for having so far avoided. The anti-Catholic cruisade, which is now at its worst in Ontario and Manitoba, started from the debate on the Jesuit Estate Act. If the Orange bigots of Ontario and their abettors be not immediately stopped in their unjust and disgraceful agitation against the Jesuit Fathers, we may expect a bitter and prolonged sectarian war before many months have run their course. In the face of such statements, we find people asserting that Canadians are contented because they live in a modern Utopia, which is ruled by a great statesman, whose surpassing wisdom can be compared only to his matchless and unprecedented political uprightness and integrity. On the contrary, our twenty-two years' trial of confederation has brought us nothing more than, to use the words of a distinguished Canadian, in the Contemporary Review, "a Federal government with which each of the Provinces is at feud, and a disjointed succession of populations whose strongest political feelings are their provincial jealousies." It is certain that confederation has not allayed or removed those sectional differences and local jealousies which so frequently set our people by the ears; it has not made the defence of our extensive frontiers any easier; it has not banished race and sectarian hatred from the land; it has not increased the spirit of distinctive nationality to a marked degree; and, while Canada remains a crown colony, it is certain nationality cannot flourish.

The theory of federation, in the first place, seems to have been very right and wise; but it was put in practice in such a way as to stamp it as a failure from the outset. The American federal constellation was produced by a series of external events and causes which made it imperative upon the leading men of the Atlantic colonies to "hang together," through fear of having to "hang separately." In other words, the original American states were forced to unite by attack from without, and the reverse of that occurred in Canada. A very succinct statement of the means which were used to bribe, or coerce, the reluctant Provinces into joining the federation, is all that can find a place here. Nova Scotia was unwillingly made part of the Dominion by a moribund provincial government, since which annexation has been freely spoken of in her Boards of Trade, and secession has been very seriously mooted in her Legislature. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were induced, by gifts of railways, to accept the union. Those maritime provinces are different from their sisters in having a common interest, which, divested of verbiage, amounts to free and unrestricted trade with the Great Republic. The Province of Prince Edward is now outspoken in favor of reciprocity, while the speckled fealty of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to the party in power at Ottawa, is retained by the inglorious expedients of grants

and bonuses innumerable. The Province of Manitoba was cradled in rebellion, and, within the sixteen months last past, she has expressed the determination to secede, if the outlandish monopoly, held by the Pacific Railway, was not forthwith destroyed. The North-west territories require brief mention, because they are mere artificial creations of government, brought into being to give the Tory party a few votes. The territories are chiefly populated by half-breeds, the shameful treatment of whom by the federal government, and their bloody retaliation, will form a shocking chapter, over which the future historian will shudder. British Columbia, whose marriage settlement was based on the promise of a transcontinental railway, has been, ever since, in a constant fever of recalcitrancy, with intermittent threats of secession. It will be observed that this combination of happy and well-assorted provinces surpasses the unspeakable felicity of the "happy family" of Barnum. None but an enemy will affirm that incompatibility of temper or interest can sever a single thread in the silken links that bind those loving and sisterly provinces. Every fair-minded person must allow that, except a little interprovincial vituperation, much political agitation, a few bloody provincial rebellions, and an incipient creedal war every other year, the people of Canada are as happy and contented as were the primal couple in the terrestrial paradise.

But worse than provincial disturbances, worse than racial and sectarian animosities, worse even than open and overt rebellion, is the state of our parliamentary institutions. The Canadian parliament has greatly deteriorated within the last half score of years. Its progress within that period recalls to my mind a passage in the Colloquies of Erasmus. "Rabirius, wanting his servant Syrus to get up, cried out to him to move. 'I do move,' said Syrus. 'I see you move,' replied Rabirius, 'but you move nothing.'" So it is with the Canadian parliament; it is constantly holding forth with glib tongue, and inditing with ready pen; but, like the worthless Syrus, it moves nothing. A House of Commons composed of politicians "for revenue purposes;" a Senate Chamber used as a convenient asylum for decrepit or discredited political partisans; a Civil Service which is largely a bloated nepotism, — behold the first fruits of Tory rule. The overwhelming autocracy of one man, who rules by the nefarious, wicked and abominable system of political prostitution invented in England by Danby, and perfected by Walpole, is a deleterious and destructive influence which is exercised like that attributed to the Elfin Page in Scott, "always for evil never for good." Such practices, as might be supposed, expose our Premier to the constant importunities of greedy office-seekers, but he generally rids himself of the pest by an ingenious method borrowed from Arabia. When an Arab chief has his garments so filled with small animals as to be no longer supportable, he spreads them upon an ant-hill, so that one class of insects makes war on, and chases away, the other.

The last Dominion election was an occasion for almost universal bribery, as is proven by the numerous legal protests which followed. Those cases, with their nauseous details, could not fail to have a bad

effect upon the public mind. We hear much from our paid, prejudiced, and unscrupulous party press about the debauchery of the American electorate during the catalysis of a presidential election, and of the wickedness of "machine politics" in New York, and other great centres in the United States. It is easy to preach homilies when the text suits the partiality, and runs with the prepossessions of the audience. But if Canadian pressmen, instead of turning up the whites of their eyes to heaven, in affected horror at the assumed general depravity of the American body politic, would only look around them, they would soon be compelled to admit that the present aspect of political morality in the Dominion is as dark as the tide of Acheron. For every dishonest act committed in the States during a great contest, our electoral annals would, after allowance had been made for the discrepancy in population, supply a score. The House of Commons is controlled by capital; the Senate is used as a convenient perch for the wearied doves of Torydom whose pinions have been weakened by adverse gales of public sentiment; both Houses are controlled by the Premier, who, in turn, is a puppet in the hands of the capitalist.

Such, in brief, are the vaunted parliamentary institutions of Canada. There is no good in them, and, consequently, no good can come from them. The so-called National Policy, by which the Tories attained power, is only a pernicious system, whereby the philanthropic members of government are enabled to produce the greatest happiness of the greatest number by giving to a few hundred persons, influential political partisans who have access to them, unlimited liberty to tax the millions of consumers who are not equally fortunate. The results of such a system are as devastating as those of a great war, or a great pestilence. An eminent writer in the London Economist, reviewing the finances of this country, concludes that "a splendid position has been changed into one of danger, if not of imminent danger." The position of the country at this moment does not promise much. It can be described very briefly. A retrogressive government characterized by bribery, corruption, and extravagance; a population slowly increasing as a whole, but certainly decreasing in at least two Provinces; a volume of export which barely maintains itself at the figures of years ago; a trade which is unhealthy and unreliable; a colonial debt and a tax that constantly increase, and a total lack of real national spirit among the people. Is that a pleasant or satisfactory state of things? Perhaps, the best argument that can be adduced in favor of the natural resources and vitality of Canada, is, that she has withstood for so many years without absolute financial prostitution, the depressing effects of such a system.

Although *laissez faire* hinders us, as a people, from being greatly discomposed over anything that falls short of actual starvation, yet prominent and influential men, here and there throughout the Dominion, are asking themselves why the Great Republic at their side is rushing along at the speed of an express while this country might be said to stand still, so inconsiderable is its progress. When such questions are put and answered there is cause for hope. When they are an-

swered with intelligence there is cause for great hope. The scantiness of immigration, the disintegration of the people, the palpable and almost ignominious failure of the federal system, the discontent and jealousy of provinces, the dislikes and hatreds of sects and creeds — all those faults and weaknesses, so prevalent among them, cause Canadians who love their country to sigh for extensive reforms in all those affairs, and a complete change in the political kaleidoscope.

In truth, the air at the present moment is filled with discussions concerning Canadian Independence, Imperial Federation, or Annexation, or all three. Fate offers Canada, not an alternative, but a choice. Each of the proposed innovations is examined in all its bearings; its individual points, or notes, are debated *pro* and *con*, and whether in the columns of the newspaper, in the family circle, or on the platform, always with good temper. Concerning Canadian independence little need here be said. In a country where different races exist in almost equal numbers, and where two different languages are spoken by moities of the people, whose jealousies and dislikes are reciprocal, homogeneous union within a measurable distance of time is out of the question. It required hundreds of years to mould the English people of to-day, and but for their insular position, they would have been destroyed by their foes in the process of formation. Even if our people were one in lineage and language, they are too few and impecunious to bear the enormous expenditure which an independent government would entail. The taxes are now oppressively heavy. To increase them would be tantamount to courting shipwreck, as the measure would be most hurtful to every class and every locality. Two considerations settle this question of Canadian Independence by putting it out of court. Canada cannot live within herself, and Canada cannot defend herself. We could not sustain constant friendly relation with the United States. We could not maintain a presidential establishment, assuming as the probabilities point, that the new government would be Republican in form. We could not tolerate a King, or a monarch of any form; because our people are essentially and innately democratic. An Odin, or a Thor, throned among our native snowdrifts would find the surrounding atmosphere too humid and arctic for his kingly lungs. We could not maintain a fleet without which our lengthy seaboard would be exposed to all the Vikings of the seas. Lastly, we could not maintain a consular service, and we could not progress as a distinct and automatic nation without a consular service. Canada has not sufficient numbers nor sufficient energy to stand alone. The organs of her political parties, of her creeds, and of her nationalities concede thus much. Were it otherwise, could the United States afford to tolerate a Northern rival? Although not contrary to the letter of the Monroe doctrine, such rivalry would be diametrically contrary to its spirit. Well, the Monroe doctrine is not dead or forgotten. General Sherman, in a great speech delivered in the Senate, outlining the Republican policy of establishing closer relations with Canada, clears up the case. "The time had come," said the Senator, "when the peoples of the United States and Canada should take a

broader view of their relations than had been hitherto practicable. The whole history of the two countries had been a continuous warning that they could not remain at peace with each other except by a political as well as commercial union. It would be better for all if the whole continent north of Mexico shared in the prosperity and blessings of the American Union." Those words are valuable, as they are plain and unequivocal. There can be no question that if Canada were wedded to a rich and powerful neighbor, it would be as rare a stroke of fortune for this country as the infatuation of good King Cophetua proved to the beautiful beggar maid whom he lifted out of her poverty to a place beside him on the throne.

Our advocates of Independence argue, that if Canada were a free country, there would soon flow to her shores a mighty stream of immigration. I confess I cannot understand how that result would follow. I cannot convince myself that immigrants would flock to the weaker and poorer of two countries lying side by side, but broadly separated by those industrial and commercial rivalries, which have been, in all ages and spheres, the prolific causes of disagreement, hatred, and war. Independence would not mean wealth and happiness. It would be more closely synonymous with French ascendency and international war. Immigration from any state in Europe, except France, to a weak, automatic, and isolated government, whose language, customs, and laws were French, could not be expected. Now, the people of France love their sunny, vineclad motherland too dearly to leave her for unknown tracts across the sea.

Still, these aspirations of our young Canadian patriots, their yearning for liberty and avidity for freedom are natural, and, therefore, right. Pity those patriots are so very young. The desire for independence evinced by the thoughtful and enlightened among the young generation of Canadians, has the elements in it of a noble, although, it must be confessed, a mistaken, ambition. A little prosaic experience would furnish ballast for such aeronautic imaginings. Canadians there also are who are proud of their country; who believe we have a rich heritage; that our progress has been solid and substantial, even if slow; and that there is room on the northern part of this continent for two communities to grow up side by side, each having its own government, each running its course according to the bent of its own constitution. I have my fears that this school of politicians is fed on misleading figures, *cooked* for them by the fiscal empirics, who call themselves the rulers of this country. Such viands should be always carefully examined by the public. Figures, as figures, "do not lie;" but, cunningly combined, their falsehood is as the Father of Lies. I wish I could think with those Canadians. I would rather agree, than disagree, with them in this matter. We Annexationists do not arrogate to ourselves more than the average wisdom of humanity. We lay no claim to any special prevision or extraordinary foresight. Being neither Tories nor fools, we repudiate the gift of prophecy. So we can say, with the utmost truth and frankness, that we sympathize with the idea as an idea that underlies such expressions of patriotism. But, unfortunately, we

are convinced of its utter impracticability by a series of stubborn facts, which can neither be removed, altered, nor avoided. When the advocates of Canadian independence inform us how they propose to weaken and destroy the disintegrating forces of language, creed, and nationality, which split up the people of this Dominion into hostile camps and unfriendly sections, without a process analogous to that by which the Norman and the Saxon were moulded into the Briton, and which extended through centuries; when our Nationalistic friends impart this information, and much more of the same sort, we annexationists will only be too happy to lay ourselves open to full conviction. But let us have information and argument in place of declamation and claptrap. Until our contentions and arguments are fairly met and fully refuted, we shall continue to listen to the rhetoric of the oversanguine advocates of Canadian independence, with a smile of doubt, though not of superconception.

> "'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
> Tongue and brain not; either both, or nothing:
> Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
> As sense cannot untie."

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Mr. Stanley on Arrow Poison.

MR. H. M. STANLEY, the African explorer, in a letter which was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, gave an extremely interesting reference to the arrow poison employed by the natives of the Lower Congo district, and it afforded a curious insight into the strange perversions of knowledge by which the advances of civilization are retarded. Mr. Stanley says they were much exercised as to what might be the poison on the heads of the arrows by which Lieut. Stairs and several others were wounded, and from the effects of which four persons died almost directly. The mystery was solved by finding at Arisibba several packets of dried red ants. The bodies of these insects were dried, ground into powder, cooked in palm oil, and smeared on the points of arrows. It is well known that formic acid exists in the free state in red ants, as well as in stinging nettles, and in several species of caterpillars. This acid is, in the pure state, so corrosive that it produces blisters on the skin, and hence there is little ground for doubting that it was the "deadly irritant by which so many men have been lost with such terrible suffering." The multitude of curious insects encountered, which rendered their lives "as miserable as they could well be," bears out Mr. Stanley's idea that many similar poisons could be prepared from insects.

IT is a curious fact that in the Australian colonies there are five Catholic archbishops, twenty-two bishops, and upwards of seven thousand priests, besides numbers of religious in conventual life; while the Protestants can only claim seven bishops and about seven hundred clergy,—a striking instance of the true instincts of Catholicity for missionary labors.

Wanted—a Gospel for the Century.

THERE have been times when the hand-writing on the wall of history was hard to read. But such is not the time in which we live. No Daniel need come forth, in his prophet's garment, to tell us that the Belshazzar's feast, glorified by some under the name of "modern civilization," and by others loathed as a combination of luxury and sacrilege, cannot last. "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" has been written against it in characters of flame and fire. It is judged and found wanting.

The whole European system that has grown up since the French Revolution has the air of an interregnum. It seems to be founded on no principle, to fulfil no aspiration. It inspires confidence neither in the Jew money-lender, nor in the paralyzed and bewildered Liberal, nor in the mocking Conservative, who uses and despises it; neither in the English Churchman, who knows it will not prevent his disestablishment, nor in the Irish landlord, whom it has sent — it unwilling, him unwilling — into the Land Courts for his reduced rental. It appeals to no Gospel. It is divided from the past by the great gulf of 1789. It does not express the facts of the present. It lives from hand to mouth in the violent see-saw of Parliamentary majorities, under the guidance of those who are called statesmen, but who will, probably, in times to come, be known as rhetoricians and sophists.

The strong man armed, whose name is Prince Bismarck, keeps his house in peace. Yet, when we look steadily, we shall see that it is smouldering at the four corners. In most other parts of Europe can we say, with a clear conscience, that governments are not a mixture of imbecility and mediocrity, resting on the martial law of conscription, and confronted by a heavy-laden people, discontented workmen, decadent upper classes, and a divided Christendom? It is an age of confusion. The social organism, as we have received it from our fathers, is deeply decayed, and its spirit gone. What man is there but confesses in private that great and unknown changes are hanging over us? But though we cannot foretell them in detail, we may have a strong presentiment of the direction they will take. The present state of society is doomed, by its inherent contradictions, to pass away. That which once was — feudalism, monarchism, Whiggism — will not return. Reaction is the dream of pious souls sitting by the chimney-corner and indulging in their after-dinner nap. History to such is a sealed volume, else they might learn therein that the past never comes out of its grave as it went down thither. We shall not look upon the like of what they dream again. Restorations do not really happen; and Sancho Panza is the only true prophet where he says, "Tell me what you sowed yesterday, and I will tell you what you will reap to-morrow." Given the cause, we may anticipate the consequences. The past does not live a second time; but the future is made of it. For my present purpose, I will call the seed of yesterday science. The harvest of to-morrow, which it promises to bring forth, is a new social

order. And I ask, how do Christians propose to welcome that universal change, — with blessings, or with anathemas? Ought we to continue preaching last year's sermons when a new era is about to dawn? And what are those elements or principles of the Christian creed which will carry it on into the future as an imperial public influence, rather than as a private opinion, or as one sect among many?

I will endeavor to express my meaning as clearly as possible. The faith we Christians have inherited is, like its object, divine and human. It has prospects out of this world into the infinite Beyond, and thus far is, in the dialect of Kant, transcendental. But as an incarnation of truth amongst men, it makes a tabernacle of the world we see; it lies within experience; it is of the present, and must deal with the material. Its task is essentially to redeem, raise up, interpret, and transfigure those weak and needy elements out of which the visible scheme of things is framed. A religion that was wholly transcendental would be too high for mankind. Theism itself, like pure oxygen, is the breath of life, yet not to be breathed alone. On the other hand, a religion which was merely of the present, bounded by time and the grave — such as moderns have invented and styled the "Religion of Humanity" — would furnish neither scope nor aspiration for the spirit which looks through matter into eternal realms, and sighs for "an ampler ether, a diviner air." *O amare, O ire, O ad Deum pervenire!* cried the saints of old. It is the longing of every soul of man. Mysticism, you will say! I do not deny it; but it is a mysticism rising out of experience, and by it well warranted. Let Wordsworth and all the poets bear witness that it is not mere fancy.

We are not to lose sight of this transcendental, or infinite, to which religion points the way. But the human element remains. If there is (as we know there is) a Divine Idea contained and bodied forth in the dogmas of Christianity, none the less is there a Human Idea, which it is the hope of reason to attain by scientific methods. That idea, dimly discerned, unceasingly pursued, has given a law, and assigned an ever-widening orbit to the movement which, from the Renaissance to the present day, has gone on, though with many a check and through strange vicissitudes, till it has grown into the power we now behold, and which many dread as an emanation from the pit. What is its nature? It is primarily concerned, not with the next world, but with this; with the relations of man to his fellow, rather than with those which he cannot but have (and which religion searches out) to the Cause eternal and unseen. The end to be accomplished, as that idea becomes real in time, is a perfect human civilization, or Civitas Hominis, from which nothing shall be lacking that men ought to possess and enjoy. Not only comfort, but culture; not selfish individual interests, but sympathy and brotherhood; the increase of every kind of finite knowledge, and a morality founded on the common nature of man — such is the goal of that high emprise — an immense movement, which we may not untruly describe as civilization arriving at self-consciousness, man rising up to subdue and take possession of the earth which God has given him, and convinced that life, even on

this side of the tomb, is neither a dream nor a sleep, but is worth living. Let us inquire, should this, in any measure, come to pass, How is such a world of thought, passion, and energy, to be annihilated? What could be gained for God or religion, though it were brought to an end, as some would desire? Ended, I firmly believe, that movement cannot be; transformed so that it shall blend with a larger and yet holier — the "divine concent" in which all things should agree — it may be.

So to transform it was one chief problem of Christianity from the moment it began with the Renaissance. But the time was unpropitious. Sextus the Fourth and Leo the Tenth might sacrifice to a frivolous humanism the duties of their high office; but it cannot be supposed that they saw the ideal scope of the culture to which they paid tribute. They were unworthy Vicars of Christ, not the founders of a golden age. Luther, trampling humanity under foot, condemned Aristotle in the same breath with Thomas Aquinas, looked on reason as Satan's handmaid, or something worse, and, as might be readily shown — from the pages of Professor Janssen, for instance — retarded, or threw back, the civilization of Germany for two hundred years. The Reformation was essentially a protest against science and human reason. It was the work of theological fanatics, where it did not proceed from a reason of state; and the scholasticism which Luther imagined that he had scorched, if not killed outright, was revived among his followers with a virulence and obstinacy that neither Realist, Conceptualist, nor Nominalist could have exceeded. On the whole, we may count that three-fourths of the sixteenth, and nearly one-half of the seventeenth, century were lost to mankind in fruitless discussions, of which not a single one has been settled to this day. The positive sins of that time were very grievous. I need hardly refer to the names of Kepler and Galileo, which still make the ears of churchmen tingle. But far more disastrous in its consequences was that rage for speculative subtleties, which, from Alcala to Edinburgh, filled the world with clamor, degraded the Gospel of Christ to an argument for sword-play in the schools, turned the pulpits into chairs of polemic, scandalized the peaceful, and terrified the simple and the weak into an outward and soul-destroying conformity. In vain did the Popes strive, as in the famous congregations De Auxiliis, to bring these endless disputes to an issue among their own adherents. They broadened out, or were transmuted by the temper of the times, from school-controversies into quarrels that shook kingdoms and ruined whole nations. Not even the Thirty Years' War could silence the shrieks of spiritual combatants, who, forever circling round in a maze of logomachies, of "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," made schisms within a schism, and rent what were styled the rags of Popery to shreds and tatters. For the "quick-sighted Protestant eye," which Milton extols, had hardly caught a glimpse of the day of science. Calvin and Chemnitz, Baius and Jansenius, Sublapsarians, Supralapsarians, Ubiquitists, Quietists, Quesnellians — who but a professed antiquarian in this department can rehearse the names and opinions of this troop of

shadows? But once they were alive and about; they have filled libraries from floor to roof with volumes now readable by no human creature; they sat in kings' houses; they directed the education of the world; and when they had wrought unspeakable havoc, they flitted beyond Styx and Lethe, leaving to after ages a Christendom bleeding almost to death, and a persecuted or despised science, which had gone its own way regardless of religious traditions. As far as in these men lay, the Human and the Divine Idea had been made deadly foes.

Thus the greatest opportunity offered to Christian teachers since Alaric blew his trumpet at the gates of Rome, seemed destined to be lost. It was laid upon them, if they would but see it, to baptize this springing world in the service of Christ. An empire, co-extensive with the universe of matter, lay there awaiting its conqueror. Compared with the Renaissance, which they passed by, or identified with blank Atheism and left disdainfully to Epicurus, the Reformation was an episode, a backwater in the stream of history. Erasmus saw beyond Luther; Newton, the astronomer, was many generations in advance of Newton, the commentator on the Apocalypse. When Pascal gave up science to become a saint of Jansenism, he apostatized from the revelation which the Eternal was sending down upon mankind. Not the speculative concord of grace and free-will — to which, as an experience, religion testifies every day — but the problems of government, of commerce, of a rational, well-balanced human society, were to fill men's minds as the centuries went forward. And, while religion would be more indispensable than ever, syllogistic dreams, hanging loose from fact on every side, were sure to be, as, in fact, they have been, forgotten.

But see the price we have paid for wanton theorizing, for that "insane license of affirmation," which ran riot until men could bear it no longer, and became deists and free-thinkers to escape its fury. Divorced from spiritual convictions, science has advanced, conquering and to conquer. It has multiplied its marvels, which elate the spirit of Mr. Smiles as he enlarges on them, and which drive Socialists and Anarchists to assault civilized society as embodying every ill, and as deifying brute force, inhuman cunning, and the power of wealth acquired by unrighteousness. Religion, secluded the while in her cathedral stalls, may chant lovely anthems, and wear copes of broidered gold. But where is the multitude that should throng nave and aisles? Outside, I say, brawling, drinking, tearing their bread from one another, working, with despair in their hearts the while, as many hours of the day and night as they can toil and live. Are we surprised that they find no salvation in the name of Christ? The more is the pity, I say. But whose sin is the greater, theirs or that of the sixteenth-century Pharisee and his successors (for they have not failed down to the year we live in), who, in the place of bread from Heaven, gave them a stone?

It is idle to object that we cannot make the best of both worlds; that Christianity is an austere doctrine, and bids us to deny ourselves and not to enjoy life. I know that when Pius the Ninth declared that

the Roman Church cannot come to terms with "progress and the new civilization," he was understood, in spite of the context, as condemning all progress and every imaginable civilization. But, however the case may be with other Christians, Catholics cannot renounce their own traditions. Asceticism, though an element in her teaching, does not absorb the church's life. Her children will never forget the sublime and beautiful pages they have contributed to the story of the past. They can no more disown their Raffaelle than their Francis of Assisi, their Benedict and Columbanus than their Louis of France and Stephen of Hungary. To them belong Palestrina and Haydn and Mozart, brethren, though in so diverse a sphere, of Vincent de Paul, and Peter Claver, and Baptiste de la Salle. Nay, the severe retreats of monasticism were not uncivilized. The Grande Chartreuse adds a beauty to the wilderness. Citeaux and Vallombrosa call up reminiscences of a poetic existence to which the world has been indebted for some of its noblest literature. Though I comprehend the thought of George Sand, when she declines to accept the *Imitation of Christ* and the *Génie du Christianisme* as representing one and the same creed, I think she was mistaken on the general argument. The Catholic Church, drawing its origin from the Old and New Testaments, embracing, in its wide circle, Greek literature, Roman jurisprudence, and the traditions of the northern races, cannot easily be exhausted in a formula. And only those who are too pedantic to be quite human, will suppose that, if the genius of Catholicism be ascetic, it cannot be poetical; if contemplative, not acquainted with the facts of life; if learned, not orthodox; if enamored of the beautiful, not detached from the vanities of time. Before now, Protestant critics have charged upon us sometimes that we set up an unattainable standard, and, again, that we humor the corrupt inclinations of fallen man. These accusations, which may be left to refute one another, are, at any rate, good evidence that the Catholic discipline is not simply a mystic flight towards the Unseen. Civilization need not, and ought not, to be kept back in the interests of a religious ideal. True it is, that what is primary with science, is secondary with religion, as it must be from the nature of the case. But it can no more be alleged that ignorance and barbarism, as such, are religious, than that infidelity and licentious morals, as such, are scientific.

Nor have I any difficulty in asserting, that human beings should make the best of both worlds, considering that the Creator of them is the same, and that He pronounced this visible frame of things "very good." Still less do I see why the discipline required in every man if he would be moral, to refrain himself from things that hurt the soul, should be incompatible with the carrying out of sound political and social economy, with a high development of art, or with the grandest forms of poetry. I admit, and more than admit, for I feel it deeply, that religion cannot be at one with luxurious living; that a world represented by Paris, Vienna, London, and New York (if we may trust those who know them well), is pretty much the antithesis of all that the Gospel teaches. But am I going to allow that science or civiliza-

tion is embodied, as it ought to be, in such modern forms? By no means. Pleasure, in itself, is neither good nor bad; it may be perfectly innocent. But when it becomes its own end and excludes the notion of duty, it ceases to be moral, for it is no longer what a human feeling ought to be. On the same principle, a pleasure-seeking civilization stands condemned. It has not a word to say in its own defence when religion declares it morally base, and social science points to the seeds of death which it carries within it.

I am convinced that society must undergo a transformation, or perish. And it is on this account that every thoughtful observer must wish religion would take up the far-reaching problem of the distribution of wealth; the relation of physical science to the prosperity of the masses; the rights and wrongs of property; the claims of the individual to be trained for his place in life, and recompensed by a secure old age for the toils of his years of strength; in short, the whole question of national civilization, on its human and social side. I cannot say too emphatically that it seems to me this thing has not been done; is yet without a place in our books of theology, to speak of; and requires doing in all manner of ways. If anybody thinks it an easy matter, to be dealt with in a few pages of the treatise *De Contractibus*, or healed by general remarks, however excellent, on the good of poverty and the evil of riches, I believe that man to be profoundly mistaken. To find the solution will task the energy and make severe demands on the good-will of our best teachers; nor will they find it at all, unless, while keeping one eye on their books, they keep the other on things as they are outside the books. For all the sciences are now fast resolving themselves into one — the Social Science. And all the problems are resolving themselves, even faster, into one — the Social problem. Do you tell me it is, at bottom, religious? I say so, too. But the terms of its solution, and the matter about which it is concerned, are primarily not religious, but of the present world and its welfare. When our Lord said, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added to you," He certainly did not mean, "and all these things shall be denied to you, the workers that have produced them by your own hard labor." Who can doubt that this is the question of the time? and how is it to be peaceably solved, if religious men will not view it in the light of their religion?

It used to be said, "All roads lead to Rome." It is rapidly becoming a fact, that all problems, even those which might seem purely scientific, lead to Socialism. I am not concerned, at present, with the definition of that much-abused term. Enough that it indicates the whereabouts of the malady from which civilized mankind are suffering. Let us call it "labor and capital," "the distribution of wealth," "the condition of the working classes," or what we please, — by any name it will be as terrible, — only let us not forget that it is the one great business of religious men, if they hope in the future of their creed as an imperial influence, to take it now in hand. Science, moving along its own path, as I must repeat, has brought mankind face to face with it. Had that science been applied to life, as it might have been, on

recognized Christian principles, that problem would have received its solution, in the main, before to-day. But Christians were indulging in speculations which but remotely concerned their creed when science took its first adventurous flight; and Christianity had to disentangle itself from the *ancien régime* in one part of Europe, or was a corrupt and sleepy establishment in most others, when commerce and inventive industry were calling into existence the huge black cities and the millions of machine-made "proletariate" which give us the factors of this awful question. The season went by; the Sibyl burnt her sacred books one after the other; but the fewer she had left, the more she increased her price. And now the chief hindrances to anarchy in Europe seem to be monarchical institutions resting on feeble and fading traditions of loyalty; municipalities burdened with debt, often corrupt, and, in very few cases, equal to the task of enlightened self-government; the army recruited by conscription; and the church. It is not impossible that monarchies, municipalities, and armies, will find themselves too weak to withstand the onset of Socialism in its many forms. Given universal education, and there is every sign that the principle of submission to authority, which has been received hitherto on custom, will lose, rather than gain, in power. For you will have to persuade the educated "proletariate" that their interests are identical with those of their masters, and that is a hard saying. Education will give weight and edge to the problem, while re-distributing the intellectual forces of the world on a plan by no means favorable to those in possession. And the millions upon millions, as they come to read and write, and gradually to think for themselves, will ask the Christian religion what view it takes of their interests, and what are the laws of the production and distribution of wealth which the Gospel sanctions, what are those which it rejects and condemns. It will be an evil day for mankind, if Christians do not see their way clearly to an answer.

Those to whom the spirit of the Catholic creed, its aspirations and its divine poetry, are the most precious inheritance that the past has bequeathed, cannot help regretting that the fierce theological polemics which have filled the second half of the nineteenth century, have interrupted — nay, more, have profoundly discouraged — the "controversy of reconciliation," with which are associated such names as Chateaubriand, Schlegel, Möhler, Newman, Lacordaire, Montalembert, Ozanam, Balmes, and the remarkable school of historians and philosophers, dating from the times of Schelling and Baader at Munich. It cannot be said of these, that Revelation, with its dogmas, seemed to them a small thing. But their belief was that Christ, in taking human nature, had redeemed the whole man, body and soul, here and hereafter; that, in founding a kingdom on earth, it was His will to make all things new. They perceived, as the apologists of an earlier age did not, that to argue about particular dogmas — nay, about the dogmatic creed itself — was not the task laid upon them; that they must reverse the method of dispute, and proceed, not from cause to effect, but from effect to cause. Instead of proving that Christianity demanded our allegiance because it came from God, they undertook to show that it

came from God because it held and made possible all manner of good for the sons of men. It was a divine religion, they repeatedly urged, because it was perfectly human, as human nature is, at its best and noblest, in the Divine Exemplar.

That argument they were never weary of applying to the past, and its truth has been recognized, in the most unexpected quarters, by Carlyle as by Mr. Ruskin, by the Socialists in their historical retrospects, and almost with exaggeration, by the disciples of Auguste Comte. It can hardly, therefore, be a mere coinage of the Catholic brain. But it needs to be applied now to the present and the future. I am quite alive to the objection which a Socialist may raise, if he chances to read these lines. He will say, "We do not want our schemes to be *exploited* by Catholicism, or by any other form of Christianity." But I do not dream of *exploiting* his schemes. The Socialist propaganda, fervent and unremitting as it may be, appears, in my eyes, to be not much more than a symptom, or, at most, an instrument, of the new phase into which humanity is passing. Economic laws are not the whole; they are the basis, not the summit, of man's existence. I cannot believe that a purely secular religion, such as Mr. Bradlaugh preaches in his prose dialect, and George Eliot prophesied of in loftier strains, will take a permanent hold of the heart or intellect of men. It may have its day; but, in due course, it will cease to be. We are born for higher things than even the greatest happiness of the greatest number. And the only lasting religion of humanity, so far as I can see, is that which rests on a foundation deeper than phenomena. We are akin to the eternal and the infinite, τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν, said St. Paul; nor are these simply dead attributes assignable to matter, or to the void inane. Life calleth unto life, *abyssus abyssum invocat.* A merely human Christ — the Son of Man, but in no transcendental sense the Son of God — will not save us. Eternity must come down into time and redeem it; the millennium is a kingdom of heaven upon earth; it is no Lubberland, to use Carlyle's indignant phrase. Goethe, in the most significant passage he ever wrote, has described the "threefold reverence" — we might call it adoration — in which the true religion must be founded,— reverence for things above, which is the heathen or natural religion; for things about us, which is philosophy; and for things beneath us, which is the religion of sorrow, of redemption, and, in a sense peculiar to itself, of Christianity. This *Credo* of Redemption, to be realized here and now, in spite of the sweating-dens and the gambling money-marts of London and the other world-cities, — how many are there that understand it? Take only that one article, divine poverty, — detachment of the individual from riches, use of them for the community, for the brotherhood, simplicity of private life, and the enjoyment of the most beautiful things in common. That, and much more, we should see, if we were not blind as buzzards, in the New Testament to which we listen, languidly or not at all, in church on Sunday. What right has a believer in Christ to live luxuriously while his brethren are starving on an unjust wage? But he pleads the interests of art and civilization, which he falsely, not to say criminally, pretends

that his self-indulgence subserves. Let him, then, I say, in the name of Christ, take art and civilization to the savages, who are waiting for such a renaissance all over the land. Let him humanize and socialize his riches, and then, the next time he hears in church that Gospel of the Beatitudes, he will understand what it means, and not be ashamed or dismayed. The Sermon on the Mount was not preached in a monastery; it was addressed to mankind. It does not condemn civilization, which has grown more perfect chiefly by laying to heart some of its precepts. But it most unequivocally does condemn an exclusive society, the doors of which open but to golden keys, while the multitude of God's children are toiling in hunger and cold outside for their masters.

"Perhaps the day may come," it has been said, "when all forms of government except the despotic will seem matters of indifference, and men will hold simply by the moral and religious laws, which are the lasting foundation of society and the true human government." These words are taken from no anarchist, but from the author of the *Génie du Christianisme.** They point to a far distant ideal. Yet there is in them a suggestion of better schemes than Socialist or Anarchist has lighted upon. What if, clergy and laity alike, we set ourselves to think out — and, the surest way of all, to work out — the relation in which a present Christ (as we believe Him to be) does, in fact, stand to political economy, the distribution of wealth, and the laws of labor? What if we threw aside some of our musty books, — which we keep on our shelves without always reading them, — and took up these problems of to-day, as, in God's sight, resolved to find a way out of them? Did Christ make a covenant with the middle class, that we should fear to infringe on its prerogatives? Or is Capitalism a thirteenth article of the creed? In more than one age and clime, the priest has been the pioneer of civilization. He is still to be found, poor almost as those amongst whom he labors, in the dark places down to which the "law of supply and demand" has thrust the wage-earning population. But there is a question with which he has yet to grapple, — the cause of all this accumulated, heart-breaking misery. It is an evil that has spread far and wide, and it is this, — Christian preachers talk of the dead Christ in their pulpits, and forget that He is living. They see men thronging luxurious banquets, and they fear to remind them of the anathema pronounced against their swallowing down the lives and substance of the worker. Is there a greater sin than to murder men by slow starvation? The rich non-producer — be he Jew, Catholic, or infidel — dyes his hands in that sin every day he lives. He is part and parcel of a system which calls itself the social order. What if we told him seriously, told ourselves first of all, that there is no genuine social order save the kingdom of Christ, into which the idle rich cannot enter? It has been argued that Dives, who does nothing but lounge at the clubs, and spends thousands on his enjoyment, is not without his uses; that he points to the rewards of toiling ambition. I ask, in reply,

* Livre vi. c. 13, p. 275.

What place is there for Dives in the kingdom of Christ? Do we find in him, or the system to which he belongs, aught of that threefold reverence which, to Goethe's mind, made the sum of possible religions? His attitude towards things above is Agnosticism; towards things around him, scepticism; towards things beneath him, cynicism. Cynically he buys (with money not earned by him) the labor of the working-man's son, the purity of the working-man's daughter. "Yes," he may answer me, "it is a free bargain; both are willing to sell." When he has wrought his will upon them, he flings the son to the workhouse, the daughter to the street or the hospital. Let those who are not ashamed to call themselves Christians, ponder these things. They say they believe in a living Christ. When will they open their eyes, and judge the nineteenth century, and their place in it, as He did the first? Or will they, rather, imitate their high rulers of two hundred years ago, and neglect, or persecute, social science, in like manner as these did physical, putting under a ban the interpreters of God's visible world?

WILLIAM BARRY, in Ninetenth Century.

Peanuts.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, three million two hundred thousand bushels of peanuts are consumed in this country every year. They come chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, although Tennessee also produces a small crop. "Peanuts are planted at corn-planting time. Each kernel produces a running vine, like crab grass, and each root produces about twenty pods. When ripe, the plow is run through the loamy soil, on a dry day, just before frost. The nuts are dried and shocked up like corn to keep dry before housing. When marketed, they go to a cleaner, where they are put through steam-power machines and polished, after which they are graded according to size and variety. This year there is but two thirds of a crop, and they are higher in price than since 1884. The crop begins to come into the market about the first of September. The Virginia nut is the largest and finest. The Wilmington is a smaller sort, and the Spanish nut, a still smaller variety, is one whose kernels peel perfectly clean, thus making it valuable for confectionery."

The Best Remedy for Venomous Snake Bites.

L. G. LINCECUM, M.D., writing from Texas to the Southern Practitioner, says: Permanganate of potash is a successful remedy. I have treated more than one hundred cases in Texas, and have used whiskey, soda bicarb., spt. ammonia, turpentine, chloroform, and other remedies, but have found that potas. permanganas in one or two gr. doses hypodermically, and chloroform, locally and by inhalation, are undoubtedly the most certain and successful remedies in bites of venomous reptiles I ever used. I have never seen a case treated with these two remedies result fatally.

The Morality of Irish Catholics.

TRIBUTE BY AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

Rev. R. L. Everett, an English Protestant minister, who visited Ireland recently, wrote for the Christian World his impressions of Catholicity in that country. After praising the Irish observance of Sunday, he writes: "By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Lord of all Christians, speaking of His disciples. Apply this to the Catholic Irish. Is their religion all forms and superstitions, or has it a real hold upon their hearts and lives? Take the text of the Ten Commandments. Is purity a Christian virtue? Where is Protestant Britain in comparison with Catholic Ireland in regard to this? Simply nowhere. All statistics and all testimonies affirm this. A young man who sins against a woman in this respect in Ireland is so condemned by all his neighbors that his life is a burden to him, and he is forced to emigrate. Even in the wild outburst of 1798, it is admitted on all hands that not a woman was wronged at the hands of rebels, while both before and after it, sins against Catholic women on the part of the troops were shamefully frequent. What stronger testimony can we have to the power of the Catholic religion than its ability to hold in restraint the strongest passions of human nature? The conditions of life under which the Catholic religion obtains this conquest in Ireland increase our admiration for its power. The people live there crowded together in their poor cabins, and thus necessarily are in the way of temptation; and their land too, is full of priests sworn to a single life, yet in familiar and constant social intercourse with family life and with the other sex. The island is full of inflammable material and dangerous situations, yet is it the purest land under the sun, at least as regards the Catholic part of its population. How can any fair-minded Christian man withhold high praise to the Catholic teachers for this good practical fruit which their teachings bear? Then, again, take the test of family affection. He that provided not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, says the Apostle, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. I have heard steady, well conducted, religious men in England, if called upon to contribute to an aged father or mother, complain most bitterly of having the old father or mother hung around their necks. The feeling and conduct of the Irish to their aged parents might well shame such as these, and I have quoted actual words heard from the lips of agricultural laborers decidedly above the average of their class. In the histories of evictions in Ireland, three generations are generally found in the cabins; a place by the turf fire having been kept for the old folks. Then look at the money sent from America to the father-land by the exiled Irish. How many a rent which the land would not carry has been paid out of the earnings of sons and daughters in America, sent over here by them to the old folks at home? There was no poor law in Ireland till 1838; until then they had to keep their old and sick, or see them starve. In the early part of this century the support of these were actually estimated to cost the poor of Ireland

some three million dollars a year out of their incredibly scanty earnings. No doubt the poor law has been a bad school-master in England, and the absence of it may have strengthened family ties in Ireland. But the poor law has never, we believe, been the chosen Catholic mode of relieving the poor. And in Catholic Ireland it is certain that family affection and family mutual help far exceed what are to be seen in Britain. This again is a good fruit of no mean order. Take again, the test of ordinary crime. Outside of agrarian outrages there is less of murder and of savage brutality, or of stealing, or wife beating, or of drunkenness, than in England. The records of the court show this. In our own travels in the country we saw only three drunken men, and they were, each of them, English soldiers. If it were not for the land question they would hardly need any police in Ireland. Even with the crimes which sprung out of a bad system and bad government, there is less crime per head of the population in Ireland than in England. So that when tried by the test of obedience to the Ten Commandments, Catholic Ireland again carries away the palm from Protestant Britain. I am told by the Protestant residents in Ireland that, as household servants, Catholic girls are proverbially preferred, even to Protestant girls. Is not there material in all this for much profitable reflection on the part of those of us who have been brought up to regard Popery as a child of the devil?

Catarrh.

AFTER all that has been said, it must be admitted that changes in the climate, filth, sewer gas, malaria, and what not, have much to do with the production of catarrh. Even Fifth Avenue is so filthy half the time as to make us feel disgusted with it. Catarrh, in many cases, is nothing but a filth-disease, and Dr. Mackenzie, of London, says that that is the chief cause of catarrh in the United States. He says there is no such thing as scavenging in this country. This is quite true of some places; but there are towns where catarrh prevails which are as well scavenged as any town in England. But it is not New York city. There are cases of catarrh in that city which are, undoubtedly, kept up by filth, by irritating particles floating in the atmosphere, carried hither and thither by the winds, such as horse dung and fermenting, putrefying substances. Do not consider, then, that any specialty by itself will control the situation. The treatment of the nose may be well enough where it is indicated, but where filth is the cause of catarrh something more must be done.

SPEAKING of the ignorance of Christianity often discovered among Protestants, the Reverend editor of the Western Watchman says: We have received a lady into the church who had been a teacher in a Protestant Sunday-school, and a sort of missionary among Chinamen, who had herself never been baptized, and who had no idea of the principal mysteries of religion. Yet she was a Protestant teacher!

From the German of Hettinger.

Theology and Natural Science.

LETTER TO A YOUNG THEOLOGIAN.

PART I.

YOU ask, my young friend, why study natural science? Because never before has natural science been of higher importance for theological training than it is at the present day, and is likely to be for a long time yet to come; and this importance arises not because of the much-talked-of opposition between theology and natural science in modern times. For, in the wide field of natural science, so numerous are these points of opposition, that it would be to attempt the impossible to seek to know thoroughly, or pass final judgment on, all of them. Even the most highly cultivated scientist must admit that he would be unequal to such a task. For instance, the various departments of mineralogy, botany, zoology, physiology, anatomy, chemistry, biology, astronomy, etc., have their special investigators, who, working in different directions, have, in the same science, opened up other and different branches of knowledge.

Not because of this so-called opposition then, should you take up the study of natural science. In its essential character our theology is in nowise opposed to natural science. Rather has it hailed from the beginning natural science as a handmaid and co-laborer, recognizing in its results a confirmation of its own teachings. Where conflicts have arisen, they have been the outcome neither of true theology nor of true science, a thought which Augustine gives expression to when he says "There is nothing in our sacred books which contradicts anything the philosophers have been able to prove regarding the nature of things;" and he adds thereto the warning: "Neither suffer yourselves to be led astray by the conclusions of false science, nor disquieted because of false and superstitious opinions in religion."*

But this, my young friend, is not what I have chiefly in mind, when I counsel you not to hold aloof from the study of natural science. Let Augustine himself express my meaning: "It often happens that non-Christians know, as well by intellectual insight as by experience, many things regarding the earth, the heavens, the various elements, the motions and mutations, as also the sizes and distances, of the stars, the phases of the sun and moon, the courses of the times and seasons, the nature of beasts, plants, stones, and the like. But most shameful it is and fatal, and especially to be avoided, that a Pagan should hear a Christian, who professes to speak according to Scripture, advancing foolish views regarding these things; insomuch that when he sees the Christian a victim of such monstrous errors, he can hardly refrain from laughter. And not merely is it shameful that he should be laughed at for his mistakes, but still more to be deplored is the opinion which the Pagans acquire of our sacred books, as if in these, such views found

* Genes. ad lit. i. 21.

expression. As a consequence, they are rejected and scoffed at as unscientific to the great detriment of those for whose salvation we are laboring so hard. And when the Pagans find a Christian in error regarding matters in which themselves are well versed, how can they believe in the Scriptures when these speak of the Resurrection from the dead, the hope of eternal life, and the kingdom of Heaven — deeming, as they do, that these writings err in regard to matters which we can verify by calculation and experience. What our intelligent brethren must suffer by the ill-considered statement of such men cannot be expressed in words. And when the Pagans scoff at and contradict such persons, they have the effrontery to appeal to sacred Scripture in support of their ill-considered views which are palpably false. They advance a number of texts without knowing what these texts mean or what they prove."*

Is it not, my young friend, as if Augustine wished to describe in advance those, who, in recent times, and even down to the present day, reject the certain and universally acknowledged facts of natural science, obstinately cling to antiquated views, and seeking to support them by the authority of Scripture, inflict a grave injury on the sacred writings? Our theology is much too great, and stands on too secure foundations, that it should close its eyes on the secrets of nature which are every day revealed before it. Rather will it rejoice the more in the grand acquisitions of natural science, and by their means discern in the book of nature ampler pages and clearer characters setting forth the glory of the Creator, until once more it cries aloud with the Psalmist, but with a far wider and more comprehensive glance over the whole kingdom of creation: "Lord, our God, how wonderful is Thy name over the whole earth!" Ps. viii.

Scholasticism, on this subject, was guided by correct ideas. Philosophy, as understood by it, embraced, besides mathematics, all natural science under the name of physics.† Logic, physics, metaphysics, ethics, formed the encyclopædia of philosophy.‡ Logic, it says, teaches us the right exercise of reason. Physics has the world, metaphysics, the author of the world, as the object of its contemplation. Ethics gives the rules for the moral life. Even Bacon of Verulam, Cartesius, and Newton, speak of a "*Philosophia naturalis.*" They are right. Philosophy and natural science are not opposed to each other; they do not exclude, but include, each other. It is true that, owing to the wide extension of the field of natural science, and its wonderful discoveries, their mutual relations cannot be conceived in the same manner as in the days of Aristotle and Scholasticism. But though the modal relations have changed, the fundamental relations still remain the same. St. Thomas has given the reason: "Natura est opus intelligentiæ;" § therefore is its study the object of philosophy. How closely related, then, to each other are natural science and philosophy.

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* Genes. ad lit. i. 19.

† Aristotel. Metaphys. vi. 1: ὥστε τρεῖς ἂν εἶεν φιλοσοφίαι θεωρητικαι, μαθητική, φυσική, θεολογική.

‡ Goudin, ed. 10. 1. p. 75.—§ II. Physic. Lect. 4.

The object of natural science is the whole of this visible creation. It considers particular phenomena, compares and classifies them, seeks to determine their laws with exactness, that is, with mathematical precision, trace back these laws, in so far as it is possible to the operation of common elementary forces, and embrace these finally under one general head. Even philosophy itself sets out at first from experience, which is, as St. Thomas says, the material principle of our knowledge. (*Quasi materia causæ.* Summ, 1. q. 84. a. 7.) Here, then, we find a point of contact between natural science and philosophy.

But this is not enough. Not satisfied with the mere facts, the visible phenomena, it seeks to discover their laws, and give an answer to the question, "Why?" And right here, for the second time, natural science touches on philosophy; for what is law but the invisible in the visible, the permanent in the mutable, the universal in the particular — in a word, a thought, which the mind alone perceives and recognizes as the necessary in the contingent? Yes, definite, general, necessary ideas, — being and existence, unity and order, end and means, cause and effect; the logical laws; the idea of law; and, in particular, conformity to law, — not capable of being perceived by, or represented to, the senses; — they are the imprint of mind. It was not the assiduous study of the stars, not the far-reaching telescope, but the calculating mind, that gave birth to the "*Mechanique celeste*," one of the greatest triumphs of natural science. Therefore could Augustine, in refutation of the sensualists of his time, fall back on mathematics as applied in exact inquiry, and which, as pure mathematics, is the fruit of the thinking mind alone.*

But this is not all. Even the ancients sought for the final principle of unity in this world. Aristotle ascends from phenomena to a final, supreme, sole Being, to God, in whom, and through whom, all natural forces operate, in ordered interdependence, like an army under its leader. The exact sciences of the present day are also confronted with this question: What is the final, supreme force, in which all others have their origin? † Only when they have solved this question, can they arrive at a knowledge of the harmony of the universe. And right here does philosophy reach out the hand to scientific inquiry, and lead it up to the highest questions of all science.

From what has thus far been said, you will perceive, my friend, how close are the points of contact between philosophy and natural science.

In the study of particular natural phenomena, but especially in discovering and unfolding their laws by means of Induction and Deduction does philosophy serve as a guide to scientific inquiry; but it goes further than this. It ascends beyond the limits of the world of sense to a higher sphere, the world of mind. Such are the necessary, eternal ideas, which are indeed applicable in the world of sense, *but not in that alone;* the most general conceptions, such as being and existence, matter and form, substance and accident, space and time, the finite

* De liber. arbitr. ii. 8. — † Metaphys. xii. c. ultim.

and the infinite, are the subjects of its contemplation; and proceeding still further it finds itself at last face to face with the question of the final causes of all things.

Here again philosophy and natural science come together. They proceeded by different ways. Observation, experiment, exact inquiry on the one side; on the other, clear modes of conception, determining ontological definitions and categories of all Being, together with a firm grasp of the relations which the Finite and Contingent bears to the Infinite and the Absolute. But logic without which philosophy and natural science cannot work together, is as a mould for both, and which testifies to their common origin, namely, mind. Rightly then does Aristotle term logic: "τὸ ὄργανον τῆς φιλοσοφίας." ("the organ of philosophy"). Thus does philosophy, as the science of human thought, underlie all scientific inquiry, and this, too, as the most universal, conditioned science of all other sciences, and which alone renders these things possible. And again it is philosophy which gathers up the different results of scientific inquiry, and leads them on to the solution of the world-problem.

JOHN COSTELLO.

Heart Failure.

THE American Analyst thinks it would be an excellent idea if physicians of the present day would invent some other reason for about all the deaths which occur nowadays than the heart failure. It is difficult for any one conversant with the organs of the human body to understand how any human being can die without heart failure, while the causes of the failure of the heart at death may be very numerous. This might not be of serious moment were it not for the fact that hundreds of people are being nearly frightened to death by the constant use of the cause for the sudden deaths, and many people who are sick, and necessarily have some heart symptoms, are kept in constant terror by reading or hearing in other ways of death after death by heart failure. It would be well if physicians who are too indolent or too ignorant to search out the disease lying back of the heart failure to consider how much harm they are doing the community, and if they cannot correct the habit, newspapers and the public should avoid giving currency to this unfounded and dangerous phrase. There are probably no more deaths from heart failure in these times than heretofore; but a new cause for death has been coined, and the nervous and timid are being severely injured by it.

To those who imagine that Cardinals' lives are full of ease and luxurious enjoyment, the following bit of information from a trustworthy foreign contemporary ought to do a good service: "The aged Cardinal Massaia underwent the last painful hours on his plank bed, which he had never allowed to be covered by more than a straw mattress an inch thick, and clad in the rough brown habit of a Capuchin."

The Mexican Tuna.

In the West American Scientist Mr. Edward Palmer writes entertainingly of the fruit of the opuntia, or *tuna*, as it is called in Mexico, where it forms the principal article of food for many of the natives during several months of the year. The tuna of the Mexicans must not be confounded with the opuntias found in California and Arizona. Many valuable varieties of opuntia are found growing in the cactus belt of Mexico, and seeds of the most desirable were furnished originally by the United States Department of Agriculture. When new varieties are produced by artificial crossing and selection, as great improvement may be expected as has been made with other cultivated fruits, but the different varieties now have no distinctive names. This cactus requires little care, and thrives on almost any soil, but it reaches its best condition on the table-lands of Mexico. A piece of the plant laid on the surface of the ground will take root and grow; it will endure considerable cold, and the most protracted drought only seems to increase the sweetness of the fruit. When gathered, the fine spines on the surface of the fruit must be removed, so that it can be handled without inconvenience. The skin is then removed, leaving the pulpy meat exposed in a most tempting manner. It is specially adapted to the breakfast table, having something of the watermelon flavor with a suggestion of strawberry. Tuna is abundant and cheap in the market from June till November. It is finding its way along the frontier of the United States, and is already on sale in Jacksonville and other Southern cities.—*Garden and Forest.*

Is Ice-Water a Healthy Drink?

In the opinion of the editor of the Sanitary Volunteer, the official organ of the New Hampshire board of health, there is a great deal of sentiment and many opinions regarding the use of ice-water that vanish when the light of reason and experience is turned upon them. The fact is, that ice-water, drank slowly and in moderate quantities, constitutes a healthful and invigorating drink. There is no doubt that ice is a great sanitary agent, and every family ought to be provided with it during the warmer months of the year. It is true that the inordinate use of ice-water, or its use under some special conditions and circumstances, is attended with great danger; so is the improper use of any other drink or food. The assumption that iced water is dangerous, and that iced tea, or iced coffee, or iced lemonade is a harmless substitute, is simply a delusion. As the source of danger feared by some is the degree of cold, we fail to see clearly how flavor modifies the effect of temperature. There are individuals, undoubtedly, who cannot drink ice-water without injury, and who ought not to use it; but to a great majority of persons it is refreshing and healthful. Its use, temperate and discreet, is in no way to be condemned, which cannot be said of some of its substitutes.

All perfection consists in practising these two things: Detachment from creatures and union with God.

Paris Exposition: Described by a Bostonian.

JUDGING from the scanty accounts of the Paris Exposition which we see in the American papers, one would think that it was a small affair. Perhaps this is our retort courteous to French indifference to American affairs. It is well known that hardly anything less than a Presidential election, a great blizzard, a Charleston earthquake, or a Johnstown flood, is thought worthy of even the briefest paragraph in a French newspaper. The Paris Exposition of 1889 is certainly a noteworthy achievement. Regarded as a "World's Fair," it is the most complete ever held anywhere. Some of its features are of the phenomenal order. The immense space that it covers is in itself an indication of its magnitude. It takes in the whole of the Champ de Mars, the Esplanade of the Invalides, the borders of the Seine between the Place de la Concord, and including the Park of the Trocadèro.

Though falling far short of that cosmic universality and world-embracing character which its projectors fondly hoped to give it, it is, nevertheless, not only the biggest thing of the kind ever realized on this earth, but even taken absolutely, it is truly immense.

In one respect, at least, it is complete. As far as France is concerned it deserves the epithet "universelle," which is part of its official title, "Exposition Universelle." The whole of France is here in a sort of epitome. It displays admirably the splendid achievements of France in all the arts of peace. Her natural resources, agriculture, manufactures, mechanical and constructive skill, architecture, engineering, and the fine arts are here well represented. If all the other nations of Europe had made a similar exhibit, it would truly deserve the name of "World's Fair."

With all its drawbacks, it is still a marvellous exhibition. It is the school of the people, and presents almost inexhaustible sources of knowledge and education in the best sense of the word. It is a gigantic object-lesson. It shows that in the arts of peace, at least, France still leads the world. In mere extent and massiveness of buildings, it far surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted. In variety, splendor, and novelty nothing ever approached it anywhere. The buildings themselves are well worthy of a trip across the Atlantic. Solidity, architectural gracefulness, adaptability to the uses intended, together with charming displays of artistic fancy and decorative design are visible everywhere. There is nothing flimsy, gaudy, or temporary about them; they look as if they were built to last for ages. The Machinery Hall is a stupendous building, and the Eiffel Tower is a structure that will stand for centuries.

The Eiffel Tower is the eighth wonder of the world. It is so huge and high that it dominates, and, to some extent, dwarfs the immense buildings in which the Exposition is held. From its base to the extreme tip of the flag staff it is one thousand feet high. The colossal arches that form its base may be truly called triumphal, as they sustain the greatest triumph of modern French engineering. This tower con-

tributes largely to the glory of French constructive art, and manifests, especially, their skill in manipulating iron.

The permanent exposition building of the Trocadèro, standing on the high bluffs on the other side of the Seine, seems to lower its diminished head in the presence of this sky-piercing shaft.

The Eiffel Tower is the highest mechanical structure in the world. It overtops the pyramids, the towers of the Cologne Cathedral, the dome of St. Peter's, and even the Washington Monument itself. It is entirely constructed of iron. Its arched base bestrides the main avenue of the exposition grounds like a veritable colossus. It is the feature at once unique and sublime which gives an air of originality and magnificence to the World's Fair. Seen from all parts of the city and the surrounding country, it rises like a sort of signal, inviting all to visit the Exposition of 1889.

It has so seized on the thoughts and imaginations of men of all nations, that it is safe to say, that fully one third of the visitors are chiefly drawn there by its powerful attraction.

The work was begun Jan. 28, 1887, and was barely finished in time for the opening of the Exposition this year. It stands on four great piers resting on beds of concrete. The total weight of this iron structure is only about seven thousand tons. You ascend the tower either by stairways or by elevators. The elevators running to the second platform move on inclined planes; those reaching the upper stories are vertical lifts. The first platform is bordered with covered arcades, which give a splendid view of Paris and its environs. The third story is a grand saloon, sheltered by glass on all sides, and from which a panorama of forty-five leagues in extent is visible to the spectator. Above this is the scientific laboratory and the astronomical observatory. The structure is crowned by an immense lantern, from which is flashed over Paris and its suburbs, the electric light which shines as a beacon, calling all nations to witness this grand exposition. From the top of the tower one can see the horizon, stretching north and south, for one hundred and twelve miles.

The Eiffel Tower is no mere "*tour de force*" or show piece. It is designed for utility as well as to excite wonder. It is the finest observatory in the world. It will serve as a most valuable watch-tower in case of siege. For fifty miles around every movement of the enemy can be discerned. By the aid of optical telegraphy, it can be made a means of communication with the provinces, that can never be cut off as long as the defences of the city stand, because it is out of reach of the enemy's batteries. It is a triumph of French engineering, and a striking proof of the progress made in the uses to which iron may be put in construction.

One of the charms of the World's Fair is the rapidity and ease with which you pass from one country to another. Let us go to Egypt, — enter Cairo avenue and there you are. You think it will require a stretch of fancy to imagine that you are on the banks of the Nile. Not at all. On the contrary, it requires a powerful mental effort to remember that you are still in the "Champ de Mars," on the

banks of the Seine. Cairo avenue is a real Egyptian street transported to, and transplanted in, the very heart of Paris, and inhabited by veritable denizens of northern Africa. The crowds that press into this street, and linger there to view the scenes therein, show that it is one of the most popular features of the exhibition. Here we have twenty-five houses, each an exact copy of some one or other of the quaintest and most characteristic dwellings and shops of Cairo. The various progressive stages of Arab taste in architecture are here shown. The most peculiar feature of the Arab house is the latticed balcony, or cage-like structure, that projects in front of the windows into the narrow street. These balconies are the chief recreation rooms of the Oriental women. Here screened from view, they can witness all that goes on in the street below. The magician who conjured up on the "Fields of Mars" this exquisite vision of the East is M. Delort. Baron Delort, as he is called, has resided in Cairo for a quarter of a century, and fairly worships Arab art. He has given us in this street a glimpse of the sunny East, the Orient of Islam. The distinguishing characteristic and crowning merit of Arab architecture is its apparent lightness. All their structures are airy and wonderfully varied in the graceful curves of their arches. Geometrical figures furnish the motives for their decorative designs.

This street is peopled in true Egyptian fashion with Arabs, Syrians, Jews, Mahomedans, dervishes, and beautiful white asses and their drivers. Here is found a real Oriental Café, with its peculiar music, dancing dervishes, and dancing girls. The street is lighted up at night with Edison's fairy lamps.

The dwelling-houses of forty-four different nations or periods are given in this exposition. They illustrate the progress of the human race in making for itself a shelter from the elements. From the grotto formed by nature in the rock to the palace of a modern Cæsar is a far cry; but we have it all here from beginning to end. Mud hovels, thatched huts, menhirs, floating-lake dwellings, Etruscan houses, and so on, down to the comfortable English mansion of our own day. Egyptian, Phœnician, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, Moorish, Gallic, Byzantine, Norman, Gothic, Middle Age Renaissance, all the styles of architecture ever invented by man, are exhibited here in full-size specimens, well-built houses, no mere stage structures of lathe and canvas, but solid wood-work or masonry.

Prominent and picturesque among these is a palace of Cochin China, with its interior court elaborately decorated in Oriental fashion. The Hindoo palace is one of the most curious of the group. It has a sort of strange beauty, all its own, with its windowless substructure and twin towers, capped with arched roofs. Not far from this is a Hebrew house, showing, on its outer walls, numerous cabalistic inscriptions. The low dome of the Persian house, standing alongside of this, forms a striking contrast, as does also the Tonquin palace.

We next come upon a group of Etruscan houses, in one of which you can buy a sandwich and a glass of beer, and have it served by a waiter in green and gold.

Beyond the Eiffel Tower the exhibit of human habitations continues. Here, we have three houses forming a harmonious group, and showing the change from Roman to Renaissance, by way of the Middle Age style. In one of these is an exhibit of Vienna glass ware. The Byzantine house is the great fruit mart of the fair. The Oriental minarets, and graceful dome of the Russian house, rise near by. A real Russian, wearing a head-gear decorated with a plume of peacock feathers, and clad in a blouse of deep blue color, with his top boots on, offers you a glass of genuine native "kummel."

The Arabian house is pretty enough, with its stock of children's toys, and its café exhaling the fresh aroma of Turkish coffee. Contrasting with these latter are the Soudan house and modern Chinese cottage. A greater contrast yet we have near by in a group of Apache huts or tents, and a Lapland stone cabin. Note also the flat-roofed Egyptian house, with the upper story open to the air on all sides, and the water-proof basement ready to defy the inundations of the Nile.

Here and there the buildings are interspersed with garden spots and wooded parks. Full-grown trees, some half a century old, have been transported from the forests, and transplanted here successfully. The fountain, in the shape of a ship bearing groups of statuary, and called the "Ship of Paris," is a prominent feature of one of these gardens. The numerous fountains, illuminated by electric flashes from the Eiffel Tower, attract a great crowd every evening to witness their marvellous play.

The Java village, with its numerous inhabitants and occupations, is a most interesting exhibit. It is a rich ethnographic specimen brought, as it were, to our doors. The Java band of musicians is a curiosity, both as regards players and instruments. Watch them, as they pass through the village advertising the dance of Java maidens about to take place in the "Pendeppo," or village hall. Men and women sitting in groups before the houses, busy themselves plaiting straw, or engaged in other native trades, while the children romp about in true infantile fashion.

The Scandinavian chalet is a neat little dwelling not unlike some of our more modern country cottages. The Middle Age Romanesque cottage would give points to some of our architects madly in search of something quaint and singular.

This specimen of Renaissance domicile looks somewhat stiff and formal, though nobody can deny that it has a certain air of elegance and dignity. It is truly lightness and grace itself compared with its neighbor, a heavy, sombre, Byzantine mansion, looking more like a tomb than a human habitation.

The Chinese and Japanese dwellings are such as decorated delf and pottery has made the eye familiar with. The houses of the Aztecs and Incas seem to have for their primary object the exclusion of the rays of the burning sun. In this respect they do not differ much from the houses of the ancient Greeks as shown here.

On the Esplanade, colonies of various races from Africa, Asia, and

America are domiciled in their own way, living and behaving as they do in their native villages, and pursuing their ordinary avocations, trades, and industries, just as they do at home.

Entering the Exposition grounds from the side of the Hotel des Invalides, we pass the headquarters of the French Society for the care of wounded soldiers of the army and navy. Marshal MacMahon, as is well known, is president of this society. There is also a ladies' committee, among whom are Madames MacMahon, Canrobert, Le Boeuf, Countess Neil, and many other distinguished women of France. This section is in charge of M. Albert Ellissen, and is divided into three parts: First, a collection of ambulances, stretchers, boats, and such like. Secondly, the sanitary train, composed of seven coaches. The infirmary, or, more properly speaking, the movable hospital tent. In front of the ambulance department stands the panorama of *Tout Paris*, or all Paris. This is an exhibition that we will pass by for the present. After this comes the exhibition of social economy, showing workmen's houses, mining camps, dispensaries, and people's eating-houses. The health exhibition succeeds this. To the right we come upon the Village of the Indian Archipelago, and the celebrated Pagoda of Angkor, which is an exact copy of the original made by M. Fabre. Alongside of this pagoda is the famous and noisy annamite theatre, which produced such a strange effect on the spectators the day of the inauguration. Turning to the right we come upon the Hall of the Minister of War, remarkable for its doorway in the style of the Middle Ages. After crossing the foot bridge, we pass through a court filled with cannon. The magnificent vestibule of the Military section is decorated with the busts of the Marshals of France, notable among which is that of Pelissier. Over to the right, in a large hall reserved for the artillery, are found enormous cannon of all patterns, and models of every war machine ever used up to the present day. On the first floor we find ourselves in the presence of two mounted guardsmen in full dress, sabre in hand. They seem to be performing sentry duty in front of the gate. On the left a sergeant-major of the Zouaves is carelessly smoking a cigarette. A little in the rear three firemen are chatting together; a gendarme, and a Republican guardsman in citizen's dress are listening to them. Telegraphists and railroad men are observing an officer of the military school, and a pupil of St. Cyr stands face to face with a student of the Polytechnic. At the right of this we see a trumpeter of the Infantry sounding the reveille in front of a tent in which sits a sergeant-major beside a tobacco box that serves him for a table. He is inspecting the supplies which are awaited by the quarter-master. What are all these soldiers doing? Are they playing comedy? One would think so at first; but in a few moments their stolid immobility causes you to suspect that you have in front of you wax figures beautifully arrayed, and well calculated to produce this illusion. These are representatives of the French Army posted as the advance guard of the exposition. The first hall contains a series of portraits of the Marshals of France, from the gallery of Versailles, the bust of Condé, that of Napoleon I., a statue of the same by

Guillaume, another bust bearing the following inscription: "General Bonaparte, Member of the Institute, given by the Prince Napoleon, to his friends of the Institute."

To complete this military exposition, we have the lodge of the balloonist, the storehouse for powder and ball, and, still better, the health train, and the musical instruments of the military bands. Now come to Java village, constructed in native wood and bamboo cane. Then comes Cochin China, with its pagoda, its annamite theatre, its village, its beautiful collection of porcelain, and its intelligent, but outlandish-looking natives. Behind the Creole restaurant is found the Colonial central palace, and then the Caledonian buildings and agricultural bazar. After this, we come upon Annam, and Tonquin, with their eating-houses, and their various productions, their idols, ships, and pagodas, etc. After this comes the Hindoo village, the tower of Saldé, the productions of Madagascar, and the village of Senegal. The palaces and rich bazars of Tunis are here. The splendid exposition of the Algerian colonies of France is one of the glories of the exposition. It is impossible to describe all this in detail.

We must return to the Field of Mars, in order to see two or three other points, which are worthy of special inspection. The Gas Pavilion, inaugurated 30th of May last. This is another important industry, which has taken its place in the exhibition. This pavilion, constructed in the style of the Renaissance, is a building arranged to receive all the modern appliances which are intended for domestic comfort. The hall of festivities is lighted by a grand chandelier, of the style used in theatres, in which the original gas-jets are replaced by jets of a new system, which is calculated to save about fifty per cent. of gas in burning. The peculiar construction of the festival hall, which is covered by a glass dome, makes ventilation easy, as it forms a sort of chimney, that carries away all the vapors of combustion. The Salon of Louis XV. is lighted by electric lamps, the incandescent light of the Edison patent.

Then comes the exposition of Roumania. This being an agricultural country, one would not expect it to make such an extensive display. The façade of this section reproduces the architectural and decorative effect of the art of that country. Everything is in Roumanian style. The glass show-cases, even, are copies of originals found in the Roumanian churches. The largest of these show-cases, that of the centre, is a reproduction of the dome of the famous cathedral of Ardgesch. The Roumanian committee have also constructed in Cairo avenue, a restaurant in the style of a chalet, which is truly one of the wonders of the exposition. It is an exact copy of a country house such as are found in Roumania. The interior of the chalet is in harmony with the exterior, and is occupied by Roumanian gypsies; but they must not be confounded with the gypsies of Hungary, for they still retain their native simplicity, whereas the Hungarian gypsies are somewhat spoiled by travel. The waiters are true Roumanians, and look very well in their picturesque costumes. The food served here is entirely Roumanian, consequently you can order exotic plates,

and among these, "*borsh*," which is also the favorite dish of the Russians; then you may have "*fleica*," or Roumanian beefsteak, or "*frigarins*," or *filets de boeuf en brochettes grilles;* and if you want to take a drink you can have "*tznica*," which is nothing more nor less than prune brandy. They also serve a wine that resembles muscat. Lovers of exotic meats ought to go to the Roumanian chalet for their meals.

Not far from this is a real French beer garden. Here one can test the relative merits of French and German beer. All this is the result of a hurried tour of the great French Exposition of 1889.

What the Late Mr. Brownson Said.

CATHOLIC young men and women who are inclined to be ashamed of their faith, or those who are not, but are deterred through human respect from a stricter practice of it, should remember the saying of Brownson, one of the greatest minds America has produced: "It is no discredit to a man in the United States, in the present day, to be a firm, sincere, and devout Catholic. The old sectarian prejudice may remain with a few 'whose eyes,' as Emerson says, 'are in their hind-head, not in their foreheads;' but the American people are not at heart with sectarianism, and the nothingarianism so prevalent among them only marks their state of transition from sectarian opinions to Catholic faith." Catholics, by practising their faith, not only compel the respect of non-Catholic neighbors, but the example of a practical faith has won, and is winning, innumerable converts to the church of this country.

Eat Moderately.

THERE are those who become alarmed at once if there is a failure in the appetite, and they fly to bitters or else to the doctors for the purpose of restoring the appetite. Well-to-do people generally eat too much. Excessive eating leads to satiety. Then comes a loss of appetite for a time. The real fact is, nature needs rest in such cases. If one sensibly weakens in consequence of loss of appetite, it is well enough to take alarm and do something; but unless loss of appetite is followed with lassitude and lack of ambition, there is no reason to mistrust that anything is wrong. A paragraph in the Scientific American, not long ago, showed how much hard work could be accomplished with a comparatively small amount of food. The "Roman soldiers," it says, "who built such wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage, that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion, and water-melon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and olives, yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The coolie fed on rice is more active, and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat."

A Tribute to Cardinal Manning.

It would be impossible for us to find room in our columns for the multitude of encomiums to which the mediation of the Cardinal-archbishop has given rise, but the words of the Pall Mall Gazette in an article entitled "The Cardinal's Peace," are so happy and true, that they should not be passed over. "When the Cardinal," says the editor, "went to and fro between the dockers and the directors, refusing to despair when his Established brother of London had shaken off the dust of his feet against the strike, and disappeared into space, combating with the utmost patience the difficulties interposed by prejudice and passion, interposing a constant element of cool common-sense in the midst of hot-blooded counsels, he must have felt sustained and inspired by the best traditions of his church. The occasion, no doubt, was less imposing than on that great historic day, when St. Leo stood up as mediator and deliverer between Attila and the Eternal City; but the spirit of devotion and the sanctified sagacity of the Cardinal were no less admirable than those of the great Pontiff. Other men have in this great struggle done excellently; but the Cardinal has exceeded them all." This, notwithstanding the fact, that his Eminence was born so far back as July, 1808.

Stolen Secrets.

One hundred years ago, before the day of protection by patents, what a man discovered in the arts and mechanics he concealed. Workmen were put on oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by quickset fences of empirical pretension and judicial affirmation. The English Mechanic relates the following: There used to be, close by Temple Bar, in London, an old chemist's shop. The proprietor of it, in days gone by, enjoyed the monopoly of making citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than other secret manufactures, his was a process that required no assistance. He employed no workmen. Experts came to sample and assort and bottle his products. They never entered the laboratory. The mystic operations by which he grew rich were confined to himself. One day, having locked the doors and blinded the windows, sure, as usual, of the safety of his secret, our chemist went home to his dinner. A chimney sweep, or a boy disguised as such, wide awake in chemistry, was on the watch. Following the secret-keeper so far on his way to Charing Cross as to be sure he would not return that day, the sooty philosopher hied rapidly back to Temple Bar, ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted and returned, carrying with him the mystery of citric acid. The monopoly of the inventor was gone. A few months after, and the price was reduced by four-fifths. The poor man was heart-broken, and died shortly afterward, ignorant of the trick by which he had been victimized.

A Christmas Sketch.

"Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper!
And its crimson shows your path,
But the child's sob in the silence curseth deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

"IF wishes were horses, beggars might ride," says the proverb.

What a pity it is that wishes are not horses! — that at seasons when almost every tongue drops the words, "A merry Christmas!" "A happy New-Year!" the will should not rise and breathe the breath of life into those words; make them move, make them work; put bit and bridle on them, and direct them to go where they are most needed. Wishes might then be made into very excellent horses, and beggars might ride at least once a year; might be lifted for a day out of the mire of care and suffering that dulls the light of heaven to their eyes, and stops out the voices of heaven from their ears; lifted into a belief in the humanity of man and the mercy of God; might be given a little restful journey into that easy land where the rich dwell every day.

There is more truth than poetry in the line,

"Leave us leisure to be good."

One who has no time for thought will almost certainly go astray; and men and women whose lives are spent in fighting the wolf from their doors, will fight him with whatever comes to hand, and will sometimes catch up strange weapons.

So it might chance that these living wishes might have wings also, and the beggar's soul might rise as well as his body.

I should like to set a regiment of such wishes galloping down a certain New York street this coming Christmas, and stopping at every door.

That was a sorrowful street a few years ago, and I don't know that it has grown merry since. A tall block of tenement houses walled the northern side from end to end, leaving off so abruptly that, had they been written words instead of brick houses, there would have been a —— after them. Indeed, if the reader has a fancy for a miserable pun, he might say that there *was* a dash after them, houses being scarce.

A very sensitive person, on looking at that block, would be likely to straighten himself up, draw his elbows close to his sides, and feel as though his nose was unnecessarily large. It is not impossible that he might "toe in" a little in walking, until he reached the next street. Not a curve was visible in the whole block, horizontal and perpendicular reigning supreme. The mean brick front came to the very edge of the sidewalk, and the windows and doors were as flat as though they had been slapped in the face when in a soft state. Every house was precisely like every other house, and the only way of finding any particular one was by counting doors.

"These houses toe the mark," the builder had said, when he

looked on his completed work, standing complacently with his hands in his pockets, and his head a little on one side.

"Toe the mark" was the right phrase. The two meagre steps that led to each front door suggested the thought, and the whole had an air of entire obedience.

The tenants in this block were of that pitiable class called "decent," which generally means poor; too independent to beg, straining every nerve to live respectably, and making an extra strain to hide the first one; people whose eyes get a little wild at the prospect of sickness, who shudder at the thought of a doctor's bill and workless days, who sometimes stop their toil for a moment, and wonder what may be the meaning of such words as "ease." "contentment," "pleasure." There were clerks and book-keepers whose families burst out through their incomes in every direction; starving artists of all sorts; and the rest, people who toiled down in the dark, at the foundations over which soared the marble palaces of the rich, darkening heaven.

These people had got into a way of dressing alike; they had the same kind of curtains, and the same plants stretching beseeching shoots towards the tantalizing line of sunshine that let itself down, slow and golden, to the middle of the second-floor windows, then drew back over the roofs of the houses opposite, while little flowers of all colors looked lovingly and reproachfully after it, cheated so day after day, but never quite losing faith that some day the bright-winged comforter would come quite down to their hearts.

Eyes of angels, to whom these roofs and walls were transparent, saw, doubtless, variety enough under the surface: aspirations that reached to the house-top and looked over; aspirations that soared even to the clouds and the stars, catching a heavenly likeness; aspirations that stopped not at the stars, but climbed so high that their flowers and fruitage hung in the unfailing light of heaven, beyond reach of earthly hands, but seen and touched by ineffable hopes ascending and descending. What dark desires crawling upon the earth and covering their own deeds those poor eyes looked upon, I say not; what hate, deep and bitter; what cankering envy and disappointment; what despair, that with two tears blotted the universe; what determination; what strongly rooted purpose; what careless philosophy eating its crust with a laugh. Let the angels see as they may, with human eyes we will look into one room, and find our story there.

This room is on the second floor, and, consequently, gets its windows half full of sunshine every pleasant afternoon. The furnishing of it shows that the occupants had seen better days; but those days are long past, as you can see by the shabbiness of everything. There are evidences of taste, too, in a hanging vase of ivy, a voluble canary, a few books and pictures; and everything is clean.

It was a bright gloaming in December of 186–, when a woman sat alone in this room. She was evidently an invalid, looking more like a porcelain image than a flesh-and-blood woman, so white and transparent was she, so frail the whole make of her. Soft, light-brown hair, faintly sprinkled with gray, was dropped beside each thin cheek, dove-like eyes,

of an uncertain blue, looked sadly out from beneath anxious brows, and the mouth which once must have expressed resolution, now, in its compression, showed only endurance. This was a woman who had taken up life full of hope and spirit, but whom life had turned upon with blow after blow, till finally both hope and spirit were broken. Her days of enterprise were over.

She sat there with her hands listlessly folded, her work fallen unnoticed to the floor, and her eyes flushed with weeping. She had been sitting so an hour, ever since a visitor had left her; but, hearing a step on the stair and a child's voice singing, she started up, wiped her eyes, and mended the fire, her back turned towards the door as it opened.

A little girl of eight years old came in and gave her school-books a toss upon the table, crying out, in a boisterous, healthy voice, "O mother! I am starved! Give me something to eat."

"Supper will soon be ready, Nell," the mother said gently, drawing out the table.

"I can't wait!" cried the child. "My stomach is so empty that it feels as if there was a mouse there gnawing. You know we had nothing but bread and butter for dinner, and I do think that's a mean dinner. Why don't you have roast beef? I know lots of girls who have it every day."

"We can't afford it," the mother said falteringly. "Beef is very dear."

"Well, what have you got for supper?" demanded the child. "You promised us something good."

"I have nothing but bread and butter, dear. I couldn't get anything else."

"Well, mother, I declare if that isn't too bad!" And the child flung herself angrily into a chair. "We don't have anything fit to eat, and I wish I could go and live with somebody that wouldn't starve me. I won't eat bread and butter, there now! I'm so sick of it that it chokes me."

The mother's face took a deeper shade, and her lip trembled, but she made no reply; and Nell sat angrily kicking her heels against the chair, and pouting her red lips.

Mrs. Lane knew well how vain is the attempt to teach a child gratitude for the necessaries of life. Children are grateful only for that which is superfluous, taking the rest as a matter of course, and they are not to be blamed either. For gratitude is a fruit, and not a flower, and those budding natures know not yet what it means. After a little while, another and louder step sounded on the stairs, this time accompanied by a whistle; and the door opened noisily to give admittance to a boy of ten years old, who also flung his books down, and opened his cry:

"Mother, give me some money, quick! The oysterman is just at the end of the street, and I can get oysters enough for our supper for thirty cents. Hurry up, mother, or he'll go away!" And the boy performed a double shuffle to relieve his impatience.

"I can't spare the money," his mother said faintly.

"Well, what have you got for supper, then?" he asked fretfully.

The mother made no answer, and the boy turned to his sister for an explanation.

"Bread and butter!" said Nell, with an air of ferocious sarcasm.

"Well, if I ever!" pronounced her brother, standing still with his hands driven emphatically into the uttermost depths of his pockets, and looking at his mother with an air at once astonished and accusing. "If we live like this, I'll run away; see if I don't!"

She turned upon them with a look that was either desperate or angry.

"Children, wait till your sister comes home. Don't ask me for anything."

Frank gave the door a bang, pulled his cap still closer on to his head, since he ought to have pulled it off, and taking a seat by the window, sat kicking his chair in concert with his sister. The mother continued her preparations with the air of a culprit watched by her judges.

Unheard in this duet of heels, a softer step ascended the stairs, and a young lady opened the door and entered, a smile on her pretty face, her breath quickened and her color heightened by the run up stairs, and waves of yellow hair drawn back from her white forehead. She tossed her hat aside, and sank into a chair.

"There, mother, I do feel tired and hungry," she said; then, catching a glimpse of her mother's face, started up, exclaiming, "What is the matter?"

"Mr Sanborn has been here," Mrs. Lane answered unsteadily, without looking up.

The daughter's countenance showed her anticipation of evil news.

"And what of that?" she asked.

"He has raised the rent," was the faint answer.

"How much?"

"Eight dollars a month."

"Impossible!" cried the daughter, flushing with excitement. "We pay now all that the three rooms are worth. He knows what my salary is, and that I cannot give any more."

"He says he can get that for the rooms," her mother said.

"Then we will go elsewhere!"

"We cannot!" whispered the mother despairingly, for the first time raising her woeful eyes. "Every place is full. They are going to tear down houses to widen two or three streets, and Mr. Sanborn says that people will have to go out of town to live."

"What are we to do?" exclaimed the girl, pacing excitedly to and fro. "We only just managed to get along before. Did you tell him, mother?"

"I told him everything, Anne; and he said that he was very sorry, but that his family was an expensive one, and it cost him a good deal to live; and, in short that he must have the eight dollars more.

"He is a villain!" cried Anne Lane. "And I will tell him so.

I should think his family *was* an expensive one. Look at their velvets and laces and silks! Look at their pictures and their curtains! One of my scholars told me to-day that Minnie Sanborn said they were going to have a Christmas tree that will cost five hundred dollars. Think of that! And this is the way they pay for it!"

"Don't say anything to him, Anne," pleaded her mother, in a frightened tone. "Remember, he is one of the committee, and can take your school away from you."

The young teacher's countenance fell. It was true; her employment did, in some measure, depend on the good-will of this man.

She choked with the thought, then broke out again.

"The hypocrite! I have seen him at prayer-meetings, and heard him make long prayers and pious speeches."

The mother sighed, and remained silent. She had been wont to check her daughter's somewhat free animadversions, and to make an effort, at least, to defend those of whom Anne said: "Their life laughs through and spits at their creed;" but now the bitter truth came too near.

There was a moment of silence, the children sitting still and awed, the mother waiting despondingly, while the fatherless girl, who was the sole dependence of the household, did some rapid brain work.

"You really think he means it, mother?" she asked, without pausing in her walk.

"Yes, there is no hope. I almost went on my knees to him."

There the widow's self-control broke down suddenly, and putting her hands over her face, she burst into a passion of tears.

It is a terrible thing to see one's mother cry in that way; to see her who soothed our childish sorrows, who seemed to us the fountain of all comfort, herself sorrowing, while we have no comfort to give.

Anne Lane's face grew pale with pain, and it seemed for a moment that she, too, would lose courage. But she was a brave girl, and love strengthened her.

"There, there, mother!" she said. "Don't cry. I guess we can make out some way. Couldn't we do with two rooms? I could sleep with you and Nell, and Frank could have a pillow out here on the sofa."

"I thought of that," the mother sobbed, drearily. "But he said that the rooms go together."

The girl's breath came like that of some wild creature at bay.

"Then we must draw in our expenses somewhere. We must give up our seats in church, and I will do the washing."

"I meant to do the washing, dear," her mother said, eagerly. "And, perhaps, I might got some work out of the shops. You know I have a good deal of time to spare."

Even as she spoke, a sharp cough broke through her words, and her face flushed painfully.

"No, mother, no!" the daughter said, resolutely holding back her tears. "You are not able to work. Just leave that to me. Washing makes round arms, and I find my elbows getting a little sharp. I can save money and bring the dimples back at the same time."

There was a knock at the door, and their laundress came in, a sober, sensible-looking Irishwoman.

"Good-evening, ma'am. Good-evening, miss. No, I won't sit down. I must go home and take my young ones off the street, and give 'em a bit of supper. I just stepped in to see if you want your washing done to-morrow."

Mrs. Lane looked appealingly to her daughter to answer.

"We are sorry, Mrs. Conners," Anne said, "but we shall have to do our own washing, this winter."

"O Lord!" cried the woman, leaning against the wall.

"There is no help for it," the girl continued, almost sharply, feeling that their own distresses were enough for them to bear. "Our rent has been raised, and we must save all we can.

"Oh! what'll I do, at all?" exclaimed the woman, lifting both hands.

"Why, the best you can; just as we do," was the impatient reply.

Mrs. Conners looked at them attentively, and for the first time observed signs of trouble in their faces.

"The Lord pity us!" she said. "I don't blame you. But my rent is raised, too. I've got to pay five dollars a month for the rooms I have, and I don't know where I'll get it. It's little I thought to come to this when Patrick was alive — the Lord have mercy on him! The last thing he said to me when he went away to California was: 'Margaret, keep up courage, and don't let the children on the street; and I'll send you money enough to live on; and I'll soon come back and buy us a little farm.' And all I ever heard of him since the day he left me, is the news of his death. Now, I'll have to take the children and go to the poorhouse. All I could do last winter only kept their mouths full, let alone rent. I couldn't put a stitch on them nor me; and you wouldn't believe how cold I am with no stockings to my feet, and little enough under my rag of a dress. I couldn't buy coal nor wood. The children picked up sticks in the street, and after my work was over I had to go down to the dump, and pick coal till my back was broke."

"Who is your landlord?" Mrs. Lane asked.

"Mr. Mahan — Andrew Mahan, that lives in a big house in the square. And he asks five dollars for two rooms in that shanty, that's squeezed into a bit of a place where nothing else would go. Besides, the house is so old that the rats have ate it half up, and what's left I could carry off on my back in a day. When Mr. Mahan came to-day, his dog crawled through the door before it was opened. I said to him, says I, 'Sir, when the wind and the rain take possession of a house, it belongs to God, and no man has a right to ask rent for it.' You see I was angry. And so was he, by that same token."

"But he is an Irishman, and a member of your own church," said Anne.

"And why not?" demanded the woman. "Do you think that Yankees are the only ones that grind the poor? Yes, Mr. Mahan is

rich, and he lives in style, and sends his daughters to a convent school in Montreal. And often I've seen him in church, dressed in his broadcloths, and beating his breast, with his face the length of my arm, and calling himself a sinner; and, troth, I thought to myself, 'that's true for ye!'"

Anne Lane went into her school-room the next morning with a burning heart, and it did not soothe her feelings to see Mr. Sanborn, her landlord, appear at the door, a few minutes after, smilingly escorting a clerical-looking stranger who had come to visit the school.

Mr. Sanborn, though not an educated man, chose to consider himself a patron of education; made himself exceedingly consequential in school affairs, and had now brought a distinguished visitor to see his pet school, the "Excelsior." Anne Lane had one of the show-classes, and he began the exhibition with her.

"Commence, and go on with your exercises just as if there were no one here," he said, with a patronizing smile, after they had taken their seats. "This gentleman wishes to see the ordinary daily working of our system."

The first exercise was a reading from the Bible, and a prayer by the teacher, and Anne's fingers were unsteady as she turned over the leaves for a chapter. Her eyes sparkled as she caught sight of one, and her pulses tingled as she read, her fine, deliberate enunciation and strong emphasis arresting fully the attention of her hearers:

"Times are not hid from the Almighty: but they that know him, know not his days.

"Some have removed landmarks, have taken away flocks by force, and fed them.

"They have violently robbed the fatherless, and stripped the poor common people.

"They have taken their rest at noon among the stores of them who, after having trodden the wine-presses, suffer thirst.

"Out of the cities they have made men to groan; and God will not suffer it to pass unavenged.

"Cursed be his portion upon the earth: let him not walk by the way of the vineyards.

"Let him pass from snow-water to excessive heat, and his sin even to hell.

"Let mercy forget him: may worms be his sweetness; let him be remembered no more, but be broken in pieces like an unfruitful tree."

Closing the book then, Anne Lane dropped her face into her shaking hands, and repeated, almost inaudibly, the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Sanborn was not dull, but he was incredulous. It was almost impossible that this little school-mistress would dare to mean *him*. Yet that new sternness in the young face, ordinarily so smiling, the passion in her voice, with the remembrance of his last interview with Mrs. Lane, altogether made up a pretty strong case against her.

"She makes a strange selection from the Scriptures to read to children," whispered the stranger to him, as Anne hurriedly went through with the first recitations.

"Very strange, sir! very strange!" answered the other, stammering with anger. "And what is worse, it is intended as an insult to me. I have found it necessary to raise the rent of my houses. She

is a tenant of mine, and this is her revenge. I hope, sir, that if you have anything to say on the subject, you will not hesitate to speak freely."

The Rev. Mr. Markham sat and considered the case, laying down certain points in his mind. Firstly, women should be sweet, humble, and modest. Secondly, sweetness, modesty, and humility, with firmness and patience, should especially characterize a teacher of youth. Thirdly, persons in authority, clergymen, school-committee men, and the like, should be treated with scrupulous respect by all their subordinates.

The reverend gentleman put on his spectacles, the better to see this young woman who had so boldly vetoed his fundamental doctrines. She held herself very erect, no modest droop whatever; there was a little flicker of heat-lightning in her eyes, and a steady, dark-red spot on each cheek; moreover, she had red hair. Verdict for the plaintiff. She must have a reprimand, a warning, and on repetition of the offence, must be informed that she is no longer considered a suitable person to mould the minds of youth.

Poor little Anne Lane! This great, stupid, conceited man did not dream that her aching heart was laden with sweetness as a hive with honey, and that what he called a sweet woman was a sugar-coated woman. He did not allow that there might be some exceptions to his third rule. The reprimand was delivered pitilessly, the warning made sufficiently plain; then the two gentlemen withdrew, leaving the teacher pale and stunned. The visitor had taken the coldest possible leave, and Mr. Sanborn had not noticed her at all.

"Oh! why did I yield to my anger?" she thought in terror and distress. "What right have the poor to feelings, to thoughts? How dare they denounce wrong, even when they die by it? What was I thinking of?"

A thrill of pain ran through her every nerve at this last question. She had been thinking all the time of her mother's sobbing words, "I almost went on my knees to him!"

The month crept on towards Christmas. Unknown to her daughter, Mrs. Lane had spent day after day going about the shops and vainly soliciting work. She had not sufficient clothing to protect her from the weather; she was weakened by sorrow and anxiety, and the disease, which had long been threatening and reaching out for her, made a final grasp. With a terror, all the more terrible in that she could not speak of it, she felt her lungs give way and her breath grow shorter. What would her young children do without her? If she should be long ill, how were the doctor's bills to be paid? How were the funeral expenses to be met? What crushing burden, besides the sorrow, was she going to lay upon the already burdened shoulders of her poor little girl? She only prayed that the blow might fall swiftly. Poor people can't afford to die leisurely.

One day, about a week before Christmas, Anne came home and found her mother lying senseless upon the floor. Mrs. Lane had held up as long as she could, and now her powers of endurance were gone.

But she had her prayer, for the blow fell swiftly. On Christmas morning all her troubles passed away.

Christmas evening came, and all was still in the house. The neighbors had kindly done what they could, and two of them sat with the lifeless form of what had once been the mother of these children. Frank and Nell had cried themselves to sleep, and Anne was left with the night upon her hands. She could not sleep, and she could not pray. The faith that comforts sorrow she knew not. She had wept until her head reeled, and the air of the house stifled her.

"I must get out and take the air, or I shall go crazy," she thought. And, dressing hastily, she went out into the bright and frosty night. She wandered aimlessly about the streets, scarcely knowing where she went; not caring, indeed, so long as she walked and felt the wind in her face.

"Christ on earth?" she thought. "I don't believe it! It's all a fable."

On her way she met Mrs. Conners, weeping bitterly. She was going to the watch-house after her little girl. Biddy had stolen a turkey from a shop window, and a policeman had caught her.

"It is the first thing the child ever stole," the poor woman said; "and what made her do it was hunger. We haven't had a taste of meat in the house this month, and poor Biddy heard the other girls tell what they had for dinner, and it made her mad."

Anne listened as one in a dream, and went on without a word. Presently she came into a sharp glare of light that fell across the sidewalk from a brilliantly illuminated window. She paused to look in, not because she cared what it was, but because she longed for distraction. There was a long suite of parlors, showily if not tastefully furnished, and filled with a gay company, many of them children. In the farthest end of rooms stood a magnificent Christmas-tree, decked with colored candles, flowers, and fruits, and hanging full of presents. The company were all assembled about the tree, and, as she looked, a smiling gentleman stepped up, with the air of a host, and began to distribute the Christmas gifts.

Anne Lane's heart stood still when she recognized Mr. Sanborn.

"Oh, you murderer!" she moaned, as she sank exhausted on the icy steps. "Your candles and your flowers are red with my mother's blood!"

When the Christmas angels looked down upon the earth that night to see how fared the millions, to whom in the morning they had sung their song of joy, their eyes beheld alike the rich man in his parlor and the stricken girl who lay outside his door.

Did they record of him that he had "kept the feast," and worthily remembered One who came that day "to fill the hungry with good things?" Or did they write against him the fearful judgment which had once already sounded in his ears, "Let mercy forget him, let him be remembered no more?"

M. A. TINCKER, in Merry England.

The Catholic Centenary, —November, 1789 – 1889.

THE glories of this ever-memorable Centennial year culminated in the great celebration opened in Baltimore, on Sunday, Nov. 10. For many months the Catholics of the United States have looked forward with eagerness to the day when they should assemble to give thanks for the spiritual blessings of the century just closed; and it is with glowing yet tremulous hearts, they press onward into the future which holds in inscrutable secrecy the story of the coming years; for they know that success is the reward of patient toil, and victory the crown of sacrifice.

We have been marvellously blessed in the time that has elapsed since the mitre was placed upon the brow of our first prelate; great and apparently insurmountable obstacles have risen up to oppose our progress, only to be swept away like cobwebs before the vigorous breath of Christian faith and zeal. When Father John Carroll was appointed Superior of the Catholic clergy of America, in 1784, the condition of the faithful in this country was lamentable in the extreme. The Catholics in the States were deficient in means and influence, almost destitute of priests, with a limited number of English Catholic books,* and with very poor chances for instruction and education. America seemed the most desolate part of the Lord's vineyard; and bold, indeed, would have been the prophet to foretell the glorious growth and unfolding of the faith upon her fertile soil.

But poor and weak as they were, the Catholics were loyal and zealous, the spark of faith was easily kindled into an enduring flame. Thoroughly American in their sentiments, and longing to feel themselves established upon a solid footing in the New World, the missionaries did not rest until they obtained permission from the Holy Father to select their own bishop, subject to his approbation. Father Carroll was chosen first bishop, and Baltimore was selected as the See. This wise choice was ratified by His Holiness, Pius VI., Nov. 6, 1789, and Father Carroll proceeded to England, where he was consecrated, on Aug. 15, 1790, at Lulworth Castle, by Bishop Walmsley, Dean of the Vicars-Apostolic in England.

Bishop Carroll immediately returned home, and resumed his arduous labors. Georgetown College, the Sulpician Seminary at Baltimore, the Visitation Convent of Georgetown, and St. Joseph's at Emmittsburg, were his earliest foundations in the cause of Christian education, while he worked incessantly to organize a national clergy, and to unite the members of his flock scattered over the immense diocese under his charge. In 1808, Baltimore was raised to the rank of a Metropolitan See, with suffragan bishops at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown. The venerable archbishop having lived

* Not more than ten English books by Catholic writers were issued in this country prior to the year 1783; and it was difficult to procure books in the vulgar tongue even from Europe; for, as Archbishop Carroll informs us, "In England the laws were excessively rigid against printing or vending Catholic books."

to see the hierarchy of the United States established on a permanent basis, and the schools he had founded bearing precious fruits of wisdom and virtue, closed his good and great life at the age of eighty years, Dec. 3, 1815. His successors in the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore were Most Revs. Leonard Neale, Ambrose Marechal, James Whitfield, Samuel Eccleston, Francis Patrick Kenrick, Martin John Spalding, and James Roosevelt Bayley. The last-named, dying in 1877, was succeeded by our present beloved prelate, James Cardinal Gibbons, upon whom the scarlet barrette was conferred in June, 1886. Besides the provincial councils held at Baltimore, there have been three Plenary or National councils; the first, in 1852, presided over by Archbishop Kenrick as apostolic delegate of His Holiness, Pius IX., the second, in 1866, presided over by Archbishop Spalding, and the third, in 1884, under Archbishop Gibbons, as the representative of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. Such, in a few brief words, is the history of the venerable See of Baltimore.

The old cathedral, whose corner-stone was laid by Archbishop Carroll, July 7, 1806, has been the scene of many important ecclesiastical events. It is of gray stone, and was built after a design by Latrobe, of Ionic architecture. Although partially overshadowed by the magnificent buildings of more recent origin, it is, as ever, one of the landmarks of Baltimore; occupying, with the Cardinal's residence, nearly a whole block in one of the most elevated portions of the Monumental city. As originally planned, it was one hundred and ninety feet in length, one hundred and seventy-seven feet in width, and one hundred and twenty-seven feet to the top of the dome. A few years ago its dimensions were increased by adding to the rear of the building, and improving the front. The main or central portion of the church is covered by a dome surmounted by a cross; the sanctuary is beneath a semi-circular dome; the front is square, flanked on either side by tall bell-towers, something like the minarets of a Turkish mosque; and the main entrance is through a massive brown stone portico, supported by twelve large pillars.

The interior of the building is paved throughout, and, with its cold floors and old-fashioned seats, is not very suggestive of "modern improvements;" but there is something very devotional in its whole appearance; and even the ubiquitous tourist, who is nearly always found there, finds his voice sinking to a whisper, and his footstep growing lighter, under the quieting, chastening influence that seems to dwell in the atmosphere of the holy place. Several old and valuable paintings adorn the walls; the interior of the dome is ornamented with handsome representations in fresco of the four evangelists, while around its base is a wide belt bearing, in large gilt letters, the text: "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all." Within the sanctuary are tablets to the memory of the eight deceased archbishops of Baltimore, all of whom are entombed in the crypt below the altar, except Archbishop Neale, whose remains are preserved beneath the altar in the Visitation Convent Chapel, at Georgetown.

We dare not expatiate upon the beauties of the cathedral sanctuary:

its marble altars, its magnificent crucifix, the chaste and elegant appointments of everything belonging to divine worship; but the effect produced by the surroundings is an impression of peace and satisfaction akin to that which made St. Peter exclaim on Mt. Tabor: "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism. The House of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of Truth." How much grander and more sublime the effect when enhanced by the presence of the highest dignitaries of the church, the splendor of her most solemn rites, and music of the highest order, executed by trained voices, accompanied by the most superb instruments, under the touch of masterly fingers. The exaltation of the mind and heart in the midst of these inspiring scenes is so great as to be almost painful in its intensity.

Of all the ceremonies that have been celebrated in Archbishop Carroll's old Cathedral, the Centenary was one of the grandest and most impressive. The Plenary Councils were more solemn and more important, but they arose from necessity; the consecration of the Archbishops and the imposing of the Cardinal's barrette were occasions in which were mingled congratulations and a deep sense of responsibility; but this was a spontaneous outburst of religious zeal and gratitude.

For many weeks the vicinity of the Cathedral has worn an air of unusual activity and expectation. At last when the morning of the great day arrived, and the hour for the solemn opening ceremonies approached, an immense crowd assembled to witness the procession of clergy and prelates from the Cardinal's residence to the Cathedral. It is needless to say that the latter was filled; every available space having been secured weeks in advance. The Catholic societies formed a guard of honor, and with their gay uniforms and floating banners presented a gorgeous spectacle, while slowly and solemnly the long line of priests, bishops, and archbishops filed by, followed by the two American Cardinals, Archbishop Gibbons and Archbishop Taschereau, of Quebec, who walked together under a canopy of crimson and gold borne by members of the Young Catholic Friends' Society.

The services commenced at eleven o'clock. The glorious prelude by Gounod, was followed by Asger Hamerick's march-chorus in honor of Pope Leo. A selection from Handel was performed during the vesting of the Pontificator, the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston. The "proper" of the Mass was sung in Gregorian Music, by the Sulpician Seminary choir of forty male voices, accompanied by the organ in a recess of the Sanctuary, on the Epistle side of the grand altar; the "ordinary," Hummel's Mass, was rendered by the Cathedral mixed choir of sixty voices, directed by Mr. F. X. Hale, and accompanied by the Philharmonic Orchestra, and the grand Roosevelt organ under the skilful fingers of Mr. Arthur C. Leonard. Kaim's *Te Deum*, and Handel's *Alleluia Chorus* were given after Mass, and the immense assemblage filed out of the Cathedral to the music of Svendsen's *Coronation March*.

The sermon, on Sunday morning, was preached by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, who began by reading the fiftieth chapter of Ecclesiasticus. He paid a glowing tribute to Archbishop Carroll, giving a brief sketch of his life, referred to the happy coin-

cidence of the establishment of the United States government and the American hierarchy in 1789, eulogized the works of our prelates, religious orders, and many distinguished laymen, and closed with an eloquent peroration, in which he alluded most beautifully to the example of Miss Drexel who lately entered a religious order, casting aside all earthly allurements in the bloom of her young life, to serve God in the humble retirement of the cloister.

Never had orator a more inspiring theme, nor a more distinguished and appreciative audience. Besides the two American Cardinals there were present sixteen archbishops and more than seventy bishops, and the Catholic laity of America was represented by her most gifted literary and professional men. The Most Rev. Archbishop Satolli, of Lepanto, the papal representative, had arrived from Europe on the 6th of November, accompanied by Mgr. Gadd, representing Cardinal Manning and Bishop Vaughan, of England, and Drs. O'Connell and Howlett of the American College at Rome. Canada was represented by her Cardinal, five archbishops, and six bishops, while Mexico sent two bishops to assist at the solemn festival. On Sunday afternoon, at Vespers, Archbishop Heiss officiated, and the sermon was by Archbishop Ireland. The music was of the same high order as that of the morning service, and closed with Gounod's March-chorus, "Viva Leone."

On Monday morning, after attending Pontifical High Mass celebrated by Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and the sermon by Archbishop Gross, of Portland, Or., the delegates, numbering many hundreds, proceeded to Concordia Hall, where the Catholic Congress was formally opened. The assembly was called to order by Mr. Wm. J. Onahan, chairman of the Committee on organization, and the first thing done was to read a cablegram from His Holiness, Leo XIII., imparting his blessing to all the members, in answer to a message sent to him before the Congress assembled. After this, Ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland, was named temporary President, and addressed the Congress. Ex-Governor Carroll's address was received with great enthusiasm, and later in the session all the temporary officers were made permanent. Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau and Archbishop Satolli visited the Hall, and the Cardinal welcomed the delegates to Baltimore in a few words of greeting and encouragement, which were received with unbounded applause. Various committees were appointed, among them, one to wait on President Harrison, another on Cardinal Gibbons.

Papers had been prepared for reading and discussion as follows:

Catholic Congresses, John Gilmary Shea; Lay Action in the Church, Henry F. Brownson; What Catholics have done in the United States in the Last One Hundred Years, Richard H. Clarke; Papal Independence, Charles J. Bonaparte; The Catholic Press, George D. Wolff; Rights of the State in Education, Edmond F. Dunne; Temperance, John H. Campbell; Societies, Henry J. Spaunhorst; Catholic American Literature, Conde B. Pallen; Sunday Observance, Manly Tello; Charities, Peter L. Foy; Church Music, Herman Allen.

So important were the subjects, and so interesting the papers, that

it was only regretted that the sessions were not long enough to allow full and lengthy discussion. However, this congress, although our first, is not destined to be our last, and will, we hope, be productive of much good in cementing together the Catholics throughout this broad continent, making them realize the identity of their interests, and the necessity of unanimity of sentiment in all things concerning their spiritual welfare. The sessions of the congress occupied Monday and Tuesday, and it was, truly, a historic occasion ever to be remembered by American Catholics. Every Catholic of the United States was invited to become a delegate; all priests were admitted, and the only formula necessary for any layman was to procure a ticket of admission from the ordinary of his diocese, the bishops being presumably the best judges of the religious standing of members of their own flocks, and issuing the tickets only to good, loyal, representative Catholic men.

On Monday night there was a grand reception tendered to the Cardinal and prelates at Concordia Hall. Addresses were made by Mr. Martin F. Morris, of Washington City, and Mr. Charles P. Roberts, of Westminster, Md., responded to by the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati. The reception was a very brilliant affair socially, and many of the private residences and public buildings of Baltimore were illuminated in honor of the occasion. But the climax of the demonstration was reached when more than twenty-five thousand men formed in line for a grand torchlight procession, at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening. The scene was weird and beautiful in the extreme, and was enjoyed by the participants as well as by the spectators; the magnificent illuminations displayed from many of the buildings, the torches and different-colored lanterns and transparencies carried by the companies, combined to make the city appear as one gorgeous blaze of light all along the line of march. The procession was reviewed by the Cardinal and his guests from his residence, on Charles street, back of the Cathedral.

On Wednesday, Nov. 13, the scene of the Centenary celebration was transferred to Washington, where the dedication of the Catholic University of America took place. The services commenced at ten o'clock, A. M., at the main entrance, west front, where His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, made a short address. The hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, was chanted by a choir of two hundred and fifty students from St. Mary's Seminary and St. Charles's College, who also chanted the *Miserere* during the procession around the building. The ceremony was concluded in the chapel of the Divinity Building, where Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Lepanto, delegate of our Holy Father, and a sermon was preached by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland. The music of the Mass was under the direction of Rev. Joseph Graf, Choir Master of the University.

Owing to the want of space in the chapel for the multitude of guests, a programme of out-door services was arranged to take place at the same hour. Rev. Father Fidelis (James Kent Stone), superior of the Passionists in Brazil, preached in the hall of the University, the rain preventing an open-air address. At one o'clock the guests thronged the

house from cellar to garret, stopping on the way to partake of the liberal supply of refreshments provided in the University refectory. At half-past three the Board of Directors assembled in the parlors, where there was a formal presentation of the marble bust of St. Thomas Aquinas, given to the University by the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland in Rome. Other addresses and congratulatory messages were also received. At four o'clock the Inaugural services commenced. They consisted of the opening prayer by Cardinal Gibbons, an oration by Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, a Latin poem by Dr. Schroeder, of the Divinity Faculty, *Oremus Pro Pontifice Nostro Leone*, by the choir of students, concluding with benediction. A guard of honor was furnished by Carroll Institute, and was on duty all day. This society of young men is very dear to the rector of the University, who, when stationed in Washington about sixteen years ago, as assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, was instrumental in bringing this excellent Institute into existence. Its members esteemed themselves highly honored in being invited to assist in conducting the exercises of the great Inaugural fête of the University, and rendered most effective service.

We have given a mere sketch of the festivities, leaving to the fancy of our readers the general effect. For weeks past the Divinity School has been the centre of attraction to the people of the District, and hundreds have thronged to its doors drawn thither by interest or curiosity. On the opening day the enthusiasm was at its height, and all seemed deeply impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of this foundation, the crowning, as it were, of the struggles of a hundred years in the cause of Truth. Who may venture to foretell what it will accomplish in the centuries to come? AGNES HAMPTON.

By the President of the United States — a Proclamation.

A HIGHLY favored people, mindful of their dependence on the bounty of Divine Providence, should seek fitting occasion to testify gratitude and ascribe praise to Him who is the author of their many blessings. It behooves us, then, to look back with thankful hearts over the past year, and bless God for his infinite mercy in vouchsafing to our land enduring peace; to our people freedom from pestilence and famine; to our husbandmen abundant harvests, and to them that labor a recompense of their toil.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do earnestly recommend that Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of this present month of November, be set apart as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people of our country, ceasing from the cares and labors of their working day, shall assemble in their respective places of worship and give thanks to God, who has prospered us on our way, and made our paths the paths of peace, beseeching Him to bless the day to our present and future good, making it truly one of thanksgiving for each reunited home circle as for the nation at large.

By the President, BENJAMIN HARRISON.

JAMES G. BLAINE, *Secretary of State.*

Protestant Jesuitism.

We notice that our zealous friend, Bradbury, the druggist, who is doing such excellent work for the Catholic cause in Boston, has hung out his sign again in staring capitals, ROMANISM, PAGANISM, IDOLATRY! and advertises a list of books designed to illustrate the subjects thus announced. Now, it does not become us to be hypercritical of brother Bradbury. He, of course, knows what he is about, though he may not be aware whereto his peculiarly disinterested efforts tend. Perhaps it is a part of his "Jesuitical" mode of proceeding to give a practical illustration, in his own person, of the obnoxious principle which he affects to denounce.

"The end justifies the means!" Was there ever a more wicked, a more damnable principle than that? And it is as if he had said, "Look at me and I will show you what I mean; I will give a practical illustration in real life, of how unscrupulous and wicked, how mean and contemptible, such a principle is. The books that I take so much pains to advertise and spread among the people are all bogus — full of lies and misrepresentations, *and I know it.* For it is a notorious fact, published to the world and repeated, time and again,— those books have been exposed and denounced not only by Catholics but by Protestants, and every man of reading and intelligence, who knows anything about such things, knows perfectly well that there is not one of those books that is entitled to the least credit. But what do I care for that? I am going to sell the books all the same.

"Take, for instance, that notorious book, 'The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk,' the very offering of which may be considered by some as indicating an amazing amount of brazen impudence and presumption on my part. I am well aware that at the very time of its first publication in New York, the vile imposition was thoroughly exposed by a committee of Protestant gentlemen of high character, of whom Col. Stone, the distinguished editor of the Commercial Advertiser, was Chairman, after having visited the scene of the alleged 'Awful Disclosures,' and made a thorough and satisfactory investigation.

"The 'Monita Secreta' too, or 'The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits,' a book first published in 1612, by a member of the Society of Jesus who had been expelled for misconduct, and which has since been made to do duty in every anti-Popery crusade since that day: I acknowledge that the apocryphal character of that book has often been proved by Protestant, as well as Catholic, writers. I am aware, for attention was recently called to the subject in the pages of Donahoe's Magazine, as well as of other Catholic periodicals, that the spurious character of this absurd production was thoroughly exposed by a Protestant writer, purely in the interests of historical truth, in the pages of the New Englander (1869, Vol. 28), a Protestant magazine published in New Haven, Conn., and in which no less than fourteen different encyclopedias, dictionaries, bibliothecas, etc., are quoted in favor of the spurious character of the book.

"As for J. D. Fulton's nasty book, 'Why Priests Should Marry,' the apocryphal, 'Six Months in a Convent,' and such like foul productions — well, they are good enough for the purpose. Half-way measures are of no account in such a warfare. Conscientious scruples must be ignored,— in fact we must 'go it blind,' and with a reckless regard to what are called the sacred obligations of truth and duty. It is the end we look at — the purpose, the object. The end sanctifies the means. The only question is whether the means tend to the accomplishment of the end."

Brother Bradbury, of course, is a good Christian. He is active in the church, a Sunday-school teacher (we believe a superintendent) and is always ready to "hold forth" whether it be in an "experience," or an attack on the Roman Beast with seven heads and ten horns, and ribs — Protestant ribs — between his teeth. His moral standard is high; his Christian character is unimpeached; and if he feels compelled by stress of circumstances, or by an irresistible impulse of zeal, to furnish in his own person a striking instance and illustration of Protestant "Jesuitism," we must not judge him too severely; it is all for the good cause, and please note, of course there is no money in it. (?)

Story of the Tea Party.

Anniversary of that Famous Rebuke to Tyrants.

BRITISH EFFRONTERY COULD NOT KEEP DR. WARREN OUT OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH PULPIT, NOR COULD ADMIRAL MONTAGUE FRIGHTEN THE PSEUDO-MOHAWKS.

DECEMBER 16th is the anniversary of the famous Boston Tea Party, connected with the period of the Revolution. (Dec. 16, 1773.) While the outline fact in regard to that affair is generally known, but a few persons are aware of the incidents in connection. We have recently commemorated one important event that happened during the episodes leading up to Bunker Hill, and told the story thereof. The narration which follows describes the tea party incident quite as graphically. It seems that Paul Revere, Samuel Adams, and about twenty other kindred patriots had been concocting a plan for some time to rid the port of some hateful tea chests that were at the wharves or soon to arrive there. The ships named Dartmouth and Eleanor, and the brig Beaver, lay at Griffin's (now Liverpool) wharf ready to discharge their cargoes of tea, when a meeting was being held at the Old South Church (the same venerable landmark still in existence at the head of Milk street), where Dr. Warren was delivering an address to a packed audience, British officers, with wonted effrontery, crowding the pulpit so that the orator had to climb in through a rear window. It is related that "the officers, seeing Warren's coolness and intrepidity, made way for him to advance and address the audience."

An awful stillness preceded his exordium. Each man felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale but determined face of his neighbor. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos. Warren and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination. It was thought that Sam Adams had contrived this assemblage to draw off attention to the plans of the tea destroyers, already matured and only awaiting the signal for execution. Precisely at the moment when negotiations for the removal of the tea failed, some of the disguised party appeared on the scene. At this meeting was made the first suggestion to destroy the tea. John Rowe, who lived in Bedford street, and from whom Rowe street took its name, made the remark, "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?" which was received with shouts of laughter and approval. It is related that Governor Hutchinson was at his country seat at Milton, after having refused to interfere in removing the tea, when he was informed that a mob was about to visit and retaliate upon him. He was in the act of shaving when so apprised, but left the house precipitately with one side of his face in lather and unshaved, making sprinter's time across the fields to a place of safety.

During the absence of the committee, Josiah Quincy, Jr. (grandfather of the present gentleman of that name), made an eloquent speech.

About sunset the Indian yell was heard outside, and a band of disguised Mohawks filled the street. This broke up the meeting, and the crowd followed the pseudo-Indians to Griffin's wharf. The disguise of these men was effected in a carpenter's shop, and it was complete even to paint and hatchets. It was said that "under their blankets were concealed many a laced and ruffled coat." Said John Adams: "Depend upon it they were no ordinary Mohawks." The day had been cold and wintry. The three Indiamen had been quietly moored to the wharf, under a guard of twenty-five from the Grenadier company of the Boston regiment, and the hatches were kept closed. It is stated that the number of disguised persons was not more than seventeen, but as many as sixty persons boarded the ships, each under a recognized leader. "Everything was orderly, systematic, and doubtless previously concerted." The leaders demanded the keys of the hatches, which were produced.

The Dartmouth was first visited, and one hundred and fourteen chests of tea were handed up on deck, where they were smashed, and nervous arms threw the contents overboard. When all was done three hundred and forty-two chests had been disposed of in this manner. It was low tide at the time, and numerous apprentice boys — who it was alleged, formed the larger number of those engaged in the affair — jumped upon the flats and assisted in breaking up and trampling into the mud such of the chests as were not demolished. When the tide began to flow the whole mass was soon adrift. The names of seventy of the actors in this affair have been perpetuated, and are as follows:

Dr. Thomas Young,	T. Gammell,	Thomas Porter,
Thomas Mellvill,	Edward Dolbier,	Benjamin Rice,
Captain Henry Prentiss,	Samuel Peck,	Moses Grant,
George R. T. Hewes,	Lendall Pitts,	James Starr,
John Crane,	Samuel Sprague,	Isaac Simpson,
Thomas Urann,	John Prince,	Joseph Lee,
Thomas Chase,	David Kinnison,	John Spurr,
Joseph Payson,	Henry Bass,	S. Howard,
Thomas Bolter,	William Hurd,	Thomas Spear,
Samuel Stoper,	Joseph Coolidge,	Jonathan Hunnewell,
Nathaniel Green,	James Swan,	Richard Hunnewell,
Ebenezer Stevens,	Paul Revere,	William Russell,
John Russell,	Henry Purkett,	McIntosh,
William Hurley,	Samuel Gore,	Wyeth,
Nathaniel Frothingham,	Joseph Shed,	Martin,
Peter Slater,	Josiah Wheeler,	Kingston,
Abraham Tower,	Adam Colson,	Benjamin Clarke,
Joseph Eayrs,	S. Cooledge,	Richard Hunnewell, Jr.,
William Molineaux,	James Brewer,	John Freeman,
Thomas Moore,	Edward Proctor,	Joseph Mountfort,
Matthew Loring,	Thomas Gerrish,	Joseph Palmer,
Daniel Ingollson,	Edward C. How,	Obadiah Curtis,
John Hooton,	Nicholas Campbell,	Isaac Pitman.
William Pierce,		

Some respectable authorities affirmed that Dr. Warren was one of the number disguised as Indians; but this hardly seems probable, in view of his prominent position at the meeting in the Old South Church, which would have kept his actions under a sort of surveillance by the British military present. The name of Samuel Gore, in this list, is of

one who, later on, was of a party who removed two pieces of brass ordnance belonging to the patriots, which had been secreted from the British troops, and conveyed them from West street to the American lines, under the eyes of the soldiers. These two pieces were named Hancock and Adams, and are now preserved as mementos in the Bunker Hill monument. It is related that when Thomas Melvill returned home, his wife collected a quantity of the tea from his shoes, which was placed in a bottle, labelled on parchment, and kept as a precious relic. Many visitors came to see it, and, finally, to keep it from vandal hands, it was found necessary to seal the bottle. When last heard from this relic was in possession of Samuel Shaw, son of the former Judge Shaw.

On returning from the wharf, the party passed a house where Admiral Montague, of the fleet in the harbor, was staying; he raised the window and accosted them: "Well, boys, you have had a fine pleasant evening for your Indian caper, hadn't you? But, mind, you have got to pay the fiddler yet!"

"Oh, never mind," shouted Lendall Pitts, a leader, "never mind, 'squire, just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes."

This ended the parley.

G. R. T. Hewes said that some parties came on board the vessel to gather and secrete some of the tea about their persons. He relates that one Captain O'Connor, whom he well knew, filled his pockets and the lining of his coat, but he was detected and the captain of the vessel was notified. Let him tell the sequel: "We were ordered to take him into custody, and just as he was stepping from the vessel I seized him by the skirt of his coat, and in attempting to pull him back tore it off; but, springing forward by a rapid effort, he made his escape. He had, however, to run the gauntlet of the crowd upon the wharf, each one as he passed giving him a kick or a stroke. The next day we nailed the skirt of his coat which I had pulled off to the whipping post in Charlestown, the place of his residence, with a label upon it."

The women of Boston were as patriotic on the tea question as their husbands and brothers. The traditional fondness of women for "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate," rendered it a great hardship to dispense with tea. They held meetings however, and sternly resolved to refrain from the use of their accustomed beverage until matters were righted. At that period the following wail, alleged to emanate from a matron, appeared and had extensive circulation:

Farewell the tea board, with its gaudy equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream bucket, sugar tongs,
The pretty tea chest, also, lately stored
With Hyson, Congou, and best double fine.
Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye,
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at — maybe — nothing.
Though now detestable,
Because I am taught (and I believe it true)
Its use will *fasten slavish chains upon my country*,
To reign triumphant in America.

Boston Sunday Globe.

The English Democracy.

At the stage civilization has now reached, we are, perhaps, inclined to believe that prejudices are faults of the past; that men now look at things with an impartial eye, and, that unlike the men of previous generations, their feelings never warp their judgment. More especially is this the case with regard to the Irishmen of America. They would look upon it as an insult to be told that they formed erroneous opinions on any point. And yet how few Irishmen in America are heard to say a good word for an Englishman. Even high-souled and reputed broad-minded men are not ashamed to stoop to sneer at British pluck, to minimize, and positively to deny any good attributes of the English people. The cause of this is not far to seek. Few, perhaps none of the bitter opponents of Englishmen, give vent to their feelings through mere spite. Most, if not all, have drank deep and lastingly of the gall of English oppression, and have experienced at the hands of the "Saxon," injustice which can certainly never be atoned for. All this is true, it cannot be denied, nor do we wish to detract one iota from the literal facts of history. But, I may ask, why, because English government vested in the hands of an autocratic electorate, passes intolerable laws for the ruling of Ireland, why for that reason, should we have constant reference to the meanness, cowardice, etc., of the English *people*. Why don't Americans, referring to the days when the Protestant landlords controlled the government of Ireland, pass slighting remarks about the patriotism of Irishmen in consenting to the Union? There is certainly quite as much justice in the latter assertion as in the former. It has been truly said that English government has made the history of Ireland; but it should be borne in mind that there is a great distinction between English government and English people. I wish it to be clearly understood that any explanation in defence of the English people bears strict reference to the people, i. e., the democracy, and does not, in any manner, apply to that higher grade of society, among whose educated ranks are to be found the fiercest opponents of Irishmen, and the English democracy.

A little historical allusion may make matters clearer. Any school-boy will inform us that previous to the reform act of 1832, the British government was vested in the aristocratic House of Lords, and the no less aristocratic House of Commons. The English democracy, the bulk of the nation, was totally unrepresented. The act of 1832 conferred the franchise on the middle classes of society. Still the democracy, the masses of English working men, were left out in the cold. They had no more power in the ruling of the state, than if they were so many dumb animals. This signifies much. It means that during the long years of Irish oppression, during the cruelty of '98, and the tyranny of '48, during those dark days which nourished and finally brought forth Fenianism, during all those centuries of vile misgovernment, the English democracy was no more responsible for this fearful injustice, than were the Irishmen themselves. English

government was the tyrant, but English government made such by the votes and influence of aristocratic landlordism.

In 1867, a part of the English democracy was admitted to the franchise, and they made their power felt by voting for a Parliament which passed the first comprehensive Land Act, and disestablished the Irish Church. In 1885, with the whole of the British democracy in the possession of the franchise, what was the result? Why, that Mr. Gladstone was sent into Parliament and proposed his Home Rule Bill. The rest is merely to-day's gossip. In the fury, which this sudden step of the great Liberal aroused, the forces of aristocracy and landed interest exerted themselves to such effect, that they succeeded in displacing Mr. Gladstone's government. The democracy for the moment was baffled. The young Tory squires, deceiving the English people by promises, which they have faithlessly broken, are occupying the seats which are, undoubtedly, destined for the popular candidates. The English working man has been hoodwinked; but only for a little time.

Where now, I ask, is there any reason for retaining these bitter feelings towards the English people? Surely, history belies the sentiments of the average Irish-American. I say *Irish*-American purposely, because I know that the feelings of the inhabitants of Ireland are, at this moment, thoroughly in harmony with the English democracy. The Irishman, in his native country, has been quicker in grasping the situation than his exiled brother in America. It seems almost a reproach to the Irishmen of America that they should still regard the English people with hatred in their eyes, while their brethren, who are now enduring the tortures of English misgovernment, bear patiently with this injustice, and exchange, for the sympathy of the English working man, their hearty thanks.

I remember while visiting Kerry, so recently as last spring, that I entered into conversation with a small tenant farmer. At the time he was unable to obtain any pecuniary help from his farm, and was working as a laborer at eighteen pence a day. On this pittance he had to support a family of six children, the eldest of whom was fourteen. I asked him his opinion about the present state of politics. "Well, sor," said he, "Home Rule is coming, and it's sorry we are for doubting the English people. Sure, sor, they're something like ourselves; until lately the landlords had a tight grip on them." Here was a man who had to go to his employer and ask for his pay every night, as he was living from hand to mouth. He had spent every day of his existence in his unhappy county, and was now past the meridian of life, and yet, in spite of being a constant witness of English oppression, he had sufficient Celtic perception in him to understand that English misgovernment was another type of Irish landlordism; and that the English working man had made common cause with the Irish tenant farmer, to work for their mutual salvation. Compare this unlettered man, in one of the wildest parts of Ireland, with the educated Irishman in America, and we must admit that the Irish-American loses by the comparison. Here in America, far from the scene of English oppression and misrule, Irishmen have every facility for studying the question dispassionately.

Why, then, is it that he does not draw the right conclusion? Surely his judgment is warped, and he has not reached the most perfect state of mind, — that of being without prejudice.

I do not wish to infer for a moment that Englishmen have been as true and as loyal to the cause of Ireland as her own sons. I do not wish to make any such absurd statement; but I do wish to say most emphatically that the English democracy has never been responsible for the tyranny that has been meted out to Ireland, and if, in very recent years, they have contributed by their votes to the misgovernment of Ireland, that it was through ignorance and insufficient knowledge of the Irish question. This I maintain most strenuously.

I attended a Home Rule meeting, some six months ago, in a town in the north of England. The great feature was a speech by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P. He was listened to most attentively, and his references to English oppression in Ireland were greeted by his English audience with loud cries of "shame." Towards the end of the meeting, an Englishman, a thorough type of his class, an honest iron-worker, rose up and made a statement. "He wished," he said, "to inform Mr. Sullivan, and through him the Irish nation, that he had misjudged them; that he had been misinformed on this great question; but that he was determined to amend by now working, with all his strength, for Home Rule." It was a characteristic speech, and Mr. Sullivan referred to it as such, saying that he was convinced that the English masses had never before been thoroughly instructed on this great question, *and it was for that reason, and that alone*, that they had been unable to work in concert with the Irish people.

Irishmen, with any spark of patriotism, would do well to consider this great question, and not ruin the cause by making Englishmen believe that the Saxon and the Celt can never be united. The English democracy has it within its power to save the Irish cause. With it, and with it alone, lies this great opportunity. Mr. Parnell, with all his unspeakable tact, discernment, and statesmanship, is powerless without the English democracy. He knows too well the treatment Ireland has received from English aristocrats, and he understands where the salvation of the cause lies. If Mr. Parnell and the English democracy become estranged, the Home Rule cause is lost for the time. Why, then, I ask, do Irish-Americans continue by their writings, by their speeches, etc., to strain the band that knits the Irish and English masses in one common cause. I need not specify the opinion Irishmen would entertain of him who chose to denounce Mr. Parnell or his policy. Why, then, should Irishmen entertain these bitter sentiments towards Parnell's right-hand man, the English democracy? The question only requires consideration. Landlordism in Ireland and aristocracy in England are banded together. Their arch enemy is the combined force of Irish and English democracy. "United we stand, divided we fall." Whoever, then, tends to loosen the cords of friendship which bind those two forces together, is betraying the interests of his country as exemplified in Mr. Parnell's policy.

Let the Irishmen of America then, mindful of the religious tenets

in which they were instructed, allay these bitter feelings, and unite with the English working man in saving the cause of Ireland. With this irresistible combination, Mr. Parnell can face, with confidence, the forces of English aristocracy and Irish landlordism. The result cannot be long in doubt; and when the cause has triumphed, and Ireland enjoys the rights of freemen, then Americans can rest on their oars, and know, that though in exile, they have not forgotten their duty either as Catholics or Irishmen. FAIR PLAY.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

BY J. BOWLES DALY, LL. D.

Author of Ireland in the Days of Swift, Ireland in '98, etc.

The following are the contents:

THE PROVISION TRADE.
RAILWAY AUTOCRACY.
BANKING.
POSSIBLE INDUSTRIES.
LACE.
POPLIN.
WOOLLENS.
KNITTING, SPINNING, WEAVING, EMBROIDERY.
AFFORESTING.
FISHERIES.

The author in his preface says:

In the present work I have confined myself to the industrial aspect of the country, dealing only with what I consider the most important of the languishing interests, and excluding others, which, from their prosperous condition, require no support. To fit myself for this task, I have previously studied the condition of industry in France, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and the United States of America. While pointing out the causes of the decline of Irish industries, I have fully condemned the defects of my countrymen, but never indulged in fault-finding without suggesting a potent remedy. The material of the present volume is drawn from the sifted information furnished by the heads of firms in Ireland, Government returns, and Blue Books. The latter portentous documents have been compiled without number, and, as the majority of people entertain the same affection for a Blue Book as they do for a blue pill, my task was the reverse of exhilarating. I have, in order to become readable, dispensed with technicalities; and, not wishing to mystify my readers, eschewed, as much as possible, long tables, classification of rates, and endless array of figures. Thus, an intricate subject, full of detail, has been lightened for the uniniated, who have neither the time nor patience to wade through an undigested mass of valuable information.

This is the most interesting of any book that has come under our observation for many years, and will prove interesting to the sons and daughters of Ireland abroad as well as at home. It will also interest every friend of Ireland in America, Canada, Australia, etc.

The first part will be given in the January issue of our MAGAZINE. The book from which we copy has just appeared in London, from the press of Ward & Downey, and sold for $2. As the book will appear entire in the MAGAZINE for 1890, our patrons will get the book and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for the yearly subscription, $2.

Is Divorce Wrong?—A Discussion.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC VIEW, CARDINAL GIBBONS. AN EPISCOPALIAN VIEW, BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER. AN AGNOSTIC'S VIEW, COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

WE give the Cardinal's view. Those who want to read the other papers, can find them in the North American Review, from which we copy:—

However much men may differ in their views of the nature and attributes of the matrimonial contract, and in their concept of the rights and obligations of the marriage state, no one will deny that these are grave questions; since upon marriage rests the family, and upon the family rests society, civilization, and the highest interests of religion and the state. Yet, strange to say, divorce, the deadly enemy of marriage, stalks abroad to-day bold and unblushing, a monster licensed by the laws of Christian states, to break hearts, wreck homes, and ruin souls. And passing strange is it, too, that so many wise and far-seeing in less weighty concerns, do not appear to see in the ever-growing power of divorce, a menace, not only to the sacredness of the marriage institution, but even to the fair social fabric reared upon matrimony as its corner-stone.

God instituted in Paradise the marriage state, and sanctified it. He established its law of unity and declared its indissolubility. By divine authority Adam spoke, when of his wife he said: "This now is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they shall be two in one flesh." * But like other things on earth, marriage suffered in the fall; and, little by little, polygamy and divorce began to assert themselves against the law of matrimonial unity and indissolubility. Yet the ideal of the marriage institution never faded away. It survived, not only among the chosen people, but even among the nations of heathendom, disfigured much, 'tis true, but with its ancient beauty never wholly destroyed.

When, in the fulness of time, Christ came to restore the things that were perishing, he reasserted in clear and unequivocal terms the sanctity, unity, and indissolubility of marriage. Nay, more, he gave to this state added holiness and a dignity higher far than it had "from the beginning." He made marriage a sacrament, made it the type of his own never-ending union with his one, spotless spouse, the church. St. Paul, writing to the Ephesians, says: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it, that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. . . . For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." †

* Gen. ii. 23-24. † Ephes. v. 25-31.

In defence of Christian marriage, the church was compelled from the earliest days of her existence to do frequent and stern battle. But cultured pagan, and rough barbarian, and haughty Christian lord, were met and conquered. Men were taught to master passion, and Christian marriage, with all its rights secured and reverenced, became a ruling power in the world.

The council of Trent, called, in the throes of the mighty moral upheaval of the sixteenth century, to deal with the new state of things, again proclaimed to a believing and an unbelieving world the Catholic doctrine of the holiness, unity, and indissolubility of marriage, and the unlawfulness of divorce. The council declared no new dogmas: it simply reaffirmed the common teaching of the church for centuries. But some of the most hallowed attributes of marriage seemed to be objects of peculiar detestation to the new teachers, and their abolition was soon demanded. "The leaders in the changes of matrimonial law," writes Prof. Woolsey, "were the Protestant reformers themselves, and that almost from the beginning of the movement. . . . The reformers, when they discarded the sacramental view of marriage, and the celibacy of the clergy, had to make out a new doctrine of marriage and of divorce." * The "new doctrine of marriage and of divorce," pleasing as it was to the sensual man, was speedily learned and as speedily put in practice. The sacredness with which Christian marriage had been hedged around began to be more and more openly trespassed upon, and restive shoulders wearied more and more quickly of the marriage yoke when divorce promised freedom for newer joys.

To our own time the logical consequences of the "new doctrine" have come. To-day, "abyss calls upon abyss," change calls for change, laxity calls for license. Divorce is now a recognized presence in high life and low; and polygamy, the first-born of divorce, sits shameless in palace and in hovel. Yet the teacher that feared not to speak the words of truth in bygone ages is not silent now. In no uncertain tones, the church proclaims to the world, to-day, the unchangeable law of the strict unity and absolute indissolubility of valid and consummated Christian marriage.

To the question, then, "Can divorce from the bond of marriage ever be allowed?" the Catholic can only answer NO. And for this NO, his first, and last, and best reason can be but this: "*Thus saith the Lord.*"

As time goes on, the wisdom of the church in absolutely forbidding divorce from the marriage bond, grows more and more plain, even to the many who deny to this prohibition a divine and authoritative sanction. And nowhere is this more true than in our own country. Yet our experience of the evils of divorce is but the experience of every people that has cherished this monster.

Let us take but a hasty view of the consequences of divorce in ancient times. Turn only to pagan Greece and Rome, two peoples that practised divorce most extensively. In both, we find divorce weakening their primitive virtue, and making their latter corruption more corrupt. Among the Greeks, morality declined, as material

* Divorce and Divorce Legislation. By Theodore D. Woolsey, Second Ed., p. 126.

civilization advanced. Divorce grew easy and common, and purity and peace were banished from the family circle. Among the Romans, divorce was not common until the latter days of the Republic. Then the flood-gates of immorality were opened, and, with divorce made easy, came rushing in corruption of morals among both sexes and in every walk of life. "Passion, interest, or caprice," Gibbon, the historian, tells us, "suggested daily motives for the dissolution of marriage; a word, a sign, a message, a letter, the mandate of a freedman, declared the separation; the most tender of human connections was degraded to a transient society of profit or pleasure." * Each succeeding generation witnessed moral corruption more general, moral degradation more profound; men and women were no longer ashamed of licentiousness; until, at length, the nation that became mighty because built on a pure family, fell, when its corner-stone crumbled away in rottenness.

Heedless of the lessons taught by history, modern nations, too, have made trial of divorce. In Europe, wherever the new gospel of marriage and divorce has had notable influence, divorce has been legalized; and, in due proportion to the extent of that influence, causes for divorce have been multiplied, the bond of marriage more and more recklessly broken, and the obligations of that sacred state more and more shamelessly disregarded. In our own country, the divorce evil has grown more rapidly than our growth, and strengthened more rapidly than our strength. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in a special report on the statistics of marriage and divorce, made to Congress in February, 1889, places the number of divorces in the United States in 1867 at 9,937, and the number in 1886 at 25,535. These figures show an increase of the divorce evil much out of proportion to our increase in population. The knowledge that divorces can easily be procured encourages hasty marriages, and equally hasty separations. Legislators and judges in some states are encouraging inventive genius in the art of finding new causes for divorce. Frequently, the most trivial, and even ridiculous, pretexts, are recognized as sufficient for the rupture of the marriage bond; and, in some states, divorce can be obtained "without publicity," and even without the knowledge of the defendant, — in such cases, generally, an innocent wife. Crime has sometimes been committed for the very purpose of bringing about a divorce, and cases are not rare in which plots have been laid to blacken the reputation of a virtuous spouse in order to obtain legal freedom for new nuptials. Sometimes, too, there is collusion between the married parties to obtain divorce. One of them trumps up charges; the other does not oppose the suit; and judgment is entered for the plaintiff. Every daily newspaper tells us of divorces applied for, or granted, and the public sense of decency is constantly being shocked by the disgusting recital of divorce-court scandals.

We are filled with righteous indignation at Mormonism; we brand it as a national disgrace, and justly demand its suppression. Why? Because, forsooth, the Mormons are polygamists. Do we forget that there are two species of polygamy — simultaneous and successive?

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Milman's Ed., Vol. III., p. 236.

Mormons practise without legal recognition the first species; while among us the second species is indulged in, and, with the sanction of law, by thousands in whose nostrils Mormonism is a stench and an abomination. The Christian press and pulpit of the land denounce the Mormons as "an adulterous generation," but too often deal very tenderly with Christian polygamists. Why? Is Christian polygamy less odious in the eyes of God than Mormon polygamy? Among us, 'tis true, the one is looked upon as more *respectable* than the other. Yet we know that the Mormons, as a class, care for their wives and children; while Christian polygamists but too often leave wretched wives to starve, slave, or sin, and leave miserable children a public charge. "O divorced and much-married Christian," says the polygamous dweller by Salt Lake, "pluck first the beam from thy own eye, and then shalt thou see to pluck the mote from the eye of thy much-married, but undivorced, Mormon brother."

It follows logically from the Catholic doctrine of the unity and indissolubility of marriage, and the consequent prohibition of divorce from the marital bond, that no one, even though divorced *a vinculo* by the civil power, can be allowed by the church to take another consort during the lifetime of the true wife or husband, and such connection the church can but hold as sinful. It is written: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery." * Of course, I am well aware that upon the words of our Saviour as found in St. Matthew, Chap. XIX. 9, many base the right of divorce from the marriage bond for adultery, with permission to remarry. But, as is well known, the Catholic Church, upon the concurrent testimony of the Evangelists Mark † and Luke, ‡ and upon the teaching of St. Paul,§ interprets our Lord's words quoted by St. Matthew as simply permitting, on account of adultery, divorce from bed and board, with no right to either party to marry another.

But even if divorce *a vinculo* were not forbidden by divine law, how inadequate a remedy would it be for the evils for which so many deem it a panacea. "Divorce *a vinculo*," as Dr. Brownson truly says, "logically involves divorce *ad libitum*." ‖ Now, what reason is there to suppose that parties divorced and remated will be happier in the new connection than in the old? As a matter of fact many persons have been divorced a number of times. Sometimes, too, it happens that, after a period of separation, divorced parties repent of their folly, reunite, and are again divorced. Indeed, experience clearly proves that unhappiness among married people frequently does not arise so much from "mutual incompatibility," as from causes inherent in one or both of the parties — causes that would be likely to make a new union as wretched as the old one. There is wisdom in the pithy saying of a recent writer: "Much ill comes, not because men and women are married, but because they are fools." ¶

There are some who think that the absolute prohibition of divorce

* Mark x. 11, 12. † Mark x. 11, 12. ‡ Luke xvi. 18. § I. Cor. vii. 10, 11.

‖ Essay on The Family — Christian and Pagan.

¶ Prof. David Swing in Chicago Journal.

does not contribute to the purity of society, and are, therefore, of opinion that divorce with liberty to remarry does good in this regard. He who believes the matrimonial bond indissoluble, divorce *a vinculo* evil, and the connection resulting from it criminal, can only say: "Evil should not be done that good may come." But, after all, would even passing good come from this greater freedom? In a few exceptional cases — *Yes;* in the vast majority of cases — *No.* The trying of divorce as a safeguard of purity is an old experiment, and an unsuccessful one. In Rome, adulteries increased as divorces were multiplied. After speaking of the facility and frequency of divorce among the Romans Gibbon adds:

"A specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue. The facility of separation would destroy all mutual confidence, and inflame every trifling dispute. The minute difference between a husband and a stranger, which might so easily be removed, might still more easily be forgotten." *

How *apropos* in this connection are the words of Professor Woolsey:

"Nothing is more startling than to pass from the first part of the eighteenth to this latter part of the nineteenth century, and to observe how law has changed and opinion has altered in regard to marriage, the great foundation of society, and to divorce; and how, almost *pari passu*, various offences against chastity, such as concubinage, prostitution, illegitimate births, abortion, disinclination to family life, have increased also — not, indeed, at the same pace everywhere, or all of them equally in all countries, yet have decidedly increased on the whole." †

Surely, in few parts of the wide world is the truth of these strong words more evident than in those parts of our own country where loose divorce laws have long prevailed.

It should be noted that, while never allowing the dissolution of the marriage bond, the Catholic Church has always permitted, for grave causes and under certain conditions, a temporary or permanent "separation from bed and board." The causes which, *positis ponendis*, justify such separation, may be briefly given thus: mutual consent, adultery, and grave peril of soul or body.

It may be said that there are persons so unhappily mated and so constituted that for them no relief can come save from divorce *a vinculo*, with permission to remarry. I shall not linger here to point out to such the need of seeking, from a higher than earthly power, the grace to suffer and be strong. But for those whose reasoning on this subject is of the earth, earthy, I shall add some words of practical worldly wisdom from eminent jurists. In a note to his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, Mr. John Taylor Coleridge says:

"It is no less truly than beautifully said, by Sir W. Scott, in the case of Evans *vs.* Evans, that 'though in particular cases the repugnance of the law to dissolve the obligation to matrimonial cohabitation may operate with great severity upon individuals, yet it must be carefully remembered that the general happiness of the married life is secured by its indissolubility.' When people understand that they *must* live together, except for a few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Milman's Ed., Vol. III., p. 236.

† Divorce and Divorce Legislation, Second Ed., p. 274.

they cannot shake off; they become good husbands and good wives from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood that, upon mutual disgust, married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civil society, might have been, at this moment, living in a state of mutual unkindness, in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of the most licentious and unrestrained immorality. In this case, as in many other cases, the happiness of some individuals must be sacrificed to the greater and more general good."

The facility and frequency of divorce, and its lamentable consequences, are nowadays calling much attention to measures of "divorce reform." "How can divorce reform be best secured?" it may be asked. Believing, as I do, that divorce is evil, I also believe that its "reformation" and its death must be simultaneous. It should cease to be. Divorce, as we know it, began when marriage was removed from the domain of the church; divorce shall cease when the old order shall be restored. Will this ever come to pass? Perhaps so — after many days. Meanwhile, something might be done, something should be done, to lessen the evils of divorce. Our present divorce legislation must be presumed to be such as the majority of the people wish it. A first step, therefore, in the way of "divorce reform," should be the creation of a more healthy public sentiment on this question. Then will follow measures that will do good in proportion to their stringency. A few practical suggestions, as to the salient features of remedial divorce legislation, may not be out of place. Persons seeking, at the hands of the civil law, relief in matrimonial troubles, should have the right to ask for divorce *a vinculo*, or simple separation *a mensâ et thoro*, as they may elect. The number of legally-recognized grounds for divorce should be lessened, and "noiseless" divorces forbidden. "Rapid-transit" facilities for passing through divorce courts should be cut off, and divorce "agencies" should be suppressed. The plaintiff in a divorce case should be a *bona-fide* resident of the judicial district in which his petition is filed; and, in every divorce case, the legal representatives of the state should appear for the defendant, and, by all means, the right of remarriage after divorce should be restricted. If divorce cannot be legislated out of existence, let, at least, its power for evil be diminished.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

M. PRUDHOMME converses with a travelling companion. "Have you any children, monsieur?" — "Yes, I have a son." — "Ah! does he smoke?" — "Never, not even a cigarette." — "Ah! so much the better; tobacco is indeed a bad habit. I hope he does not frequent the saloons?" — "He has never put his foot inside of one." — "I congratulate you. Does he ever come home late?" — "Never. He always goes to bed after dinner." — "Oh! Why the conduct of the lad is admirable! What age is he?" — "Two months."

"Is there any kind of coat that never has any buttons on it?" asked a mission teacher of a class of newsboys. "Yes, sir. A coat of paint!" was the instantaneous reply.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

The Child's Good-Night to Her Guardian Angel.

GOOD-NIGHT, good-night, dear Angel!
I cannot see your wings,
But I hear you in the echoes
Whenever mamma sings.
And when she stoops to kiss me,
And leaves me in your care,
I do not fear the darkness,
For you are always there.

Good-night, good-night, dear Angel!
I cannot see your face,
But I know that you are near me
In this dim and silent place.
And I think you hung the starlets
For God up in the sky
To cheer at lonely bedtime
Such little ones as I.

Good-night, good-night, sweet Angel!
I cannot touch your hand;
But I fancy in the silence
I know just where you stand—
Close, close beside my pillow,
In that long line of light;
I'll fold my hands together,
And say once more, good-night!

SYLVIA HUNTING.

A Gentleman.

LET no boy think he can make a gentleman by the clothes he wears, by the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how, and finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.

A NON-SEQUITUR: Proud Mother:—"Oh, John, the baby can walk." Cruel Father:—"Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night, then."

A Christmas Legend.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near by, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, earning barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldst be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and knocked at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he leading in the little one, who held timidly to his little finger with his tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed around to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fig-tree, decorated with bright colored lamps, in honor of Christmas Eve, with which the good mother had endeavored to make a *fête* for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a bright light in the little room; and, as they gazed, it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly lustre. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming in awe-struck voices: "The Child-Jesus!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest.

The next morning as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair Child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark-green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some, and reverently carried them home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them chrysanthemums; and every year, as the time came around, they put aside a portion of their feast, and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Fanny's Christmas Dream.

It was the day before Christmas. The streets were full of people hurrying to and fro in the sharp, cold air. Little Fanny pushed her way among them slowly, for her brother Harry was hanging on her hand, and sometimes she was even forced to take him up in her arms and carry him. Her heart grew sore as she looked at the merry children who went dancing by, and caught scraps of the talk of what was to be done on the morrow in pleasant homes for happy little ones. She knew there would be no presents for them, for their father had been so long away at sea that their mother was obliged to sew long after she and Harry were fast asleep, to earn enough to keep them from cold and hunger.

As she walked slowly along, she saw a crowd gathered about a window in which was a Christmas tree gaily dressed and ready to be lighted. On the top of the tree was a little figure like an angel. In one hand it held a trumpet, and in the other a little banner on which was painted a picture of the Infant Jesus lying in the manger, and underneath, these words, "Behold how He loved us." Fanny pressed up close to the window and held Harry in her arms, that he might look too. She had never seen anything so beautiful, and she thought the child who could have a tree like that would be the happiest child in the world.

After a while Harry began to cry. He was tired, and wanted to go home. Fanny took him in her arms and trudged home very sorrowfully. When she went in, she felt as if she had left all the bright Christmas time outside. Her mother looked sadder than ever, and Fanny saw the tears dropping on little Harry's hand as he lay asleep on her lap. She kissed her softly and crept into her own little bed; there she buried her face under the bed-clothes and cried as if her heart would break. Would her father never come home again? Should they always be as poor, and never have happy days, happy Christmas times, like everybody else?

But by and by her sobs grew fainter, and deep sleep settled over her; she wandered away into dreamland, still carrying the burden of her heavy heart, and her little brother in her arms. It seemed at last as if she came to a great forest of trees, like the one she had seen in the window, only that the trees were larger and the gifts which hung upon the branches were indistinct and strange. All about the trees was a soft, warm light, but the alleys between them led away into the darkness. As she walked along, it seemed as if some one was with her, whom she could not see. Soon there was a sound like the rushing of a wind, and she saw crowds of children trooping through the dark alleys. A voice seemed to whisper in her ear, "*These* are the sorrowful children of the earth." Fanny stepped forward to join them, but the voice said again, "*These* children have no one in all the world to love or care for them." Then Fanny thought of her mother, working all day and far into the night; of her father, out on the ocean; of little Harry, clinging with his soft arms to her neck; and she shrank

back, watching, with a feeling of thankfulness and pity, the crowd which pressed about the trees.

She saw how pinched with suffering the little faces were. Hunger and sickness and sin she saw among them, such as she had never seen before. They did not stretch their hands out for the gifts upon the trees; they did not seem to see them, or know that they were there. Fanny could not understand it all, but she saw little showers of bright things fall softly and slowly around them, and each poor little child seemed to have a light about it of its own. Many of them lay down and slept, and all the pain passed away out of their faces. Many of them wandered away, lifting up their heads, as if new life and hope were coming to them from afar. There was not one so poor and mean but the light shone about it, and Fanny knew that somewhere, at some time, each little one would find it was not utterly forgotten and forlorn. She could feel on her own face the same soft light and warmth, and looking up, she saw on the top branch of every tree the picture of the Infant Jesus and the words, "Behold how He loved us."

Then something fell upon her lips and forehead, and she saw her mother standing beside her with such a glad look upon her face that Fanny thought herself dreaming still; but there was the sun shining in at the window, and the bells ringing, and Fanny knew they were Christmas bells. She had hardly time to remember it, when a pair of strong arms clasped her close, and her father's voice called her his "dear little daughter." While Fanny slept and dreamed, he had come home. And so, with the blessed pity born of her Christmas dream, and the thankful gladness of her Christmas day, there was no one happier than Fanny after all.

Her Vocation.

"THERE'S no use trying, Sister, I can't get on at home."

"I 'm sorry to hear you say that, Mary dear," said Sister Rose; "but before you tell me all about it, let us go out for a walk through the grounds; for this Indian Summer day is too beautiful to be spent indoors."

While they are getting on their cloaks, the first part of Mary's story may be told.

Mr. and Mrs. Brent own a farm in Ohio. They worked early and late, saved and stinted themselves, to pay for it; and after fifteen years of toil they succeeded in clearing it from debt. That was six years ago. Then they determined to give their five children, of whom Mary was the eldest, the gentle education they themselves had never had, and the lack of which they had often lamented. Their plan was to send Mary to a convent academy until she should be graduated, and then bring her home to teach Joe and Raymond, Nellie and Grace.

Accordingly when Mary was twelve years old she was sent to the Sisters, and with them she remained until last June, when, with diploma and medal, she returned to her father's house. It had required extra frugality on the part of the other members of the family to meet the

bills for her tuition, clothing, and incidental expenses; but the burden had been cheerfully borne, with the expectation that Mary would repay all their sacrifices.

The month of July was spent by Mary in rest. She did not seem to care to help in the work of milking of cows, churning the butter, feeding the chickens, tending the lambs, or picking the berries for market; and, while she was useful in sweeping and dusting, she was not of much help to her mother in the kitchen.

And that poor mother is far from well. Hard work has made her old before her time. Yet she found no fault with Mary in the early summer, saying to the father that "the girl must have a chance to get used to home before she can be expected to do her share of the work;" but when August and September brought no change, even gentle Mrs. Brent uttered some reproaches. The home school, from which so much had been expected, was begun on the Feast of our Lady's Assumption. It was closed on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity.

"What is the trouble with you, Mary?" asked Sister Rose, as the two strolled through the Maple Lane, along the borders of which the purple and yellow and scarlet leaves lay in fragrant heaps.

"Everything goes wrong at home," answered Mary. "The boys tease me and the girls won't study. Joe made fun of me till father told him to quit; then he refused to learn his lessons; and I'm blamed for it all. Raymond is so slow I couldn't get him to understand anything; and Nelly and Grace never had their tasks, and were constantly in disgrace. Mother said she could not bear to see them punished so often, so we gave up."

"And what have you been doing since?" inquired Sister Rose.

"Well, I just hate household drudgery, and I don't do much of it. Mother said she'd sooner do it herself than have me worry over it, and I let her have her way."

"How, then, do you spend your time?"

"Oh, I read a little, I crochet some, I am going to write a novel — you know, Sister, you said I showed some aptitude as a story-teller, — and I practice my music regularly. We have only a parlor organ, which, father said when he bought it, was good enough for the girls to learn on. He promised me in June that he would get me a piano, but now I don't know whether he will or not. I shall not need it though."

"Why?"

"Because I am going to leave home."

"Are you? And where are you going?"

"I'm coming to — that is, I'd like to become a Sister."

A smile flitted over the placid face of the *religieuse* at this announcement.

"So you think, dear, that you'd escape trouble by becoming a Sister? You have failed so far to achieve a victory in the line of duty at home, and you imagine that you would succeed under other circumstances? Don't you remember what the poet says: 'They who go abroad may change their sky, but not their disposition?' You're mis-

taken, my dear, if you fancy that the habit acts like a magic armor to keep all trials away. It brings its own obligations to all who wear it; and those obligations are as hard to bear as any that you are likely to encounter in the world. We have more grace, but we have need of more. Every one has his cross, and even the most peaceful cloistered nun has her burden to bear, fitted to her strength. No, Mary; your place is at home. There you have a work to do. You must not avoid it, or do it partly. It is a temptation to think that you are called away from your plain duty in order to become holy here. Sanctify yourself in your father's house. Mortify your will. Be patient. Do your duty. Your father needs you. Your ailing mother needs you. Your brothers and sisters need you. Your course is clear. Go back, with the resolution to fulfil the hopes that were formed for you. Make a new beginning. Start your school again. Do the work that is at your hand, and do it with all your might; and some day, six years or so from now, if you then still believe that you have a vocation to be a Sister, I may agree with you.

"Now, dearie, don't grieve at my chiding," continued the Sister, drawing Mary to her; for tears were falling from the eyes of the girl, and her form was convulsed with sobs. "Take my words kindly, for they are well-meant. I love you, Mary, and I want to help you; and the best service I can do you is to show you your duty, and encourage you to perform it. And now let us return to the house and get some lunch."

And so, with hospitable thoughts intent, Sister Rose led her guest to the refectory.

That was two weeks ago. Yesterday Farmer Brent said to his wife: "Mother, there's a great change for the better come over Mary since she paid that visit to Sister Rose. She and the children are getting on nicely together, I notice. She's the best girl in Ohio."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brent, with the usual exaggeration of mother-love; "she's the best girl in the world."

L. W. REILLY, in Ave Maria.

The Holy Innocents.

ONLY three days after Christmas the church calls us to keep the Feast of the Holy Innocents. In old times this day was called "Childermas," and is to honor the memory of those dear little children who were snatched from their mothers' arms by the command of wicked King Herod. He was seeking to kill Jesus, and not knowing where to find Him, he ordered his soldiers to put to death all the male children in Bethlehem that were less than two years old. The Angel of the Lord told St. Joseph to take the Blessed Virgin and the infant Jesus into a distant country, and He was gone when the little children were murdered. This lovely band of infant Martyrs now stand before the throne of God, and thank Him that they were permitted to suffer for Christ's sake; and you, too, dear children, though you may not be called upon to *die* for your dear Lord, have your little sorrows and sufferings, which you may offer to Him with the sufferings of Jesus, and your offering will be accepted.

True Charity.

A FEW days before Christmas, Bastian and Monnie looked over their toys to choose some presents for children whose parents could not afford to give them Christmas gifts. It was no hard task at first, for every year fresh supplies of playthings came from aunts and uncles, and the nursery was really too full of treasures for comfort. But at last they came to a disagreement, as we shall see.

"I don't suppose you care for your old ninepins," said Monnie; "they'd be so nice for Annie and Peter."

Bastian's eyebrows met with an air of surprise and vexation. "They are just what I don't want to give away," said he. "And then, grandmamma gave them to me; why, Monnie, how can you ask me to give them up?"

"I thought, perhaps, you'd not care," said Monnie. "There, I'm tired to death of Rose and Jenny. They can go, both of them; and the cup and ball, I never can catch it; and the paint is rubbed off that cart, it will do to fill up the basket."

"Why don't you put in your little stable?" asked Bastian; "the one that winds up and makes the horses eat."

The tears rushed into Monnie's eyes. "I can't," she said. "I've named every horse, and I worked over them so hard last year when they had the 'pink eye.' And, then, Aunt Mary gave it to me. Oh, Bastian, how could you ask me to give away my stable?"

"Oh! I thought perhaps you would not care," said Bastian, with a smile.

"Why, that's just what you said, and what I said about the ninepins," cried Monnie.

"Yes," said Bastian, "I think you're rather selfish, Monnie."

"Then *you* are selfish," cried Monnie, folding her hands, and fixing her bright eyes upon him.

"I don't see that," replied Bastian; "how do I know that grandmamma's feelings would not be hurt?"

"Bastian, you know she wouldn't care one mite."

"Then why did you talk about Aunt Mary?"

"Just because you talked about grandmamma."

By this time both children were flushed and excited, and their voices sounded quite sharp. Now, the discussion took place on the stairs, and, presently, their mamma appeared to ask the cause of the disturbance.

"We were talking over our charities," said Bastian.

"There does not seem to be much charity here," said their mamma, smiling, and then she sat down on the top stair, and, taking them on each side of her, soon drew from them the whole story of their quarrel. At the end she said:

"You need not give away any of your toys unless you like. But if you do it, remember two things for your whole life. Charity means love: so if you quarrel over your good deeds, you are not charitable. Generosity means giving up the things we wish to keep; so if you only

give away the toys you are tired of, you are not generous. It is a good plan to give them, because they will please the little children; but do not flatter yourselves that you are either generous or charitable because you have filled a basket with toys you do not want, teasing each other meanwhile with unkind words."

Then their mamma gave them each a good kiss and a loving smile, and left them to settle their affairs by themselves. They filled the basket silently with toys and set it outside the door of their mamma's room. Then they parted and went to their various little duties for the morning. About one o'clock Monnie formed a heroic resolution. With a very red face she grasped her little stable in both hands, ran down stairs and put it beside the basket of toys. To her amazement, there, on the other side, was the box of ninepins. Lifting her eyes she saw a pair of knickerbockers hurrying up the back stairs.

"Oh! Bastian, Bastian, I've done it!" cried she, flying after him, and then they both broke into a peal of laughter that brought their mamma to share their amusement.

"I don't care a pin for the ninepins now they are gone," said Bastian.

"Nor I for the stable," said Monnie.

But of one thing I can assure you: that when they went to distribute their presents, the things they enjoyed most keenly giving away, were the very toys they had most wished to keep.

VISITOR (looking at the photograph album) — "You have a fine-looking family of boys, Mr Bilkerson. And they all seem to have turned out remarkably well. This is Hiram, isn't it?" Mr. Bilkerson (proudly) — "Yes, that's Hiram. He's in the theatrical line. Gets a hundred and fifty dollars a week for merely doing a little specialty business, and singing what they call a topical song. Hiram's a good deal of a genius. That next one is Christopher. He's the vice-president and manager of a base ball club. Made four thousand and six hundred dollars out of it last year, and didn't turn his hand over. The one on the next page is Oliver. He owns the fastest pacer in any fourteen counties around here. Built a fine brick house out of what he made with the animal last year and the year before. Yes, my boys are doing pretty well. Come out with me to the barn. I,—" Visitor — "But you have another son, haven't you?" Mr. Bilkerson (reluctantly) — "Ye-e-s. His name's Gabriel. He's a professor of Greek, or theology, or something of that sort in a college. Gabe is a good enough fellow in his way, but he doesn't seem to get ahead. Come to the barn, Mr. Swackhammer, I want to show you my new span of grays."

WHATELY once startled his listeners by asking: "If the devil lost his tail where would he go to find a new one?" and, without waiting for others to guess, replied, "To a gin palace, for bad spirits are re-tailed there."

A Joyful Christmas Morning.

"MERRY Christmas! Merry Christmas!" cried little Marie, as she rushed into her mamma's room on Christmas morning. "Do come, mamma, and see what the dear Christ-Child has brought me!"

"Why, Marie," said her papa, "I thought it was Father Christmas who brought the Christmas presents. When I was a boy I used to hear about his going around in a sleigh with eight tiny reindeer, and coming down the chimney, and all that."

"Now, papa," said Marie, very earnestly, "do you know I don't believe in Father Christmas; anyway, mamma says that all things come from the dear Christ-Child, for He is God, and God gives us everything."

"Well, Marie, mamma is always right; but now for the presents."

Eagerly, little Marie showed her treasures; a lovely doll, with a complete wardrobe; a gold thimble, a pretty basket, a paint-box, and various other things. Harry, her little brother, was, in the meantime, devoting himself to the management of a wonderful horse that he was endeavoring to ride.

"Come, darlings," said mamma, who entered at this moment, "let us thank the dear Christ-Child for His gifts."

A little crib had been prepared in an adjoining room, to bring the thought and meaning of Christmas home to the little ones. Loving and tender hands had arranged it, that it might speak more strongly to them than any words could do. Here father, mother, and children knelt, and adored their God made man. Marie and Harry looked with tearful eyes upon the little Babe lying on the cold, hard straw, and on the loving face of the Blessed Virgin, and upon the shepherds, kneeling so reverently near the manger. With loving hearts, they joined in the Christmas hymn:

"Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this."

As Marie left the room, she whispered, "Mamma, I almost wish I could have been one of the Holy Innocents who died for our Lord." Her mamma did not speak, but only prayed that such a generous love might fill her own heart.

A MAN who is rich was poor when a boy. When asked how he got rich, replied: "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day I must do that first; after that I was allowed to play. Then I could play with more pleasure than if I had an unfinished task. I formed the habit of doing everything in time. It soon became easy to do so."

THE Catholics are the largest religious and united body in the United States, and by an unjust taxation they are forced to pay for schools which injure their faith.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHILDREN in their prayers should ever remember the souls in Purgatory, and intercede for them. The earnest prayers of children, pure of heart, must be most acceptable to God, who, in His all-wise mercy, will give heed to their appeals.

THAT cold vein of unbelief in God which runs through the articles in our secular magazines, was very visible in the essays and speeches at the commencement exercises of the high and common public schools. It forebodes ill for the future of our free institutions, and the men and women who are to be our future citizens.

IF there is to be a World's Fair in New York City, in 1892, our parochial schools should prepare to send exhibits of their work there. The other schools will do so, and our schools should not be behind-hand. The occasion may prove to the enemies of our schools, that they are not as bad as they are represented to be.

IF others be satisfied with schools where the study of religion is excluded, the Catholic Church will not be. She has seen too many nations go to pieces from a lack of morality in their education, and she wisely commands her children to guard against similar disaster by becoming morally strong from the teachings of religion in the school-room.

A NO more hopeless creature exists in the world than the man or woman who has no religion for support; and that is the sort of a creature secular education is furnishing to the world year after year. It is a reversal of the old order of things, and the harm done is not visible to all eyes. When that will happen, the promoters of the present order of things will be held in contemptuous condemnation.

THE parents who send their children to Catholic schools may be certain of one thing, that their children will not be ignorant of their faith; for the teachers in our schools, besides teaching the catechism lessons, give an instruction on religion every day. And if these children should fall into sin after their school years, they will do so with a full knowledge of their wrong, and with no blame to their parents or teachers.

THEY are held in the highest admiration, who practice their faith at all times and in all its particulars. Catholic children should be trained by Catholic parents to know this, and to earn that admiration by the excellence of their faith. The labor of exciting this devotion to faith will not exceed the simple example parents can show their children in the fulfilment of every Christian duty. When Catholic parents realize the importance of the labor, and understand that their own and their children's future depends on the performance of it, they will not fail to do their full duty in that respect without being continually urged to do it.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1889.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Honest Journalism.

To state your opponent's case honestly and without misrepresentation, or prejudice, is the first requirement of fairness and honor in controversy. Unfortunately, also, it is precisely the rule which most men, however just and honorable otherwise, find it most difficult to observe. So rare is this virtue, that the great Cardinal Newman owes much of the esteem in which he is held as a controversialist, to the scrupulous and anxious fairness with which he states the position and arguments of his adversaries. It is, therefore, noteworthy to observe this liberality in a great metropolitan newspaper like the Boston Journal. The Journal appeals to, and is made for, a class of readers in the New England community, who are understood to have little in common with Catholics, so far, at least, as concerns sympathy and a desire for complete, mutual understanding. It is all the more pleasing, therefore, that the conductors of this influential and widely read newspaper exercise frequently a broad liberality and frankness in placing before its readers the Catholic side of current questions, which, from time to time, occupy public attention, and agitate the public mind. The Catholics of Boston and New England well know, that what they ask in the matters of education for their children, of the religious privileges of the Catholic inmates of public institutions, etc., is perfectly just, fair, and reasonable. They know, also, that the people of New England, in the mass, are in favor of justice, fair play, and equal rights to all citizens alike. It follows that all that is needed, is that the demands of Catholics should be *understood*. If stated fairly, fully, and calmly, so that our fellow-citizens may see their reasonableness, the good sense and justice of the community will see that right is done. We are, therefore, gratified and encouraged, when we see a paper like the Journal giving a full and ungarbled statement of the Catholic side of public questions, and allowing it to make its own legitimate impression upon its readers. Catholics hail this action as promising a better day for them. Every candid and fair-minded reader of the Journal must applaud it; and, if there are among its readers any bigots who do not approve, they will certainly be ashamed to condemn it. Truth is mighty, and will prevail. Would that all great newspapers had the fairness of the Journal, and would give the truth a chance to be heard.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

Stage-struck Young Women.

THE Holy Family, a paper for home and school, published in New Orleans, thus speaks of the dangers attending stage-struck young women: We cannot comprehend how any modest and sensible girl, or boy either for that matter, can become stage-struck. While it is true, that all going that way do not come finally to the bad, yet, it must be conceded, that, for man

or woman, a theatrical life is one fairly bristling with temptations. Certainly, where a young woman must be thrown into close association, and even contact, with actors of dissolute habits, be hugged and kissed by them, as the exigencies of modern flash plays so universally require, she has many chances against retaining her virtue. And, not only is she exposed to the devices of her associates upon the stage; but, also, every rascal about, considers her a legitimate object of attack. Catholic fathers and mothers, do not listen to a demand of this kind, should it ever come to you from son or daughter: you might as well hand them over outright to the devil. Should they persist, and go anyhow, well, they choose hell for themselves, and you, at least, are free from complicity. Dear young readers, young men and young maidens, look always upon theatrical life as one practically evil, as one in which it is almost an impossibility to save your souls; and shun it always accordingly.

Our enemies, at least, are not inactive. What are our Catholic leaders doing? Let Brother Azarias answer — that strong figure in the American church. Writing in the Catholic World on the Lessons of a Century of Catholic Education, he says: "Have not our professors been overworked? How else can we account for their sterility in literature and science? Young men and old men, in the midst of onerous duties and responsibilities, are flooding the press with original work of considerable merit, with editions of the classics, in Latin, in Greek, and in Anglo-Saxon, writing thoughtful articles for periodicals, reading papers at literary and scientific gatherings: of all these what percentage is Catholic? In Germany the professor who ceases to produce is considered a dead branch. According to this how much dry wood there must be in our Catholic colleges!"

Cabbage in Half an Hour.

For the benefit of the mothers who may think either I or the cooking-school have gone astray on the matter of cooking cabbage, I want to emphasize here the advantage of the new way over the old. I was as sceptical over the notion of cabbage being properly cooked in half an hour as any one of you can be; but my first experiment corrected me, and all who tasted this maligned vegetable, served after the new method, declared themselves surprised. Have plenty of salted, boiling water in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, plunge the cabbage in, top downward, leave it uncovered and let it boil until tender; that will be, as given in the time-table, from twenty minutes to half an hour. Take it out into a colander, drain well, put into a hot dish, put in bits of butter, some salt and pepper, and serve at once. It will be as delicate as cauliflower; the color will be retained, and there will not be an unpleasant odor over the house, such as is always associated with boiling cabbage. Try it once, and then see if the school kitchen learning has not gotten several steps in advance of your old, traditional methods.

Midnight Mass.— It is well known that in ancient times the greater feasts were preceded by vigils, which the faithful kept in church, spending the night in prayer and fasting. For grave reasons the church abolished this custom among the faithful generally, and restricted the observance of vigils, in the proper sense, to the religious orders, who sang the night office; while to the lay people a vigil is merely an ordinary fasting day. But when other vigils were abolished, that of Christmas was still preserved, and to this day, according to ancient custom, the people, in many places, meet in the church to assist at the singing of the Divine Office, and at the Sacrifice of the Mass, which is offered after midnight.

A Prize Essay on Shoemaking.

Joliet, Ill., has a happy son of Saint Crispin in John Ryan, who recently won the international prize of five hundred dollars offered by a boot and shoe journal of Boston for the best essay on boot and shoe making in all its branches. Every state in the Union contested for the prize, together with Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

We like the Australian Ballot.

Honoring a Brave Nun.

THE London Tablet says as follows: "'Sister Marie-Therese! When scarcely twenty years old, you were wounded on the battle-field of Balaclava, whilst devoting yourself to the care of the wounded. At Magenta you were again wounded in the front line of battle. After that you nursed our warriors in Syria, in China, and in Mexico. At the battle of Reichshofen you were carried wounded from the field amidst a heap of slain cuirassiers. Later on, a bombshell fell in the midst of the ambulance committed to your care. You immediately seized it, and carried it some eighty yards away from the ambulance, where it fell to the ground, and, by its explosion, wounded you seriously. After you had recovered, you followed your vocation here to Tonquin.' In such remarkable words did the governor of Tonquin, surrounded by his staff, in front of all the troops, lately address the Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy. He then bade her kneel down, and, touching her shoulder thrice with his drawn sword, added: 'In the name of the French people and army, I confer upon you the Cross for Tried Bravery. Nobody can show more heroic deeds to merit it; nobody can claim a more self-denying career, and entirely devoted to the service of his fellow-men and his fatherland. Soldiers, present arms!'"

Political Aspirations.

THE Philadelphia Times, alluding to the demoralizing effect of the popular craze for political offices, observes, very truly, that "the well-to-do farmer, mechanic, or business man, in the country, who becomes afflicted with the office craze, in most cases loses largely, and often irreparably, by the strife for public position. In the country, as in the city, the struggle for office has become so general, that candidates must devote a large portion of their time for months, and sometimes for a year or more, to political strife; and it goes without saying that the farmer, mechanic, or business man, who becomes the victim of the office craze, gradually drifts away from the industrial habits and the frugal methods, which are indispensable to success in every industrial pursuit."

Public Dancing in Germany.

THE German government has issued regulations for the management of public dances, organized for the diversion of children on national holidays. Dancing is not to be until after noon, and in no case to be continued after eight o'clock, P. M. No one but school children to join "the mazy." Boys and girls who happen to be undergoing preparation for the ceremony of Confirmation are absolutely forbidden to indulge in terpsichorean festivities. Waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, and cotillons, are forbidden. Other amusement than dancing is urgently recommended for children of tender years.

National Spirit at Coolagown.

ON the 28th of September, a sight, characteristic of the evergreen freshness of our national spirit, was to be seen in the parish of Coolagown, county Cork, Ireland. On that day, a large party, numbering about eighty persons, assembled to thresh the corn and finish the harvest operations of Mrs. Kent, of Bawnard, whose three sons were victims of the iniquitous sentences lately passed in Fermoy by Removables Gardiner and Caddell. Many willing hands soon accomplished all that was necessary to be done, and the party dispersed in the evening, giving three hearty cheers for Father O'Dwyer and his fellow parishioners.

The Irish Hierarchy.

THE Very Rev. Dr. M'Redmond, P. P., V. G., Killaloe, has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe, in succession to Dr. Ryan, recently deceased. —— Very Rev. Pete. Casey, P. P., Dungarvan, Ireland, has been appointed to the vacant Bishopric of that diocese. Father Casey was *dignior* at the election by the priests. —— The election of a Bishop of Derry took place at Derry on Oct. 2, when the voting resulted as follows: The Very Rev. J. Kearney, and also the Rev. Professor O'Brien, *dignissimus;* the Rev. Bernard McLaughlin, *dignior;* the Rev. John Keys O'Doherty, *dignus.*

THE wonder of the age is the Raven Stove Polish. No dust, no odor. Try it once, you will never have any other.

A Fiendish Act.

THE Rev. Father Kelly, of Oneida, N. Y., is seriously ill, and the circumstances connected with his illness point to a crime of murderous intent. He celebrated Mass in the church on the morning of the 8th of October, and partook of about two teaspoonfuls of the wine, when he was at once seized with great pains and a burning sensation at the stomach, which he regarded as symptoms of poisoning. He quickly retired from the altar, and, making known his situation, sent immediately to a druggist for some antidote. The emetic had the desired effect of relieving his stomach, but none too soon. A physician was summoned, and applied the best-known remedies for poison. Father Kelly was deathly sick when conveyed to his home. One of the parishioners that day went to Syracuse to have the wine in the bottle analyzed. Several tests were made, each disclosing the presence of arsenic in large quantities. The theory is that some one entered the church by means of a false key, the previous Sunday or Monday night, and put the deadly drug in the small bottle of wine left there, as arsenic was found scattered on the altar.

THE KNABE PIANO, now in existence nearly fifty years, is known all over the world for its durability and fine tone. Office, 178 Tremont street, Boston. Mr. E. W. Tyler is sole agent for New England.

Washington and Carroll.

PROF. GREGORI has completed the life-size, full-length oil painting of Archbishop Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore, and Gen. George Washington, first President of the United States, which will be placed in the new Catholic University of Washington. The paintings are now on exhibition in the College parlors at Notre Dame, Ind. Bishop Carroll is represented standing in his Episcopal dress — red cassock, rochette, surplice and stole, in the act of delivering the well-known "Address of the Catholics to Gen. Washington." He appears true to life — short in stature — the left hand extended and the right holding the manuscript of his address, while the expression of the face admirably reveals the intelligence, devotion, and patriotism which marked the career of the prelate. In the companion picture, the "Father of his Country" is also represented standing, holding in his right hand a scroll with the inscription, "Constitution of the United States, 1789." He is in the civilian dress of continental times, and appears as if addressing the people in his official capacity as President, and promising to uphold the Constitution of the newly formed Republic.

AT the funeral of Father O'Hara, in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Oct. 2, over one thousand people were unable to gain admittance. Ninety-seven priests were present. The procession was over three miles long, ten thousand people being in line.

THE last number of the American Journal of Philosophy contains a notable article on "Speech Mixture in French Canada," the author of which pays a high compliment to the French-Canadian race. "The solidarity of the Latin stock," he says, "is so extraordinary that the Anglo-Saxon invariably has to yield whenever a face-to-face struggle ensues as to the maintenance of the old Gallic race traditions, or to the conquest of broader domains for the exercise of new powers of industry and intellectual life." Of the French language, the writer believes that it is to-day as firmly established on the banks of the St. Lawrence as in the home of its birth, a result which he attributes to the rich mental gifts and the strong personality of the lower Canadian people.

THE Queen having found it impossible to comply with the desire expressed by the Chamber of Commerce, and Royal Dublin Society, that her Majesty should visit Ireland next spring, to open the National Museum of Science and Art, both the bodies named have invited the Prince of Wales to discharge this important function. The Irish Catholic, of Dublin, while of opinion that both institutions would display more self-respect if they refrained from running after royal personages, adds that the Prince of Wales, however, is a Home Ruler, and if he visits Ireland will be received with courtesy.

An Irish Hero.

THE Victoria Cross — the highest distinction given for personal bravery — has been conferred on Surgeon F. Crimmin, a young Irishman in the Indian Medical Department. In January last Dr. Crimmin served as senior medical officer in the expedition against the Karens who had invaded the Shan State of Maukma, which is under British protection. In all the dispatches of Brigadier-General Collett, C. B., who commanded the expedition, the great care and forethought displayed, under very difficult circumstances by Dr. Crimmin, for the comfort and disposal of the sick and wounded, were referred to in the highest terms of praise. Dr. Crimmin also gallantly distinguished himself on the battlefield. He attended the wounded under a heavy fire, and, at one time, while ministering to the sufferings of a disabled and helpless soldier, he was surrounded by a number of Karens, and, after a fierce struggle, in which some of the foe were killed, he succeeded, single-handed, in repulsing the band. The conduct of Dr. Crimmin was brought under notice in the proper quarter, and, in recognition of his bravery in saving the life of the wounded soldier, the Victoria Cross was conferred. Dr. Crimmin is now Acting Medical Officer of the Port of Bombay. He is the nephew of an esteemed and popular Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Dr. O'Mulloy, of Terenure, Dublin.

MISS HENRIETTA MADDEN, sister of the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, M. P., Solicitor-General for Ireland, has been admitted into the church. Miss Madden made her profession of faith in the Dominican Convent, Cabra, in which justly renowned centre of education for our Catholic young ladies she still remains.

ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM FOR MALE BLIND, DRUMCONDRA, IRE. — Rev. Bro. Bourke has returned to the above institution after an absence of more than two years in Australia. He speaks in the highest terms of the generous people of Victoria, and of the great help they gave to him in his mission on behalf of the poor Irish blind.

Dorchester's Latest Victim.

THE Catholic Columbian says: — The latest victim of the anti-Catholic policy of the Rev. Dr. Dorchester, United States Superintendent of Indian Schools, is Major Edmond Mallet, who was appointed an Indian Inspector by President Cleveland about the middle of last year. Major Mallet is a wounded veteran, who was left for dead on the field of one of the battles of the civil war. He is a member of the G. A. R. He is a Republican in politics, and has rendered service to his party, having delivered speeches in several presidential campaigns. He gave up a position in one of the Departments in Washington to accept the inspectorship offered to him by Mr. Cleveland, and has, since his appointment, proved himself a competent, faithful, and trustworthy official. But he is a Catholic. Therefore, his services to his country and to his party must be forgotten, and he must be dismissed from the government service by the bigoted Methodist minister, whom President Harrison has most unwisely entrusted with a little authority. What do Governor Foraker and the other leaders of the Republican party in Ohio think of the Administration's anti-Catholic policy?

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has informed Cardinal Gibbons that he will be unable to attend the centenary celebration at Baltimore. The Most Rev. Archbishop, it was expected, would be the celebrant of the Pontifical Mass on that occasion. The venerable prelate is over eighty-three years old, being born in Dublin on Aug. 17, 1806. He celebrates five o'clock Mass in his private chapel every morning.

MR. DAVID J. DANNAHY, for sixteen years with Robbins, Appleton & Co., Agents of the American Waltham Watch Co., and for the past seven years with Geo. H. Richards, Jr., & Co., and Mr. Jonas R. Laws, for the past eleven years with Geo. H. Richards, Jr., & Co., wish to inform their friends and the trade that they have opened an office at No. 12 West street, where they will carry a line of watches, clocks, jewelry, diamonds, silver ware, etc.

God Will Help Us.

A YOUNG Austrian and his young wife arrived at Castle Garden lately, and they had not a cent to begin their American career with. The Garden people hesitated to permit them to become a portion of the American population, and questioned them to find out what they would, or could, do if they were permitted to remain. The man said he would work at his trade. "But," questioned the commissioner, "what if you cannot find work?" The husband looked confusedly at his little wife, and she answered for him, saying, "Oh, he will get work; but if he should not, I will help him, for I can sew; I am a seamstress." The commissioner said, "But suppose you, too should fail to get work?" Then the little wife answered: "Ah, then God will help us." The commissioner replied, "But He has not an office here." And the little woman said: "Ah, He is everywhere." The young couple were permitted to remain and become portion of the American people,—although they were a portion of "the horde of ignorant foreigners," against whom the Methodist bishop, Mr. Newman, recently roared in Chicago.

The Jesuits' Estates.

THE Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, has announced that the government will pay over the four hundred and sixty thousand dollars from the Jesuits' estates, on Nov. 5th, four hundred thousand dollars to the Roman Catholic Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Quebec for the purposes of Roman Catholic superior education, and sixty thousand dollars to the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction.

SINCE the time when the Savannah, the first steamer to cross the Atlantic, made the trip in 1818 in twenty-two days down to the present day, when the City of Paris can lay claim to the proud distinction of being first in speed among the ocean steamers, a great gain has been made in the time consumed, in this passage of about three thousand miles. From twenty-two days the time has been reduced to five days eighteen hours and nineteen minutes, and there is a probability that five days will be the record in the near future.

No Irish Need Apply.

THE following are the jury empannelled to try the case of Dr. Cronin: John Culver, of Evanston, foreman, of American and English parentage, real estate man, Methodist; James Pearson, first juror accepted, American, farmer, not a church member; John L. Hall, American, draughtsman, Methodist; Charles C. Dix, American, cashier, creed not stated; Frank Allison, American, journeyman machinist, Presbyterian; Henry D. Walker, American, upholsterer, Protestant, but not a church goer; George L. Corke, American, of English parentage, drug clerk, creed not stated; William S. North, American, president Sewing-Machine company, Presbyterian; Charles E. Marlor, American, clerk, Episcopalian; Elijah Bontecou, American, salesman, creed not stated; Edward S. Bryan, American, salesman, Congregationalist; Benjamin F. Clarke, American, real estate, attends Methodist church, but is not a communicant.

Returning to the Fold.

THE church hears with deepest sorrow of any one of her members proving recreant to his faith and vows, and straying to the folds of the unbeliever, says the Catholic American. But while regret must be felt, yet prayers for those wandering ones of her fold are not left unsaid. It is comforting to see recorded, day by day, that this heavenly means never fails in the desired effect. Among those who had given scandal by their course last year was Rev. E. Proth, of the diocese of Green Bay, Wis., who joined the Old Catholic movement at Little Sturgeon, Wis. He now seeks pardon for his course, and seeks peace and happiness once more in the Faith of the True Church. His experience at this non-Catholic mission is thus given in his letter to Bishop Katzer: "I did not experience for a moment, true joy, true peace, true happiness. One brought up in the Roman Church, where light and truth can only be had, cannot find life in the iniquities of error." That other such souls who have wandered from the path of duty may see the error of their way, and return to the house of their Father, will be the prayer of all true Catholic souls.

Catholic Clubs.

THE N. Y. Freeman's Journal says: It is with pleasure that the Freeman's Journal observes the prosperity of the Catholic Club, in this city. It has just purchased six lots on Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, near Sixth avenue, for one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and upon them will be erected a handsome and commodious building costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The club has proven a grand success, and it deserves all it has won, for it has been conducted with signal ability.

Speaking of clubs: We see that the Catholic students, numbering one hundred, are trying to organize a club of their own at Yale, and that there is a bitter opposition against allowing them to do so. We hope the opposition will succeed. The students are out of place. There are many Catholic colleges as good as Yale, and some better. Those one hundred Catholic students should be in them.

THE JESUIT FATHERS still maintain their splendid reputation as men of letters and science. The list of great names which they have enrolled amongst the pioneers of knowledge is continually being swelled. Father Raeli, a member of the Order, has just completed a monumental work — a Turkish-French Dictionary, printed in Turkish and Latin characters, which has gained for him testimonials of esteem from Orientalist savants and persons of influence on all sides. The Sultan Aboul Hamid II. has signalized his appreciation of the author's labors, by conferring upon him the insignia of a Commander of the Sovereign Order of the Megedie. The dictionary is described by the learned as the most complete of its kind yet published.

THE Josephite Fathers are to build a church and school for the Catholic colored people of Wilmington, Del. Father de Ruyter is in charge of the new mission.

Why Don't You Buy

A NICE goldore watch for $2.50. See the advertisement in another part of our MAGAZINE. They are all the rage. Headquarters, 403 Washington street, Boston, up one flight.

A GREAT many Catholic young men are permitted by their parents to grow up without learning a trade, or being occupied in some business every day. Perhaps it may startle some of these parents into the consciousness of the fearful peril in which they place their sons, when they learn that in the Eastern penitentiary in Pennsylvania there are a thousand convicts, and among them only nineteen mechanics! Idleness begets crime, no matter how carefully children may be trained at home.

A Brave Daughter of Erin.

THE Royal Humane Society has given its only silver medal in the lady's class, this year, to a brave young daughter of the Emerald Isle, Miss Sarah Hackett, for a rescue effected on the 30th of July, at Shankill, near the beautiful Vale of Shanganah, celebrated in the verse of Denis Florence MacCarthy. A Miss Emmet, who cannot swim, was bathing when there was a very full tide, and a powerful receding wave carried her beyond her depth. Miss Hackett heard her cries for help, and ran twice into the water to her assistance ; but, being unable to reach her, returned, took off some clothing, and swimming out was successful at the third attempt, holding the drowning girl, despite her struggles, until a boat rescued both. Ireland has not lost its reputation for pluck. The last Victoria Cross was carried off by an Irish surgeon for his gallant conduct in Burmah.

IN our last issue we should have given credit to the Illustrated Catholic American for the engraving of Brother Patrick, and the accompanying sketch. Please hold us excused.

IN this country the German Catholics number 1,500,000, with 2,100 priests, 1,200 churches, and 145,000 children attending parochial schools.

WE call special attention to the advertisement of Messrs. W. S. Butler & Co., Tremont street, opposite the Tremont House, Boston, to be found in our MAGAZINE of this month. Those in want of bargains in their line will do well to call on them during the approaching holidays; and, in fact, throughout the ensuing year.

The New Augustinian General.

A GENERAL CHAPTER of the Augustinian Order has been held at Rome, and after some preliminary acts, proceeded on the eve of St. Michael's Day to the election of General. The choice fell upon the Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, whose election will be a source of great satisfaction to the members of the Institute all the world over. It will be especially pleasing to the Irish Province, with which the new General has had such long and such close relations. For sixteen years he has been a member of the Irish Convent of Santa Maria in Porterulu, and discharged there the responsible duties of Master of Professed and Regent of Studies, winning golden opinions from all who knew him for his piety and amiability and profound erudition. An accomplished linguist, he can enter into immediate personal relations with all his subjects, and brings broad and generous views to the administration of the high office that the confidence and love of his brethren has confided to his care. The new General is brother of the late Cardinal Martinelli, whose holiness and learning and humility were so well known. With him he lived for many years, and his character has been formed by the example and advice of that saintly man. We may hope he will bring to his new sphere of action the same prudence and the same zeal as made the Cardinal's name a benediction among all who knew him. The Most Rev. Dr. Martinelli is yet a young man, being only in his forty-second year. We wish him many years of strong and fruitful administration of that ancient Order, whose strength and vigor is best evidenced by the fact that even in these days it finds within it such a man to undertake the onerous functions of its government.

RT. REV. A. VAN DE VYVER was consecrated as Bishop of Richmond, Va., Sunday, Oct. 20, at St. Peter's Cathedral, that city. Cardinal Gibbons acted as consecrator, assisted by Bishops Kain, of Wheeling, and Haid, of North Carolina. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the University.

Inventions and Wages.

SOME paper has started the silly question, "Do Inventions decrease Wages?" Certainly they do not. On the contrary, inventions increase wages, shorten the work-day, and decrease prices. In fact, inventions constitute the only possible way by which labor can be emancipated from drudgery, long hours, and poor pay. Inventions are increasing every year, and wages are constantly advancing in all countries where they are utilized. Take calico as an example: There are persons now living who can remember when calico sold at twenty-five cents a yard. It now sells at eight cents. This great reduction in price was effected by inventions. In the meantime, wages have in no case fallen, but have advanced very greatly. A day's wages will now buy as much calico as a week's wages would fifty years ago. Calico is selected as an example, but the same facts are true as regards other manufactures.

Any one, no matter whether a laborer, a loafer, or a capitalist, who talks against invention talks against one of the very greatest material blessings that has been vouchsafed to the world, and it is astounding that any person can be found who is so ignorant or so rash as to condemn them.

THE COMMONWEALTH CLOTHING HOUSE, corner of Washington and Kneeland Streets, Boston, is one of the finest retail clothing and gentlemen's furnishing stores in New England. They carry the largest stock and greatest variety to be found in this part of the country. They are one of the largest manufacturers of clothing, and wholesale dealers in furnishing goods in the United States.

THE Dakota Catholic: May be it is news to the world that the first paper ever printed in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains was printed by the Nez Perce Indians. Father Spaulding brought them the printing-press, perhaps fifty years ago. A correspondent writes: "Do you know I saw a squaw with a sewing-machine on her back in Lewiston last week? She went down to the river with it, put it in her canoe, and away she paddled up the Shoshone river all alone, up toward the great black mountains."

CARDINAL MANNING'S habits of life are said to be conducted with a regularity that rivals the exactness of a railway time-table. His chief meal is in the middle of the day, when he takes one chop; but the principal articles in his dietary comes from a little farm he has in the country, whence he receives milk, cream, butter, and most of his fruit and vegetables. The Cardinal's faculties and sympathies are not in the least dulled by age, and his memory is remarkable. His library is crowded with books, not only the walls being concealed by laden shelves, but even the middle of the room is so taken up with book-cases that there is barely space to pass between them. The Cardinal knows the whereabouts of every volume, and can lay his hand on any book he wants at a moment's notice. This apartment is his workshop and living room, and owing to his decreased vitality he usually has a blazing fire here, no matter what the season. His labors among the dockers during the strike were a great strain upon his strength, and he could hardly have borne the burden of mediator much longer.

Everybody Drinks Lithia Water.

HYGIEA Lithia Water cures gout, rheumatism, and Bright's disease of the kidneys, dyspepsia, and general debility. Try it, try it, everybody.

ANY of our readers, in want of baskets, club bags, or hosiery, of any description, or small wares of every description, we recommend them to call at Messrs. Brine & Norcross' reliable stores, 17 and 18 Tremont row, corner of Pemberton square and Tremont street, and 660 and 662 Washington street, Boston. If you want bargains, or Christmas and New Year's presents for your friends, we say you cannot be suited better anywhere else in Boston, for they are, truly and honestly, reliable stores, and they keep everything, from a needle to an anchor, for sale, at the very lowest prices.

THE CLARENDON HOTEL, kept by F. S. Risteen, Esq., 523 Tremont, between Berkeley and Clarendon Streets, Boston, is one of the best and most central hotels in the city for families or business men. It is, in every respect, equal to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, of New York. It has been greatly improved by recent alterations and new furnishings; its prices are moderate, and its proprietor, Mr. Risteen, is one of the best known men in Boston, and knows how to keep a hotel.

Early German Settlers.

THE New York Catholic News: The first German emigrant to Philadelphia landed there, Oct. 6, 1683, and the event was duly commemorated on a banner in a recent procession in that city. New York can go further back. Jacob Leisler, a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, arrived in New Netherland about 1660, became a prosperous merchant, and, in 1680, on the fall of James II., made himself governor of New York. He was one of the earliest German emigrants here, and, by all odds, the most prominent. His tragic end makes a most dramatic incident in the early history of New York. He was fanatically hostile to Catholics, and instigated the Indians to attack Canada, where they massacred hundreds of unfortunate French settlers at Lachine.

HON. M. M. CUNNIFF, through his sister, Mrs. Thomas Gaffney, has presented to the new Boston College Building one thousand dollars. Next? Mr. Cunniff some time ago offered to give one thousand dollars if nine other persons would contribute one thousand each. There being no response, Mr. Cunniff sent his subscription as above. Rich men and women, you cannot make a better investment than by recording your names on the roll of honor in Boston College.

IN a few weeks Mr. Gladstone will reach his eightieth birthday, and in the new year he will attain the age at which Lord Palmerston, with greatly inferior vigor, held the office of Prime Minister.

The T & B Smoking Tobacco

Is all the go, wherever you go, both in the United States and Canada. The agents, Messrs. Mark A. Torrey & Co., India street, Boston, are the sole agents for the New England states.

One of the Greatest Wonders

OF the world is to know where all the furniture goes to, that leaves the large establishment of Messrs. B. A. Atkinson & Co., 827 Washington street, Boston. *Teams*, loading and unloading, every hour of the day, and every day in the week, the same *rush*, *rush*, *rush*. Their establishment is equal to five ordinary stores, and covers acres and acres of grounds, and everything that is needed in the house-furnishing line, can be procured at the very lowest prices, *cash*, or instalments. Stoves, ranges, ice chests, baby carriages, tables, chairs, sofas, lounges, mirrors, desks, side-boards, bedding of all kinds, shades, draperies, lamps, pictures, crockery and glass ware, everything, everything, and Mr. B. A. Atkinson himself is really a man of the people—kind, civil, and obliging—and is well worthy of being at the head of the firm.

The New England Pianos,

MANUFACTURED by the New England Piano Co., whose office, in Boston, is at 157 Tremont street, and, in New York, 98 Fifth Avenue, has still the *lead*, and a rapid sale, all over the country, for tone and action are unsurpassed; for standing in tune, they are unrivalled. They are thoroughly reliable, fully guaranteed, and sold at a very moderate price. All lovers of music will be pleased with them, and every house, that is properly furnished, should have in it a New England Piano.

THE Benedictine Brothers are having plans made for the convent and monastery at Peoria, Ill., to cost four hundred thousand dollars. The building will be five hundred by four hundred feet, three stories high with basement, and will be pressed brick and stone.

THREE cheers for the Australian Ballot!

Everybody Should Smoke

THE Irwin ten-cent cigar. They are world-renowned, and superior to anything ever offered in the markets of this country; the "Los Doctores" brand is the leading cigar of the world; nothing superior to it.

Those 'Orrid Jesu-ites.

FATHER STEPHEN ZIMMERMANN, a Hungarian Jesuit, who has spent the last few years as a missionary in Central Africa, on the Zambaze, and who was supposed to have died, now writes that, after a perilous journey, he has safely arrived at Lisbon, where he is negotiating with the Portuguese government for support to his mission. In a letter to a Hungarian bishop, he gives a vivid description of slavery in Africa, and states that he has written a Prayer-Book in the Caffre language, which was printed by the Trappists in Natal, while three other works of his, in the same vernacular, will be published at Lisbon.

The Jesuit Fathers still maintain their splendid reputation as men of letters and science. The list of great names which they have enrolled amongst the pioneers of knowledge is continually being swelled. Father Joseph Reali, a member of the Order, has just completed a monumental work—a Turkish-French dictionary, printed in Turkish and Latin characters, which has gained for him testimonies of esteem from Orientalist *savants* and persons of influence on all sides. The Sultan Aboul Hamid II. has signalized his appreciation of the author's labors, by conferring upon him the insignia of a Commander of the Sovereign Order of the *Megedie*. The dictionary is described by the learned as the most complete of its kind yet published.

ACCORDING to the latest annual returns of the British army, the strength of the army, at the end of 1888, was higher than it has been in any year since 1869, its exact strength being 211,105 men. Of this number, 26,985 were kept in Ireland during the year, being the largest number maintained there for twenty years, save in the year 1882, when it was 28,164. The number of Irishmen (born in Ireland) in the army, in 1888, was 30,297, against 55,583 in 1868. The number of Catholics in the army, at the end of 1888, was 39,126, or 194 per thousand.

EVERYBODY should read the story of the Irish in Boston. Messrs. Jas. B. Cullen & Co., publishers, 506 Washington street, Boston, fill orders from all parts of the country for the book.

Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York & Cin.

TWO SPIRITUAL RETREATS FOR SISTERS. By the Rev. Ev. Zollner. Translated and adapted with the permission of the author, by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O. S. B. Price, $1.

This little volume, says the translator, aims to supply only what is most difficult to all in a retreat. Glancing over the meditations, it will be seen that they convey instructions upon all matters bearing upon the ordinary course of convent life.

Diepenbrock & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

A CHAPLET OF VERSE. By California Catholic writers. Edited by Rev. D. O. Crowley and Charles Anthony Doyle.

Some of the poems in this book do credit to the authors. There are fifty-nine poems, by nineteen writers. In the language of Agnes M. Manning —

> Go, little book, out on the world,
> Like a frail bark upon the sea;
> In storms may all thy sails be furled,
> Full spread when south winds follow thee.
>
> May friendly critics, near and far,
> Guide thee through seas all tempest hurled;
> With hope for thy true northern star,
> Go, little book, out on the world!

G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

THE STORY OF BOSTON: A STUDY OF INDEPENDENCY. By Arthur Gilman, M. A., author of The Story of Rome, etc., etc. Illustrated with portraits, maps, etc. For sale in Boston by W. B. Clarke & Co., 340 Washington St.

To the Bostonian this is a souvenir of valuable information. The book is gotten up in excellent style, as are all the publications of this respectable house.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC. Seventh year. Price 25 cts.

This welcome annual visitor is full of good, useful matter, and is profusely illustrated. The frontispiece is worth the price of the almanac. Should be in every family. See advertisement for full particulars.

THE ART OF PROFITING BY OUR FAULTS, according to St. Francis de Sales. By Rev. Joseph Tissott, Missionary of St. Francis de Sales. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Price, 60 cents.

This book is highly recommended by many of the bishops of France. The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons says: "I cannot extol too highly the special end of your book; and among the flowers which abound in the garden of this great guide of souls, you could not have make a choice better suited to the daily needs of those who sincerely wish to love and serve God."

THE HYMN BOOK of The New Sunday-School Companion. Being the melodies and accompaniments of the Mass, Vespers, and Hymns contained in The New Sunday-School Companion. The above compilation is complete in itself, although designed as a supplement to another work previously issued. It consists of 96 well-printed pages of hymns for all occasions, as well as an excellent Music Mass specially adapted for children's voices, as well as a Requiem Mass, and also complete Vespers. We commend the work to Sunday-Schools, as well as to all others desiring a fine collection of hymns. It is sold at the very low price of 35 cents per copy.

T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A story of Kilcarrick. By Victor O'Donovan Power. Price 25 cents.

The London Tablet says of this book: "If the reader desires a thoroughly Irish novel, written by an Irishman, in a simple and natural style, without tall talk or dictionary words, full of sensational surprises and moving accidents by shingly beach and inland plateau, he has only to read Bonnie Dunraven. . . . Perhaps Mr. O'Donovan Power is hitherto unknown to the public, but after Bonnie Dunraven he will not remain unknown to fame. . . . There is quite enough in his book to prove his ability as a novelist, and to bring in an instalment of the true romancer's reputation. . . . The descriptions of scenery in the tale are masterly. . . . But powerful and lovely as the descriptions of natural scenery are, they yield to the painting of the inward conflicts of the human heart. . . . We shall be surprised if Bonnie Dunraven be not ultimately brought upon the stage. . . . Unquestionable advantages of style, taste, language, and conception, such as belong to no novelist of inferior class. . . . Altogether we have read the story with great pleasure, and have praised it simply because we could not do otherwise."

Boston School Supply Co. John A. Boyle, Man.

NOTES OF LESSONS FOR YOUNG TEACHERS. With models from actual examination papers. By John Taylor. 16mo. Cloth. 50c.

The author has served many of the best years of his life as principal of a large school. He has trained many who are now serving the cause of education successfully and honorably, and the methods he tested and found most valuable to them have been embodied in this little manual.

PAMPHLETS.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CARROLL INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This institute has been in existence sixteen years. "Truth and Duty," is the motto, which seems to be well carried out. There is a library, reading and amusement rooms, literary exercises, Catholic interests, etc. The institute owns its buildings, and the financial condition is satisfactory. Henry W. Sohon is the president.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHAMPIONS OF AGRARIAN SOCIALISM: A Refutation of Emile Lovelege and Henry George. By Rev. Victor Cathrein, S. J. Translated, revised, and enlarged by Rev. J. Z. Heinzie, S. J., president of Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Published by Peter Paul & Bro., Buffalo, N. Y.

This is a pamphlet of 125 pages. The subjects are divided into seven chapters. The labor advocates and speakers, and the followers of George, should study this brochure and learn some things to their advantage.

PROF. M. GAUTHIER'S little book, French at a Glance, is the best thing of the kind we have ever seen. For twenty-five cents you can get a practical knowledge of the French language in a very short time.

THE Catholic Church property in St. Louis, Mo., is valued at just double that of the other denominations. Catholics have forty-six churches there valued at seven million dollars, while all the other leading denominations — Methodists, Presbyterians, Evangelical and Lutheran — have eighty-one churches, valued at three million five hundred thousand.

VERY REV. F. A. SPENCER, Prior of St. Joseph's, Somerset, Perry Co., O., has been elected Provincial of the Dominican Order in America.

The Archbishop of Kingston, Canada.

WE will give hereafter a brief sketch of the life and labors of Archbishop Cleary. In his address to the convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, he referred to the struggle of the Irish people for the right of self-government. "We never gave up, nor will we give up the fight," he said, "and may God allow the day to come that Ireland will be a nation. No English rule, no Balfour, no Governor-General of Canada, and no power on the face of God's world can stamp Irish sentiment out of the Irish heart. He had upheld it, and will uphold it, even if the breath had to leave his body. Englishmen say that the Irish are not capable of managing a nation; that they have no brains; that they have no judgment; but let such people come to America, to New York, or to any of the most thriving places on this earth, and they will find the most prominent and leading men Irishmen. Give them a chance. They are full of genius, and all they want is fair play." In our next MAGAZINE we will give a brief biography of the Bishop, with a portrait.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P., contributes to the Contemporary Review an article on the Irish University question, in which he says there is not a single Nationalist ecclesiastic in Ireland who would compromise with the Tory Government for the sake of any university education measure. We will print Mr. McCarthy's letter in our next issue.

The Church.

FATHER ELLIOT beautifully compares the church to the light of the sun, which being reflected from the emerald, the ruby, and the diamond, assumes in each case a different hue, though itself always remaining the same; or to a beautiful piece of music, which, when played on different instruments, though itself the same always, assumes different characteristics — as when played on the violin it is pleasing; when on the organ, majestic; on the flute, soft and mellow, etc. So with the church; though always unchanging in her essence, she adapts herself to all nations and to all forms of government.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

WE record with sincere regret the death of the Rev. Eugene J. Vygen, rector of St. Mary's of the Visitation, Putnam, Conn., which occurred almost suddenly on Sunday, Oct. 20. Father Vygen was a scholarly, pious, and laborious priest, who will be remembered in the Catholic history of New England as one of the most devoted workers in the cause of Catholic education. He celebrated his silver jubilee, amid the rejoicings of his parishioners and friends, last Easter Monday. Father Vygen was ordained March 30, 1864, in the town of Beermen, Holland. He had volunteered for the American Mission, and, on his arrival in New England, went at once to Willimantic. At that time there were but three Catholic churches in the county of Windham, twenty miles square; now there are eleven. Father Vygen was soon appointed resident pastor of Putnam. At that time two thirds of his congregation were French-Canadians. The church was a miserable frame structure, and one acre of poor land was the sum total of the church property. Father Vygen, seconded by his faithful people, who appreciated the zealous young priest from the outset, provided in quick succession a cemetery, a rectory, a monument for the first priest who had ever ministered to the Putnam Catholics, a new church, a convent and academy, and a parochial school; all the schools in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. The church was barely completed when it was destroyed by fire. A temporary church was quickly erected. Father Vygen is deeply mourned by all residents of Putnam.

REV. THOMAS DAVIN, who was, at the time of the great Johnstown flood, pastor of St. Columba's Church, Cambria City, was conspicuous during that memorable calamity, by his deeds of charity and heroism. He was ever present to administer consolation to the dying, and help and relief to the suffering and destitute. As we stated at the time, while the robbing of the dead bodies was going forward, Father Davin remonstrated with one of the barbarians, but was rewarded by a kick. From the effects of this injury, which he bore at the time with Christian patience, he never recovered. He left Johnstown Sept. 16, for Manitou Springs, Colorado, in the hope of recuperating his impaired health. These hopes, alas! proved groundless. He did not improve, but began to grow weaker and weaker. At length, death put an end to his sufferings, at Denver, on Tuesday, Sept. 24. His body was brought to Cambria City, where the funeral services over his remains took place the Monday following, at his Church of St. Columba. Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, with a large number of clergymen, were in attendance. May his soul rest in peace! Rev. Father Davin was born in county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1848. He came to this country, and was ordained a priest in St. Michael's Seminary, this city, in 1873. He successively acted as pastor of Johnstown, North Oakland, and other places, being at last sent as pastor to Cambria City. He leaves one sister, Stella, the only member of the family residing in this country. It will be remembered, also, that Father Davin extended to the Pittsburgh papers, a kind and affable hospitality, when they had much difficulty to find a resting place. This, they appreciated, and he was highly popular among them.

SISTERS.

SISTER MARTHA SETON, of the Sisters of Charity, who died at the house of that order in Frederick, Md., on Wednesday, Oct. 8, was one of the oldest living members of the Sisterhood. At the time of her death she was ninety-four years old, having entered the order and taken her vows at Georgetown at the age of eighteen. Seventy-six years of her life were spent in the work of her holy and use-

ful calling. On Thursday, the 9th inst., the remains of the venerable religieuse were laid at rest in the quiet little cemetery on the mountain-side, connected with Mt. St. Joseph's Academy. Sister Martha Seton was the daughter of the late Ezra Dadisman, of Frederick. During her long career of devotion and sacrifice, she served as nurse through a number of epidemics, and on the battle-fields of the late war. Her life was one long chapter of noble and heroic deeds. May she rest in peace.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE death, in his eighty-eighth year, of Dr. Adrien, of Oldtown, Balbriggan, recalls the fact that the deceased physician was the son of Dr. Adrien, who attended Lord Edward Fitzgerald in Newgate Prison, when the brave but ill-fated commander of the United Irish military organization was carried thither, wounded, to die, in 1798. The late Dr. Adrien's father was the prison doctor in Newgate, and lived at the time in what is now the Royal Irish Academy, in Dawson street, that place being then his private residence. He was also Lord Edward's private physician, and was himself a United Irishman, but very few were aware of the fact.

THE death of Count John Nicholas Murphy, author of Terra Incognita and The Chair of Peter, occurred at Clifton, Montenotte county, Cork, on Sept. 11th. Count Murphy had attained the ripe old age of seventy-three years. Though not very active politically, he was a prominent citizen of Cork, benefiting the poor by his charities and labors. He was at one time president of the Cork District of St. Vincent de Paul Society, and he filled the office of mayor for a term. His literary, like his public labors, were of religious purpose. Terra Incognita, is a defence of the conventual establishments against the bigots, of whom the late Mr. Newdegate was leader and prophet; and The Chair of Peter is a historical defence of the Holy See. It was for this work that he was rewarded by the title of Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Within the sphere to which he limited his energies, he did work that entitled him to the respect and remembrance of his fellow-citizens.

MISS ANN MCCOLGAN, an amiable and charitable lady, sister of the venerable Mgr. McColgan, died at her home in Baltimore, Md., on the 8th of October, aged ninety-eight years. The funeral took place on the 10th, from St. Peter's Church, of which Mgr. McColgan is pastor.

A Venerable Prelate.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., commemorated the forty-ninth anniversary of his ordination as a priest, in the old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott street, Oct. 18th, 1840. Archbishop, then Bishop Hughes, was the officiating prelate. Rev. Edward O'Neill and Rev. Francis Coyle were raised to the prelacy at the same time as Bishop Loughlin. Both these and Archbishop Hughes are now dead. He has ruled his diocese with the greatest success. At the time of his accession there were in it about twenty churches and two orphan asylums. During Bishop Loughlin's administration fourteen new brotherhoods and sisterhoods have been established, and the churches and chapels have increased to a wonderful extent. To-day the Roman Catholic diocese of Brooklyn boasts of nearly two hundred priests, one hundred and eighteen churches, forty-five chapels and stations, one theological seminary, two colleges, twenty academies and select schools, fifty free parish schools, sixteen asylums, four hospitals, and numerous other institutions devoted to works of beneficence or the cultivation or instruction of the Roman Catholics of the diocese. There are twenty-five thousand children attending parish schools. Population three hundred thousand.

THE year is nearly closed, and we again urge our delinquent subscribers to pay us what they owe. We are closing our books, and a prompt settlement would greatly oblige us.

WHAT is a bad Catholic? A bad Catholic is a man or woman, who, while professing membership of the Catholic Church, pays no attention to its rules or spirit.

How to Enjoy the Long Evenings.

A THOROUGHLY enjoyable evening can be had with the new game, called "The Race for the Presidency." It is played on a folding-board in brilliant colors, which is, in itself, a beautiful, as well as an instructive, thing. Portraits of all our presidents, from Washington to Harrison, appear on the borders of the board, and, in the centre, there are correct views of the United States Senate chamber, and of the White House, surmounted by trophies of our national flag. The list of the forty-two states is printed in the middle of the board, and the electoral vote of each is given opposite to its name. The first stages of the game are taken up with a competitive race for a mayor's chair, a governor's chair, and a congressman's chair. Then follows a race for the United States Senate, and the grand climax is reached in a struggle between the players to carry each of the forty-two states; the side which first scores two hundred and eight votes out of the total four hundred and fourteen in the electoral college, elects its man president, and so wins the game. The playing is done with a pack of forty-eight cards, numbered variously from one thousand to ten thousand, and bearing pictorial representations of familiar political scenes. It is a decided novelty in parlor games, and has the merit of being not only amusing and exciting, but of imparting a great deal of useful information as to the way we choose our presidents. All the leading toy stores have it (price $1), and it will be sent, express prepaid, to any address in New England, on receipt of $1.25, by the Reed Toy Company, Leominster, Mass.

"I'm a Four-Hundred-Dollar Bird."

PROBABLY the most valuable parrot in Atlanta, Ga., is one owned by a conductor on the West Point railroad. It is worth four hundred dollars. Its owner has been offered that price for his bird, but refused to take it. The parrot is a fine African gray, and is an excellent talker. When you go about him, he first regards you critically, cocks his head to one side, winks one eye at you slyly, and says: "I'm a four-hundred-dollar bird."

Mother and Child.

SHE was an ordinary mother, having an ordinary pride in her pretty baby. "Whist, alanna," she whispered, softly, as she entered one of our dry goods establishments. But the baby wouldn't "whist," nor would he offer any explanation for the exercise he was giving his lungs. She timidly approached one of the young gentlemen clerks, and asked to see some towelings. The conversation leading to the sale of three yards of "crash" was frequently interrupted by the baby. "There, there, asthore," she said, in a tenderly subdued tone, at the same time giving the little one a gentle, rocking, swaying motion, to quiet it. "Leave the baby cry, madame," said the affable, smiling clerk; "it will make him good looking." A light came into the mother's eye; it was like a flash, with a pleasing twinkle in it, replied: "Wisha thin, God knows 'twas a pity, but they didn't let you cry a little."

A Munificent Philanthropist.

A MAGNIFICENT orphanage has just been opened at Innsbruck, Austria. It has been built and endowed wholly at the expense of a private philanthropist, Herr von Sieberer, who gave one million florins for the purpose. Herr von Sieberer has refused to accept any decoration, or other official reward, for his generosity. His orphanage was opened, however, by Archduke Charles Louis and Count Taaffe.

Messrs. Curtis & Weld,

10 Hayward Place, Boston, are the oldest costumers in the New England States. Everything in the theatrical line can be furnished by them. Badges, ball and society regalia, made to order, at short notice.

A Good Education.

YOUNG and middle-aged men and women, who require a complete and thoroughly practical business or stenographic education, with the very best advantages, and moderate terms, can obtain the same at French's Business College, 167 Tremont street, Boston. It is one of the oldest, and most reliable in the city. Students are received any time throughout the year.

Cornwallis' Day.

CONCORD, Mass., Oct. 19th, 1889. It was on the nineteenth day of October, 1781, that General Washington compelled Lord Cornwallis to surrender his army of eight thousand men, Washington besieging Yorktown at that time. Cornwallis, who is regarded as the ablest of the British generals of the war, was appointed governor-general of India in 1805, and his death occurred in India on the 5th of October of the same year. "Cornwallis' day," with certain people has been celebrated to a more or less extent at intervals since that time. To-day a most delightful excursion was enjoyed by some one hundred members of the association known as the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, to this historic locality. The president of this society is Hon. Charles H. Saunders, of Cambridge, and it was organized early in the present year. One of its members is Oliver L. Wheeler, of Ashby, who is ninety-four years of age. With the excursion of to-day is included the semi-annual meeting. The party arrived in Concord early in the forenoon, where carriages were in waiting. These being taken, such historic spots of interest were visited as Merriam's Corner, Hawthorne's Old Manse, Emerson's house, the Unitarian Church, in which the Continental Congress met for several days in 1775; Wright's Tavern, where Major Pitcairn stirred a glass of brandy with his bloody finger; Antiquarian House, the Old North Bridge, the "Minute Man," Free Public Library and Sleepy Hollow cemetery, where lie the remains of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Alcott, a renewed interest being manifested at the cemetery on account of the recent desecration of the grave of Emerson. All these places having been visited, the party tarried for a brief time at the "Battle Lawn," residence of Mr. Edwin S. Barrett. Dinner was served in the town hall. The party returned to Boston in the evening.

This is the last issue of our magazine for 1889. *Subscribers who owe for the year will please send us their subscription at their earliest convenience.*

DR. MORGAN GRACE, of New Zealand, brother of ex-Mayor Grace of New York city, has been raised to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Count Grace is now travelling in Europe, and will visit Ireland, where he was born. He is a man of splendid attainments as a scholar, an original and practical thinker, and a distinguished member of the New Zealand government.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

A NEW Catholic mission is about to be founded at Nassau, New Providence, under the auspices of the Archbishop of New York, to whose jurisdiction the Bahama Islands belong. Nassua is the capital and is further important as a winter resort for invalids. There is also a garrison there; but the majority of the resident population is said to be composed of blacks and wreckers, among whom exists such wretchedness, ignorance, and depravity that the good Sisters of Charity from the New York foundling asylum, who are going out to establish their mission, feel that they are entering upon a very wide field of usefulness.

Important to the Clergy.

Having agents in all the principal book centres of Europe, amongst which are Leipsic, Paris, London, Rome, and Madrid, Mr. Schoenhof has excellent facilities to procure books not in stock promptly and at lowest prices. *Works for church libraries free of duty.* Send for Catalogues. Subscription Agency for Foreign Periodicals.

CARL SCHOENHOF,

FOREIGN BOOKSELLER AND IMPORTER,

144 Tremont Street, Boston.

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A Relative of Franklin's.

FATHER FAIRBANKS, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Milwaukee, and author of A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land, is, perhaps, the only priest in America who is a relative of a signer of the Declaration of American Independence, says the Milwaukee Citizen. His mother's name, before marriage, was Franklin. Her grandfather, who was the youngest son of a large family, and who died in New York in 1835, at the age of eighty years, was a cousin of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, statesman and philosopher, and a signer of the Declaration of American Independence. Although Dr. Franklin was a non-Catholic, he was an intimate friend of Dr. Carroll, of Carrollton, and of Father Carroll, and being ambassador to a great Catholic nation, France, he chiefly influenced the appointment of Father Carroll as first bishop of Baltimore, in 1789.

Parnell's Advice.

MR. PARNELL has written to Mr. Sexton asking him to act as his representative at the convention on the opening of the new tenants' defence league in Tipperary, and to lay his views before the convention. He says that his health will not permit him to cross the channel. He advises that the movement be limited to defensive action. Special regard, he said, must be paid to these points: First, the duty of protecting tenants against the landlords' conspiracy, thus ensuring to the tenants the benefits which Parliament intended; second, the assertion of the rights of freedom of speech and of public meeting; third, the vindication of the rights of tenants to the same facilities for combining and organizing that have been secured to English workmen by trades union enactments.

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CIDER,
OAK GROVE FARM BOTTLING.
Finest in Years.
Also in Barrels and Kegs.
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52 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON:
SPECIALISTS in the correction of visual defects with lenses. Persons under twenty-five years of age should never allow themselves to be fitted with spectacles except by an expert Optician; no cases too complicated for us.
DR. B.F. HATHAWAY, DR. W. H. DRAPER.
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$16 FOR
THE CHICAGO SINGER
Sewing Machine.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

To any person, man, woman or child, who will send us $16 for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for one year, we will give the above Sewing Machine.

Mary Immaculate.

Amid this chill December gloom,
When flowers sleep in the darkling tomb,
Ere yet the gleam of Christmas gladness,
Breaks for a while the winter's sadness,
Beams out a ray,
Spring-like to-day;
Opes a white flower,
Glad for the hour;
Rings up a cry,
Clear to the sky,
Mary Immaculate.

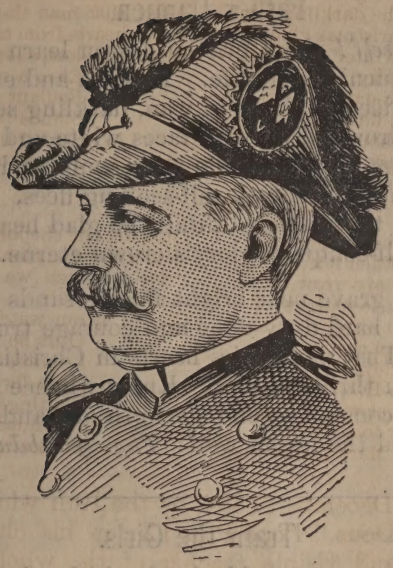
'Twas thus when first the hapless pair,
Driven in shame from Eden fair,
Seeing adown the years of sorrow,
Labor to-day, and death to-morrow,
Found in the word,
Spoke by the Lord,
Hope of reprieve —
Woman, like Eve,
Saved from her woe,
Crushing her foe,
Mary Immaculate.

So in this hour of darkest night,
Alas! that man should boast its light!
When hearts from truth and beauty turning
With nameless, shameless fires are burning,
Rises a star,
Radiant afar;
Stands forth a Pope,
Strong in his hope;
Flings to the world,
Banner unfurled,
Mary Immaculate.

Ours are the shepherds' eyes that weep,
'Mid gathering gloom the wandering sheep;
Priests though we be, our hearts grow weary,
Chilled by our watch this winter dreary:
Ours be to-day
Courage to pray,
That through the night,
Waiting for light,
Our hope may be
Constant to Thee,
Mary Immaculate.

On the 8th of December, 1854, by the Bull which begins with the words "Ineffabilis Deus," Pope Pius IX., in his character of Vicar of Christ upon earth and visible teacher of the whole church, solemnly declared and defined: "That the doctrine which holds 'that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of her conception, by a singular grace of the Omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved immaculate from the stain of sin,' has been revealed by God, and, therefore should be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful." By this doctrine is meant that at the moment of her passive conception, namely, at the instant when her soul was infused in her body, she was sanctified by God's grace, so that her soul, from her first creation, was never displeasing to God, was preserved from original sin, and never stained by it; all through the merits of the only Mediator of Salvation, Jesus Christ. The prophet Jeremias and St. John the Baptist were sanctified before their birth, but their souls, up to the moment of sanctification, were stained by original sin. Mary's soul was never under the stain of original sin. This doctrine has always been held and taught in the Church of God, and feasts in honor of the conception of the Virgin were celebrated in the Greek Church in the sixth century, in Spain in the eighth, in the British Isles in the eleventh; Clement XI., 1700, extended the feast to the entire Church; Pope Pius IX., Dec. 18th, 1854, declared the doctrine to be one of Catholic faith: and the second Council of Baltimore, 1868, chose the Blessed Virgin, under the title "Immaculate Conception," to be the patroness of the church in the United States.

Few souls understand what God would work in them if they put themselves completely into his hands and let His grace act. — *St. Ignatius.*



MR. P. J. RILEY.

A Prominent Irishman.

Is there a man in Boston, in all the walks of its patriotic and beneficial societies, its business, its genial and paternal aspects, who knows P. J. Riley of Malden, will not say that, all in all, his superior as a noble-hearted, humane, level-headed, public-spirited man, is not to be found in the Hub.

A few years ago when General P. A. Collins was in Ireland, he was presented by Parnell's Secretary, Mr. Harrington, with an Irish cane, to be given to the best Irishman in America. Collins' opinion was that P. J. Riley should have it, as he was the most splendid type of an Irish-American known to him.

Mr. Riley has been connected, for a number of years, with the great Clothing House of A. SHUMAN & Co., Cor. Washington and Summer Sts., who are the pioneers in importing IRISH WOOLENS to this country, and who are the largest dealers in these reliable fabrics in the United States.

He is a firm believer in the stability and superiority of IRISH WOOLENS, and enthusiastic in aiding Ireland's home industries, and attends to the manufacturers' stock of Irish goods imported by the Messrs. Shuman to this country.

Father Damien.

SUBDUE *thyself!* this Christian lesson learn
From Damien's noble life. In sloth and ease
Are men deep sunk, as in wan, darkling seas,
Where the drowned lie with faces white and stern,
Strong victors they who rule their souls, and yearn
To live the life that all self-seeking flees,
And from the passions' thrall the glad heart frees:
Aye wins self-conquest glory's crown eterne.

The Leper's grave near bright Pacific sands
Speaks of hard duty done and courage true.
Damien! That name stirs hearts in Christian lands
As clarion thrills in war. Know whence he drew
His daring, constancy, and strength of hands —
He learned the lesson well: *Thyself subdue.*

W. M., in Irish Monthly.

Train the Girls.

WHEN a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform, according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket-money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as her mother may decide; and, doing this under her mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older, these household duties should be increased, with the proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divided the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or a daughter who feels that she has to do it, with nothing to encourage or stimulate her in her work.

HAD TO CRY: — "What are you crying for, my boy?" — "I got licked by the teacher." — "Well, it does no good to cry." — "Huh! How can you expect a boy that's whaled not to blubber?"

SIGHT is a great blessing; but there are times and places in which it is far more blessed not to see. — *Father Faber.*

TO THE EDITOR OF DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—In your issue for November, Mr. R. F. Farrell asks "Who is Father J. B. Tornitori anyway?" with a special reference to my use of his name. In reply, I would say that my statement was chiefly founded on a remembrance of the following extract, which appeared in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, vol. vii., page 394:—

The first man who reached land from Columbus's ship, is believed to have been an Irishman. Father John Baptist Tornitori, in the seventeenth century, wrote a book about Columbus's voyage, a copy of which is preserved in the University Library of St. Louis. In this book it is related that when the small boat touched the land of San Salvador, one of the crew, wishing to be the first ashore, jumped overboard, and waded to the beach. "His name was Partritius Maguiras," —Patrick Maguire.

The above is an exact copy of the paragraph, which, I presume, is from the pen of some person, having the benefit of documents inaccessible to me.

A short time previous to McGee's Illustrated Weekly having its name changed to Redpath's Weekly, there appeared in it a poem on this subject, written, I think, by the Rev. James Boyle or O'Boyle. Perhaps some subscriber will kindly look at his files about 1880 or 1881, and favor us with the result; or, if this should catch the eye of the reverend gentleman, perhaps he could give us a direct reference. J. W. O'R.

Clothing for the Million.

ONE of the finest clothing houses in Boston, is Messrs. Spitz Brothers and Mork, corner of Washington and Bedford streets. They have acres of ground covered with clothing of every description, for old men, young men, and boys, and they sell everything so low that it is a surprise and a delight to those in want of clothing of any kind to call on them. It is actually astonishing to see the amount of business they do, both wholesale and retail, in all their various departments, and they are worthy of patronage.

The English on Home Rule.

UNITED IRELAND, of Dublin, says: "The one thing perfectly certain is, that the British electors are now thoroughly convinced of the necessity of granting the Irish people Home Rule, and that no side-winds, no matter from what quarter fanned, — and it must be remembered that these elections took place in the midst of the contretemps sought to be created over the Catholic University question, and the Irish vote on the Royal grants, — can shake them from their purpose. It is plain that the Irish people have only got to do their part, as well as the English people, to carry the field hands down, whenever the day of reckoning arrives."

THE sound of the solemn organ brought thoughts of love to many hearts, when, on Oct. 17th, at the Cathedral, moved the small procession bearing the remains of William T. Clary to the altar. A noiseless locomotive, and a man before it, — two crushed legs, — twelve hours of agony, — then death. Such was the story of Mr. Clary's death, at Wareham, on Sunday evening, Oct. 13th. Rev. Father Boland celebrated the Requiem Mass, and J. Frank Donahoe presided at the organ. The deceased was forty years and six months old. He had filled the position of salesman most satisfactorily for some years at the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., and also with Mr. Toole, clothier, at Middleboro. At the time of his death, with his mother and sisters, he was keeping a hotel at Wareham. It is hard to direct the pen when we write the thought of those we love, whom death from us severed; and to know genial Willie Clary was to love him. A heart-broken mother, bereaved sisters, and sympathetic friends he left behind.

Leave him to God who reigneth,
Mother, sister, friend,
With a spirit that uncomplaineth,
And a prayer to meet in the end.

J. R.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

my 90

A. M. DAM, M. D.,

THE ACKNOWLEDGED EXPERT IN THE TREATMENT OF CHRONIC DISEASES, CAN BE CONSULTED FREE OF CHARGE AT HIS OFFICE, 405 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, FROM 1 TO 6 P. M. (FRIDAYS EXCEPTED). SUNDAYS FROM 11 A. M. TILL 2 P. M.

DR. A. M. DAM is a graduate of the regular school of medicine, University of New York. His practice brings him in contact, daily and yearly, withhundreds and thousands of cases, thought by many physicians to be incurable. His wonderful success in restoring health to this class of people is a positive guarantee of his superior skill and judgment.

Persons suffering from long-standing diseases should consult Dr. Dam, personally or by mail, before giving up hope.

NOTE. — Dr. Dam wishes it distinctly understood that he is in no way in competition with regular physicians, who are doing regular practice. He is an expert, and only desires such cases for treatment as have been pronounced incurable by other physicians, or cases where the patient is satisfied that he is not receiving proper treatment.

Persons unable to visit our office, should send for one of our SPECIAL BLANKS, which will be sent to any person, FREE. These blanks enable a person to give a clear and concise statement of their symptoms. After carefully considering the same, Dr. Dam will write his opinion of the disease, and tell whether or not, in his opinion, it is curable. This will COST YOU NOTHING, and may be of great value to you.

Do not give up Hope because you have not found a Physician that understands your case.

The following persons have been cured after being pronounced incurable by their attending physicians:

Timothy Murphy, pedler, Malden, Mass.; under treatment at Mass. Gen. Hospital. Case pronounced consumption; cured.

Ada E. McFarland, 144 Main Street, Charlestown; cured of sick-headache. Case pronounced incurable by five different physicians.

Mrs. Esther Holden, West Bangor, Me., age 83 years ; cured of gravel, fifteen years' duration.

Mrs. M. E. Delano, 4 Hancock Street, Everett, Mass.; cured of facial neuralgia. Pronounced incurable at the hospitals.

Mrs. F. H. Thorndike, 8 Allen St., Boston. Completely cured of sick-headache and dyspepsia, by using $3 worth of Dr. Dam's remedies, after paying other physicians over $1,000 without obtaining relief.

Peter H. Kiernan, 27 Cohannet St., Taunton, Mass., used remedies, and reports remarkable results.

Dennis J. Foley, Keene, N. H., after suffering with dyspepsia for eight years, pronounced Dr. Dam's remedies the best he ever used.

Lewis C. Morrill, 51 Everett Ave., Chelsea. Completely cured of sick-headache after suffering 41 years.

G. H. Osborn, Baxter St., Quincy. Cured of nervous dyspepsia and constipation.

Mrs. F. H. Pratt, East Weymouth, Mass. Fully cured of a stomach trouble of eight years' duration ; pronounced incurable many times.

Richard C. Holmes, Kingston, Mass. Took $4 worth of Dr. Dam's vegetable remedies, and was cured of rheumatism of 20 years' standing.

S. S. Quinn, proprietor Quinn's meat market, North Adams, Mass., attests to the wonderful value of Dr. Dam's remedies in the cure of sick-headache.

John Lyons, Wakefield, Mass., cured of kidney complaint, from which he had suffered several years.

Matilda Brady, New Bedford, Mass. Cured of a throat trouble, which baffled the skill of every physician who attended her.

Five hundred Testimonials of Cures sent to any person on application.

Address Dr. A. M. DAM, 405 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

What is Said of Us.

Catholic Review.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for November has too great a number of interesting articles to name one half of them. The articles on Catholic Journals, by L. W. Reilly; on the Divinity School of the University, by Agnes Hampton; on Palos, by R. F. Farrell; on Canada and Her Neighbor, by Olaf Mann, are original, timely, and interesting. The most interesting portion of this magazine is the last twenty pages.

REV. A. J. SECAILLE, of West Australia, writes under date of Sept. 6th: "The number of your magazine just received is invaluable. May God reward your noble efforts and perseverance in fighting the good fight, and defending the faith. You are, indeed, "*fidei defensor.*"

Mr. Parnell's Health.

MR. GEORGE LEWIS writes from London as follows to the Pall Mall Gazette: "With reference to the paragraph in your issue of Friday last (copied from a provincial newspaper), giving an alarming account of Mr. Parnell's health, I think it right to state for the information of his friends and the public, that there is no foundation for such reports. I am in the habit of seeing Mr. Parnell every week at my office, upon the winding-up of the proceedings of the Commission and his pending action against the Times. He is in excellent health and spirits; and although unwilling to undergo any unnecessary exposure or fatigue, it is absolutely certain that he will be in his place at the opening of Parliament, and take an active part in the debates of next session."

Australia's Help for Ireland.

THE members of the Parnellite party, who have been travelling through Australia, have finished their tour. They have collected twenty thousand pounds (one hundred thousand dollars) to advance the Irish cause. They will now go to New Zealand.

Look here, Friend, are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

my 90

CURED AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

MILWAUKEE, May 25, 1887.

REV. FATHER KOENIG:—I am personally acquainted with a man who (in the year 1878, then forty-four years of age) commenced to take your medicine for epilepsy, which he had had for thirty-two years. The attacks which he had formerly every four weeks diminished as soon as he took your medicine and disappeared entirely since August, 1880. The man is so healthy now that he can attend to his business without fear. By this wonderful cure a large family has been made happy, and of this he is convinced and gladly testifies.

REV. PATER AEGIDIUS.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,

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Price $1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for $5.

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All Cases of Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, Lung Complaints, Paralysis, Lost Vitality, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Etc., Etc., are permanently CURED by the ELECTRIFIER.

Call or send for a TREATISE ON DISEASE, containing prices and full particulars, which will be sent **FREE.**

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BINDERS

FOR

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE,

Each holding one year's numbers. They are ready for immediate use.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

The Pope and the Czar.

THE Paris Figaro is responsible for the statement that General Ignatieff has arrived in Rome, not on a mission to the Italian Government, but to the Pope, to whom he bears an autograph letter from the Czar. His mission is said to be the result of an understanding at Berlin between the Russian and German Emperors to accept the Pope as arbiter in the Balkan question, the Pope to be left free to decide whether a congress should be convoked, or whether he will adopt other measures to bring about a *modus vivendi* between Russia and Austria.

MISS KATE DREXEL, of Philadelphia, who took the white veil at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 7th of November, is the second daughter of the late Mr. F. A. Drexel, who died a few years ago, leaving his daughters heirs to an immense fortune, besides the handsome estates which they held in their own right from their mother. The three sisters were beneficiaries of an estate worth about fifteen million dollars, less certain specific legacies. This amount has been increased by about two million dollars within the past few years. Their combined income is over one million five hundred thousand dollars. A million and a half dollars was given by their late father directly to the church, and in default of issue the immense fortune is to be divided among certain specified church charities. The order of the Sisters of Mercy, which Miss Kate Drexel has chosen, will, therefore, when she has taken the final vows, become one of the richest orders in the church.

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TWO men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood in any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house, into a brown-stone mansion. The other man — what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during the most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on its hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvest wheat instead of chaff.

THE Festival, in aid of the Carney Hospital on the 30th of October, was a great success, and creditable to the management.

Consecrated in Connecticut.

THE Sacred Heart Church, New Haven, Conn., Rev. M. McKeon, pastor, being free from all debt, was consecrated, Sunday, Sept. 29th, by Bishop McMahon, assisted by a large number of priests. After the consecration Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence. The other officers of the day were Rev. Father Mulholland of New Haven, deacon; Rev. Father Russell of New Haven, sub-deacon; Rev. Fathers O'Donnell of Waterbury and Coyle of Stafford Springs, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Father Murphy of Waterbury, thurifer; Rev. Fathers Fagan of Naugatuck, McGiveney of Thomaston, Kennedy of Birmingham, Campbell of Manchester, Maher of Hartford, and Joynt of New London, chanters; Rev. Father Lawler of Waterbury, cross bearer; Rev. Father Synnott of Ansonia, relic bearer; Rev. Father McAlleney of Meriden, bearer of the holy oils; Rev. Father Bray of New Haven, deacon of the door. The Rev. Father McCarthy, S. J., of New York, delivered the sermon. At 7.30 P.M. solemn vespers were celebrated. The Rev. Richard Burke of Worcester delivered the evening sermon. This makes the fifth church consecrated in Connecticut, the others being St. Patrick's, Hartford; St. John's, Middletown; St. Francis', Torrington, and St. Patrick's, New Haven.

$5,000 INSOMNIA.

Insomnia, namely Sleeplessness, has caused, and causes more misery, hopelessness, and utter despair to its victims, than any other ailment that flesh is heir to. Insomnia is not only a source of extreme misery and danger in itself, but is the fountain-head and forerunner of numerous other diseases. Dr. Berkley Howard, late of London, now of Boston, who has himself been a severe sufferer from this terrible malady, has discovered a perfect cure in his own person for insomnia, and prescribes it to his suffering patients with entire success. The remedy is purely vegetable, and is free from all the deleterious ingredients usually found in such remedies, namely, opium, chloral, chloroform, ether, etc. After using this remedy for a short period natural sleep will ensue, and all treatment can cease. Dr. Howard's well-known merits in Europe, and his present success here, is ample guarantee for a trial of this valuable remedy. Dr. Howard will on demand, deposit the above-named sum against a like amount from any quarter whatever, as a guarantee for the efficacy of this hypnotic, and abide an impartial verdict. This is not a patent medicine, and is prepared only by Dr. Howard, and sent direct from his office as ordered. Address, enclosing stamp, for particulars, DR. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., opp. Museum, Boston, Mass., or seen at Office, daily may 90

The Harbors of Ireland.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking at Sunderland, England, referred to the late naval manœuvres, and said the Admiralty had purposely made Ireland the base of operations for the attacking fleet, as experience had brought home to their minds that Ireland offered advantages of a superlative character for harassing and committing depredations on British commerce, having great harbors, both in the north and south, capable of containing enormous fleets, and yet inaccessible to naval attack. If Ireland were in the hands of an enemy, or allied as a separate nation with an enemy, no increase of the British navy could give us that security which the possession of Ireland now gives; and the granting of Home Rule would, certainly, tend to ultimately bring about the establishment of Ireland as a separate nationality.

Our Girls as Successful Women.

A WEALTHY woman recently gave $200,000 to establish a summer resort for poor mothers and their children. God bless her; this is only one instance among thousands where woman has conceived and executed grand ideas. Women are rapidly entering every branch of the useful arts, and aspiring to every money-making employment. "What shall we do with our girls" is no longer a mighty problem for mothers and fathers to solve. Some one has said, "It takes a woman to set a hen;" and so it does. The most successful poultry raisers are women. We have in mind a woman who has for years raised finer poultry and got more eggs from her hens at less expense, than her male neighbors,—practical men, too. Let your girls engage in the poultry industry, as many are doing. Give them a fair share of the profits, and they will soon convince their fathers that girls are mighty handy persons to have about the old home. With the aid now offered any person can make hens lay even in cold weather. Out of twenty-four gold coin premiums offered last winter for best results, one third were won by the women who used Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. For example Mrs. Henry Baker, Hoiliston, Mass., won $10, and got from 18 hens during the three months' trial 1,359 eggs; Mrs. L. J. Wilson, Northboro, Mass., got 3,243 eggs from 100 hens. Mrs. Edwin Brown, East Greenwich, R. I., from 35 hens got 2,404 eggs; Mrs. E. Barney, Freeport, Penn., got 2,029 eggs from 32 hens; Miss Ada L. Ross of Mt. Sterling, Ill., from 15 hens got 886 eggs; and Miss Maggie Crowshorn of Ottobine, Va., got 2,000 eggs from 30 hens; each of the last five ladies also won a $5.00 premium from I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass. Every person who sends this firm now $1.20 for a can of Powder, and desires it, can have his name entered as a competitor, if the premiums are again offered. For 50 cts., they will send two 25 cent packs of Powder; for $1.00 five packs post-paid; six cans for $5.00, express paid; a large can of powder, also one year's subscription to Farm Poultry Monthly, both sent post-paid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cts. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free. 1t.

Establishment of Hierarchy.

UNDER the auspices of the Lowell Catholic Union, the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States was celebrated at Huntington Hall, Lowell, Mass., night of Nov. 6. The hall was filled to repletion by delegates from about twenty-three Catholic societies in the city. One of the principal features of the celebration was the musical exercises, conducted by Prof. H. H. Haggerty, and performed by a chorus of the consolidated Catholic choirs of the city. Rev. Michael Ronan, rector of St. Peter's Church, delivered an oration on Archbishop Carroll. Mr. Philip J. Farley delivered an interesting address on "The Church and the Republic."

ACCORDING to rumor, an understanding has been arrived at between Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Balfour, the chief Secretary, on the contemplated land purchase scheme which will involve an initial call upon the Imperial Treasury amounting to twenty-five million pounds. Mr. Goschen, it is said, has been studying the plan while in Ireland.

The Irish National Concert Company, WHICH has been organized in Dublin expressly for a tour of the United States, gave their first concert in the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Oct. 27, the proceeds in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children. The members of the company are artists of sterling merit; each one is a soloist of recognized excellence, and comes to this country with the highest testimonials. Of the members of the company, Miss Charlotte Hanlon is probably one of the best singers Ireland has produced since Catherine Hayes. She is a Dublin lady, and has distinguished herself in London and Dublin. Miss Selina Hall Gallagher is a contralto, with a deep, rich voice. Mr. William Foxon has a sweet tenor voice, of excellent quality. Mr. Wilfrid Cunliffe, the basso, has a splendid voice, of grand powers. Madame Emelie Grey is a harpist of fine reputation, and her manipulation of the national instrument of the Emerald Isle is worthy of the highest praise. She is the daughter of Professor Glover, of Dublin, and has no superior in Great Britain, as a harpist. The remaining member, Mr. John O'Rorke, the musical director, was formerly director of the Vicar Choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and is a fine musician. Indeed, the members of the company are first-class artists, and rendered the ballads and songs of old Ireland in the most acceptable manner.

A Souvenir Volume.

WITH the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mr. W. H. Hughes, of the Michigan Catholic, has undertaken the task of publishing a full and authentic report of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, the proceedings of the first American Catholic Congress, including the papers read, speeches made, resolutions adopted, and the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Catholic University at Washington, Nov. 13th next. The volume will be dedicated to Pope Leo XIII. and to the Catholic hierarchy and laity of the United States. A noticeable feature in it will be the portraits of archbishops and bishops of the country, chronologically arranged, and executed in the highest style of the engraver's art. Major Henry F. Brownson, LL.D., Chairman of the Committee on Papers of the American Catholic Congress, will assist in editing the volume. Right Rev. Bishop Foley approves of the "Souvenir" and kindly offers a suggestion:

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE,
DETROIT, Sept. 28, 1889.

William H. Hughes, Esq.,—Dear Sir: I am pleased to learn that you have undertaken the publication of a "Souvenir Volume" of the approaching Catholic Congress, and of the ceremonies attending the Celebration of the Centenary of the Church in this Country, and the Dedication of the Catholic University.

Would it not be well if you could publish with the volume the Cards of the Catholic Educational Institutions of the United States? This would be in line with the purpose of the work, as it would be, as it were, a centennial exhibit of Catholic Educational Progress. The presence of such cards in the volume would be a great gratification to the heart of the Holy Father when he would inspect the elegant copy you design to send him, and it would be no less gratifying to all the members of the American Hierarchy, who would, perhaps, for the first time in their lives, see this exhibit of all the Catholic Educational Institutions in our beloved country.

✠ JOHN S. FOLEY,
Bishop of Detroit.

THE conversions to the church, in England and America, with few exceptions, are from the educated classes.

B. P. L. Bindery.
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